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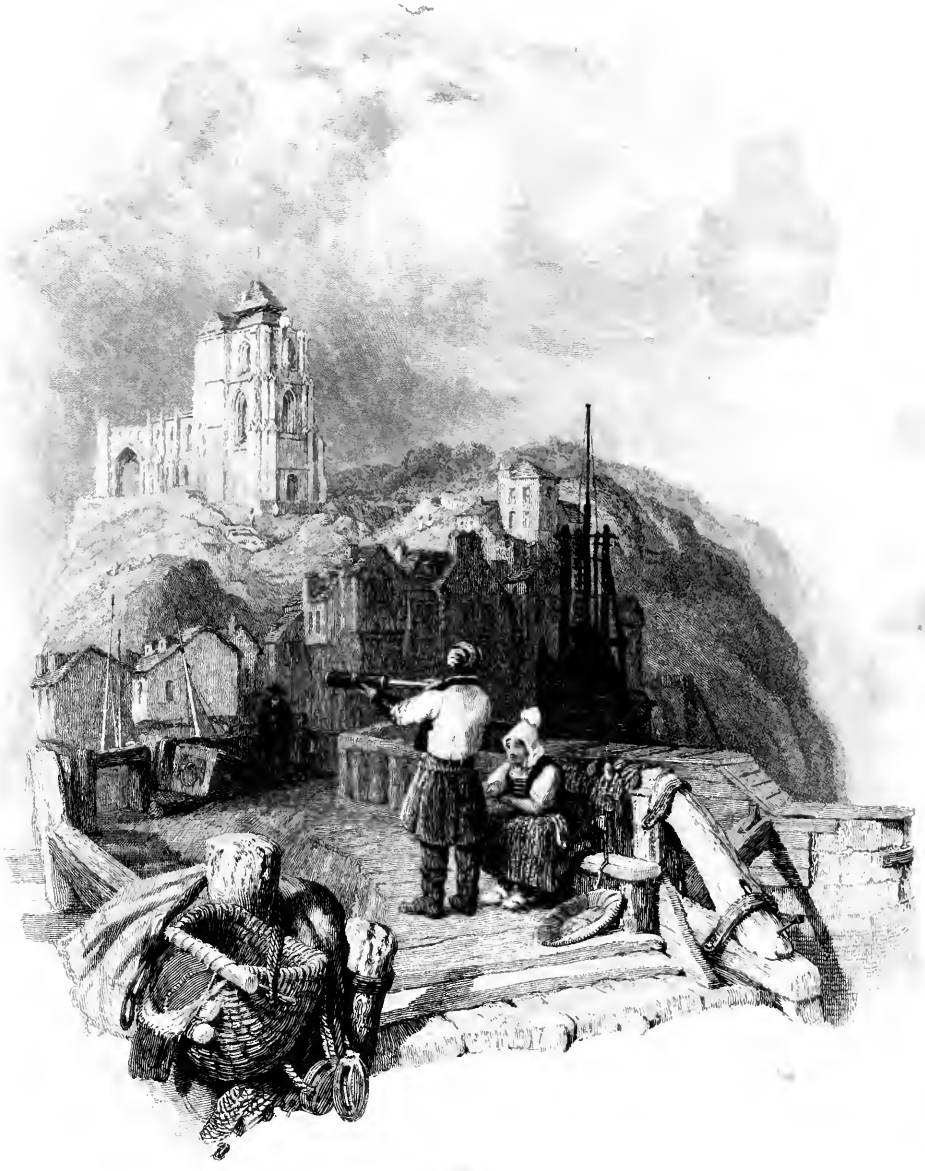
J. Cousen, sc

FALMOUTH.

FROM THE MILLS.



STANFIELD'S COAST SCENERY.

A SERIES OF

PICTURESQUE VIEWS

IN THE

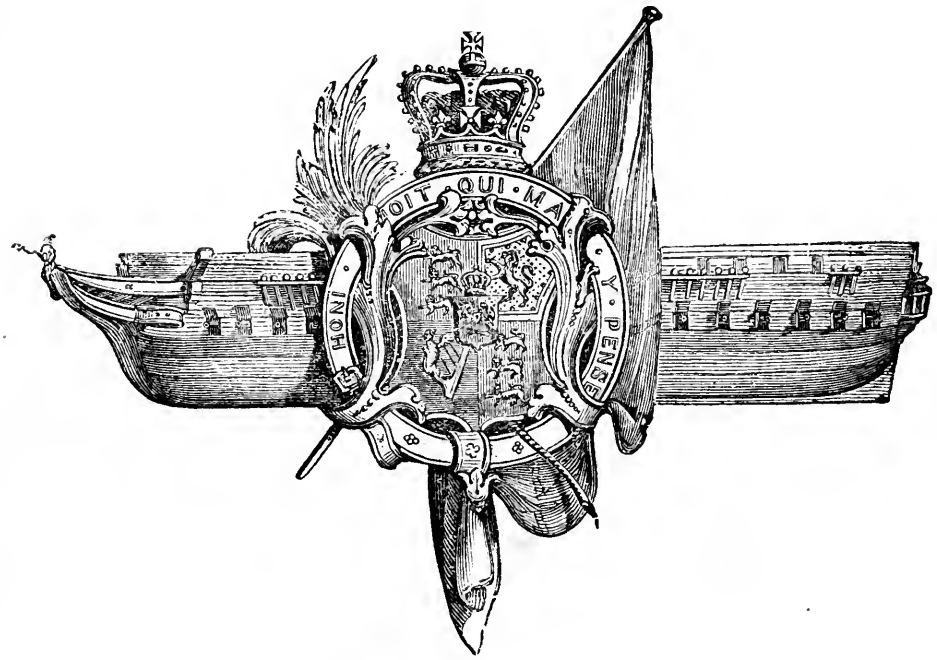
BRITISH CHANNEL,

AND ON THE COAST OF FRANCE,

FROM ORIGINAL DRAWINGS TAKEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE WORK.

BY

CLARKSON STANFIELD, ESQ., R.A.



SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:
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1847.

UPB

TO THE

KING'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY,

THE FOLLOWING SERIES OF

VIEWS IN THE BRITISH CHANNEL

ARE,

WITH ALL GRATITUDE AND HUMILITY,

MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY HIS MAJESTY'S MOST DUTIFUL

AND OBEDIENT SERVANT,

CLARKSON STANFIELD.

Mornington Crescent,
1st June, 1836.

PREFACE.

THAT Preface has probably never yet been written, which from candid friend or gentle foe, has not been visited with the charge of egotism or impertinence; or, at the very least, the more venial sin of being altogether irrelevant as an introduction to the volume which it preceded. Instead, therefore, of indulging in the usual licence of prefatory rambling, we shall betake ourselves to giving a few emendatory remarks, rendered necessary by deviations from the field of illustration originally intended.

It will be perceived by the reader, that there are some engravings introduced that are not noticed in the letter-press, and which did not in fact, come within the range of the artist's original intention to introduce. These subsequent additions consist of the View of St. Michael's Mount, Normandy, from the west; The Grêves, from the summit of Mount St. Michael; a second view in the Isle of Wight (Brading Harbour); a View of Falmouth, and of Tréport, forming the Frontispiece and Vignette to the Volume; a Martello Tower; and the Eddystone Light House, which last was not contemplated when the note at page 60 was written.

Although not at first intended that the Views of Mount St. Michael in Normandy should be multiplied, no one, we apprehend, will complain of this beautiful addition to the series. To those who have never visited the Mount and its neighbourhood, these views will convey impressions of grandeur not easily effaced, and those who have seen the original, will be pleased at possessing this

opportunity of indulging a retrospective view of that extraordinary scene. From all points, and for miles round, the imposing beauty of this fortification on the mountain is visible. Not only from its heights may be seen (as exhibited in the engraving,) the vast and "idle" desert of sand which surrounds it — from its base, as in the view from the west, — the formidable aspect of the towering pile; but from every portion of the neighbouring country it displays in itself the grand feature of an interesting landscape.

Our pages do not contain a description of Tréport, the view of which forms the vignette to the volume. Although it may not be usual to describe the subject of a Vignette, we cannot permit this beautiful representation of Tréport to be passed by unheeded, and at the hazard of being considered too careful about a little matter, we must announce to the reader that it is the Port of the town of Eu, from which it is distant about half a mile, and fifteen miles from Dieppe. Tréport was once a place of considerable importance: Cæsar from this Port embarked his cavalry for the invasion of Britain, and more than once the English thought proper to burn the town. It is now a mere fishing village, subsidiary to the greater wealth of Eu, yet still having a cast of antiquity about it sufficient to create an interest.

Those Martello Towers which have had no description from us beyond a note, bestowed upon them in the body of the letter press, have since that note was written, been made the subject of an illustration. No information, however, of a nature to excite interest can be gathered with respect to these towers, beyond what has been given in the note at page 71.

Our pleasing task is now completed, and if in the performance of this grateful labour we have ever awakened associations of a pleasurable kind,—created or excited a sympathy with the beautiful, — our labours will be amply rewarded, and we are well convinced, our errors will be kindly pardoned.

LIST OF THE PLATES.

1 Falmouth . . . . . *Frontispiece.*
2 Treport . . . . . *Vignette.*
3 St. Michael's Mount, Cornwall . . . *Page* 1
4 St. Michael's Mount, Normandy 6
5 St. Michael's Mount, Normandy, from the West . . 6
6 The Greves, from the Summit of St. Michael's Mount . 8
7 Falmouth 10
8 The Botallack Mine, Cornwall 12
9 Land's End, Cornwall 15
10 Dartmouth 16
11 Dartmouth Castle 18
12 St. Malo 19
13 The Approach to St. Malo 20
14 The Coast of Britany, near Doll 25
15 Portsmouth Harbour 26
16 The Semaphore, Portsmouth 42
17 Portchester Castle 44
18 The Needles, Isle of Wight 45
19 Brading Harbour, Isle of Wight 46
20 The Arched Rock, Isle of Wight 49
21 Powderham Park, Exmouth 51
22 The Hamoaze, Plymouth 55

		Page
23	Stonehouse Bridge, Plymouth	60
24	Rye, Old Harbour	65
25	Hastings from the Sea	68
26	Martello Tower	71
27	East Cliff, Hastings	72
28	Havre de Grace	75
29	Dieppe	80
30	Boulogne, Upper Harbour	87
31	Boulogne, Old Pier	89
32	Wreck on the Coast of Boulogne	90
33	Calais	96
34	Roque de Guet, Guernsey	100
35	St. Pierre Port, Guernsey	104
36	Dover Pier	106
37	Ramsgate	114
38	Broadstairs	119
39	Eddystone Light-House	123
40	Worthbarrow Bay, Dorsetshire	126

J. Stephenson sc

ST MICHAEL'S MOUNT, CORNWALL.

STANFIELD'S COAST SCENERY.

SAINT MICHAEL'S MOUNT, CORNWALL.

St. Michael's Mount, which has been so universally extolled for its peculiarly majestic appearance, is an extra-parochial liberty in the hundred of Penrith, county of Cornwall, and three quarters of a mile south of the town of Marazion, with which it is connected by a narrow bank of pebbles. At high tide this bank is overflowed, when the Mount appears a complete insulated mass of rock, gradually diminishing in size from the base, until it terminates in an ancient castellated and embattled building, situated two hundred and forty feet above the level of the sea. From the summit, the prospect is of no ordinary interest: surrounded by the ocean, the magnitude of which is contrasted with the insignificant objects on the neighbouring shore, and the rude aspect of the dwellings of the fishermen at the base of the Mount, it presents a scene at once sublime and almost unequalled.

The history of the Mount is variously given in different histories of Cornwall. The following facts, however, appear to have been universally agreed upon as correct. The original name in the Cornish dialect being *Careg Cowse,* signifying "the grey or hoary rock in the wood," little doubt existing that its

> "—— base, encircled by the azure waves,
> Was once with verdure clad; the towering oaks
> Here waved their branches green; the sacred oaks
> Whose awful shades among, the Druids strayed
> To cut the hallowed mistletoe, and hold
> High converse with their gods."

It is supposed that this is the island called *Ixtis,* mentioned by Diodorus Siculus, whither the tin, when cast into cubit ingots by the

Britons, who dwelt near the promontory of *Belerium,* was carried in carts over an isthmus, dry only at low water. The wood alluded to has disappeared for centuries.

Its present name is from the Saxon Milchelstor, meaning Michael's Hill or Mount. According to monkish legends, this name originated in a visit paid by St. Michael, the patron saint of the monastery, to some hermits resident there. On the top of the height is a granite, or, as it is technically called, a moor-stone lantern, known by the name of St. Michael's Chair, in which it is asserted once sat the saint. Formerly it was used as a beacon for mariners.

When first the Mount was consecrated to religious purposes is uncertain; but a priory of Benedictine monks, subsequently changed to Gilbertines, was founded previous to 1044, when Edward the Confessor gave the Mount to those ecclesiastics. It has been a great resort for pilgrims; Pope Gregory VII. having, in 1070, granted indulgences to all who should visit it, provided they bestowed an oblation. After the Conquest, its revenues were augmented by Robert, Earl of Moreton. The profits of a fair held at Marazion, or, as it was originally called, Marca-iewe, or Market Jew, signifying market on the Thursday, were also given to the priory of St. Michael's Mount, in the reign of Henry I. In the reign of Henry III., Richard Earl of Cornwall empowered the prior to hold three fairs and three markets, which had been previously granted to them at Marghasbigan, by charter of the kings of England, on their own land at Marchadyon.

The monks were, however, in spite of the good-will of their benefactors, often disturbed during the turbulent times of the Plantagenets and the Tudors. John Earl of Cornwall, afterwards King of England, and the brother of Richard I., persuaded one Henry de la Pomery, to take possession of the priory by stratagem while the king was suffering imprisonment in Austria, in the celebrated Tour Ténébreuse. Some accounts say, he continued to hold it after the return of the king from his captivity, until the approach of the army of Archbishop Hubert Walter, aided by the sheriff and a civil force, when he surrendered at discretion. Others say, that, fearing the king's anger, he died of grief shortly after he had effected the surprise. The king, however, restored the Mount to the Gilbertines, and placed in it a small garrison. In 1471, John Vere, Earl of Oxford, after the battle of Barnet, having fled into Wales, assembled a party of soldiers, and crossed over to the Cornish coast; and, under the disguise of pilgrims, obtained admission into the castle, and overpowered

the garrison. Sir John Arundel, the sheriff of the county, was sent against the Earl, but was repulsed and slain in an assault upon the castle; it was ultimately surrendered to Sir John Fortescue, but not until it had been defended from September to February, and on condition that the lives of the Earl and his adherents should not be forfeited. In 1498, Perkin Warbeck, the notorious impostor, and pretender to the crown, landed at Whitsand Bay, in the neighbourhood of the Mount, with three thousand men; and, being favoured by the monks, was admitted into the Castle. He improved the defences, and then marched to Exeter, leaving his wife, Lady Catherine Gordon, in the castle for safety, where she was taken prisoner. During the struggle between the Cavaliers and the Roundheads, in the reign of Charles I., the Mount was often a scene of contention. Carewe says, alluding to this time, "That, during the Cornish commotions, divers gentlemen, with their wives and families, fled to the protection of this place; where the Rebels besieged them, fyrst wynning the playne at the hill's foote by assault when the water was out, and then the even ground on the top, by carrying up great trusses of hay before them to blench the defenders' sight, and dead their shot, after which they could make but slender resistance; for no sooner should any one within peep his head over those unflanked walls, but he became an open mark to a whole shower of arrows. This disadvantage, together with Woman's dismay, and decrease of Victuals, forced a surrender to these *Rakehells*' mercy, who nothing guilty of that effeminate Vertue, spoyl'd their goods, imprison'd their bodies, and were, rather by God's gracious providence than any want of will, purpose, or attempt, restrained from murdering the principal persons."

The priory of St. Michael became a cell to Mount St. Michael in Normandy, in 1085, by gift from Robert, Earl of Moreton and Cornwall. During the war with France, it was seized by Henry V. as an alien priory. It was first given to King's College, Cambridge, and passed through the hands of several persons until it became the property of the family of the present proprietor, Sir John St. Aubyn, Bart. This gentleman has converted the remains of the priory into an occasional summer-residence. The refectory of the convent has been converted into a dining-room, and great pains has been taken to preserve its original characteristic appearance. Round the apartment is a curious frieze in stucco, displaying the mode of hunting several wild animals. The chapel has been recently fitted up in the old English style, the seats being well carved, and

ranged on each side in the same manner as stalls in cathedrals. An organ of superior tone and power has been added.

The circumference of the island, comprising about seven acres of land, is about three quarters of a mile. There is a small harbour, with a pier, which was rebuilt by a member of the family of St. Aubyn, in 1727, where about forty vessels may find shelter. The advantage of this harbour to the fishermen is considered to be very great. The north side is chiefly occupied by their huts.

"The sea," says Borlase, "is the great store-house of Cornwall, which offers not its treasures by piece-meal, nor all at once, but in succession; all in plenty, and in such variety, as if nature were solicitous to prevent any excess or superfluity of the same kind." As the pilchard-fishery is that chiefly followed by the inhabitants of St. Michael's Mount, and, as an old writer* says, "the comoditie that ariseth of this silly small fish is wounderfull," it may be well that some account be given of it. The pilchard in form and size resembles the herring, only that it is smaller, and not so flat-sided. They mostly arrive from the north seas at the Islands of Scilly, and at the Land's End, about July, shifting their situation as the season prompts and food allures them. They are caught in large nets called *seines*. The fishermen are directed to the shoals by persons stationed on the high lands near the shore, who discover their presence by the colour of the water. The nets are managed by three boats, containing generally eighteen persons. The cost of these seines is very great, amounting sometimes to £300 each. They are about two hundred and twenty fathoms long, sixteen fathoms deep in the middle, and fourteen at each end, with lead weights at the bottom and corks at the top. The boats for carrying the seines cost about £60, and the expences of the first outfit are estimated at above £1000. Upon being brought on shore, the fish are carried to the store-houses or cellars, where the small and damaged fish are picked out by women, to be sold to the poor, or used for manuring land. The remainder are laid up in broad piles, and salted, in which state they lie for twenty or thirty days, and so through other processes, until with great weight they are pressed together, by which operation a quantity of oil issues through the holes at the bottom of the casks. The number packed in each hogshead generally amounts to about 3000. Forty-eight hogsheads of pilchards yield about a ton of oil, and which generally fetches about £25. One

* John Norden.

seine has been known to take in a season as much as would amount to 1500 hogsheads.

The greatest enemy encountered by the fishermen in their employment is the Picked Dog-fish. Vast shoals of them occasionally are seen pursuing pilchards. They are very voracious, and devour great quantities of pilchards, but will bite at any thing, even a piece of stick or iron, if held near the water. They will even leap and snap at a hand held out of the boat, even if a foot above the water. They are armed with a double row of teeth, which cut like a knife; and two spines, like the spurs of a cock, on their back, with which they will inflict a wound so dangerous as to render amputation necessary. They bring forth their young like the viper, and when opened have been found full of eggs. The young ones have been seen to run from their mouth. The way in which they injure the fishermen is by cutting the pilchard seines to get at their contents. Damage to the amount of £150 has thus been committed in the short space of twenty-four hours. If an old and new seine are together, they will cut up the new, and not touch the old, which the fishermen account for by supposing that the old seines have been more frequently dipped in bark for protection, and that they do not like the taste of bark. When cut across the nostril, they do not sink, but die on the surface of the water, and are devoured by their own species.

The pilchard-fishery is chiefly confined to Mount's Bay, East and West Looe, Polparrow, Fowey, Charles Town, Megavizzy, the creeks of Falmouth Harbour, and St. Ives. The number of persons employed is estimated at 14,000, and the capital engaged £350,000. In addition to the oil, commonly called Train oil, which is extracted from the fish, there is a considerable exportation of dried and pickled pilchards to parts of Spain and Italy. The trade has within the last three years greatly decreased.

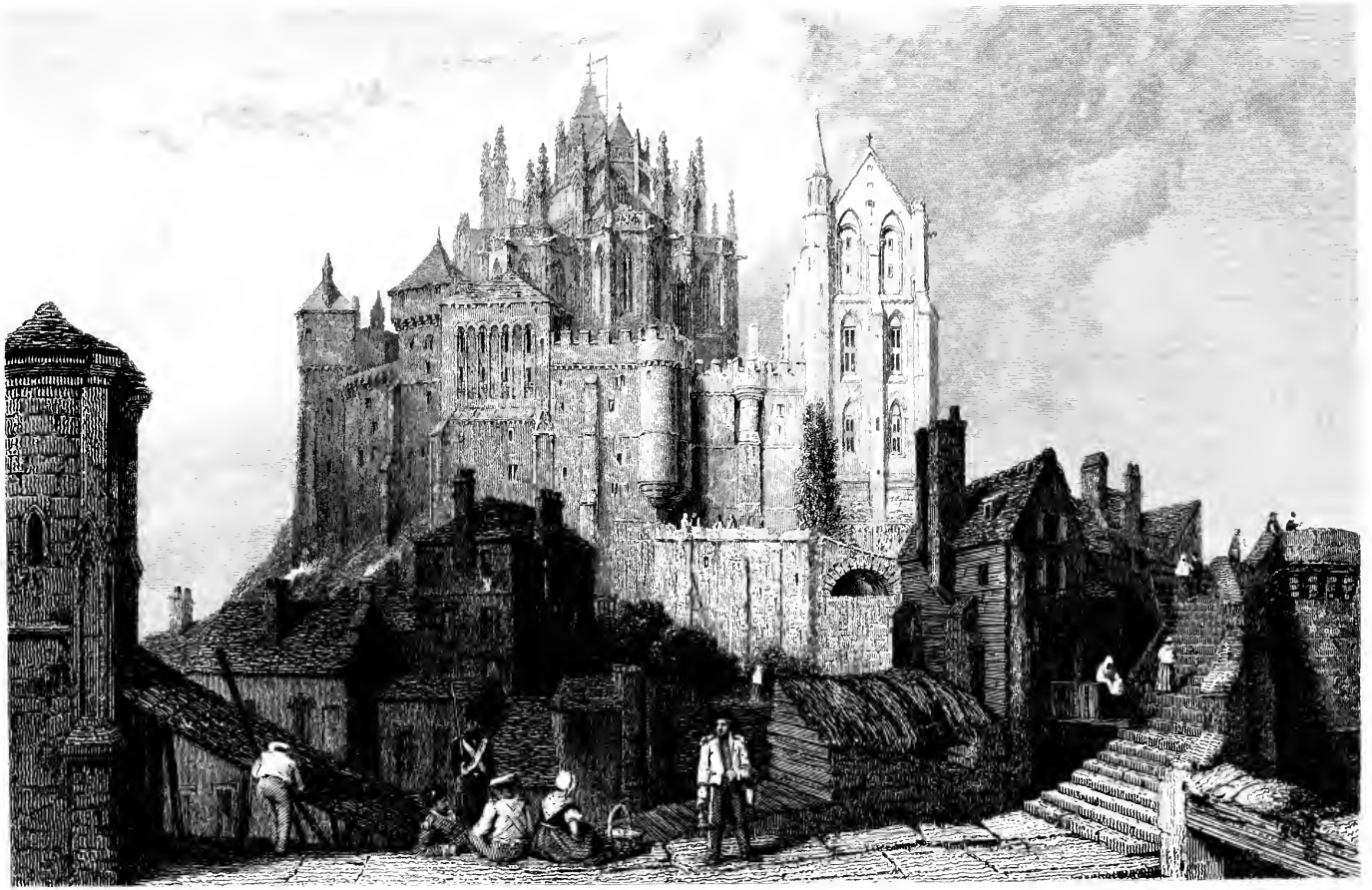
In addition to the pilchard, China clay and copper ore are exported from St. Michael's; the imports are timber from Norway, and coal.

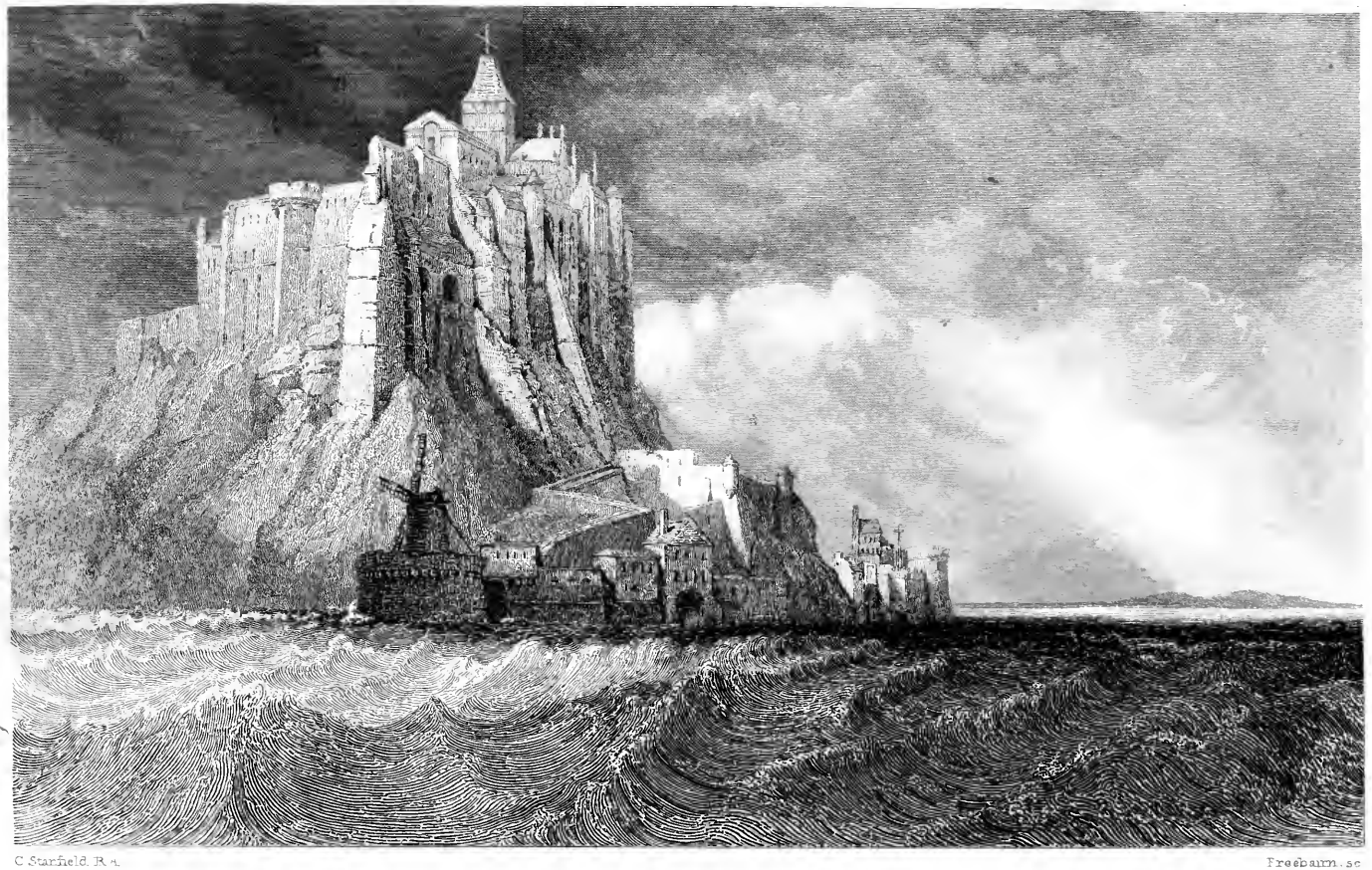
ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT, NORMANDY.

If interest attaches to the history of St. Michael's Mount, Cornwall, even more, probably, is excited by the recollections of the patron abbey of the same name in Normandy.

St. Michael's Mount in Normandy is near the extremity of the province, on the approach to Brittany. It is composed of granite. Its base is about three quarters of a mile in circumference; and, including the buildings that form its summit, it rises to the height of above four hundred feet. With the exception of the neighbouring rock of Tombeleine, no object is near it, and the eye finds nothing to rest upon but intersecting rivers over a vast desert of white sand, extending more than twelve square leagues. Thus, at low water, the Mount is in the midst of a barren waste, and at high water is surrounded by the sea. While in the former state, it is passable on foot, but is considered dangerous without the assistance of a guide. The Mount is surrounded with high thick walls, flanked with bastions and semicircular towers. Steep, black, and sharp-pointed rocks present themselves in dreary grandeur towards the west and the north. In the opposite directions, in successive lines descending in an easy slope, are houses with spaces between them, where the luxuriant vine, the fig-tree, and the almond, flourish in the gardens. The castellated abbey juts out in bold relief from the heights, and the choir of the abbey church, built in the florid style of Gothic architecture, crowns the whole of the imposing pile. The successive architects, who have added to it or altered it, appear to have had a view to its effect from below, consequently, the lines of the buildings and the projections are more bold and simple, and the windows and pinnacles loftier and more narrow than usual. Admittance is obtained through a gate of the time of Louis XII. or Francis I.; and, after proceeding along the walls, gradually leading upwards, towers above towers, and staircases surmounting staircases—all overhanging, grassy, and desolate, the traveller arrives at the gate of the abbey.

Traditions more numerous than those attached to the mount in Cornwall, in addition to its claim to the picturesque and romantic, have given extraordinary celebrity to St. Michael's, in Normandy.





C. Stanfield. R.A. Freebairn. sc

St MICHAEL'S MOUNT, NORMANDY.

FROM THE WEST

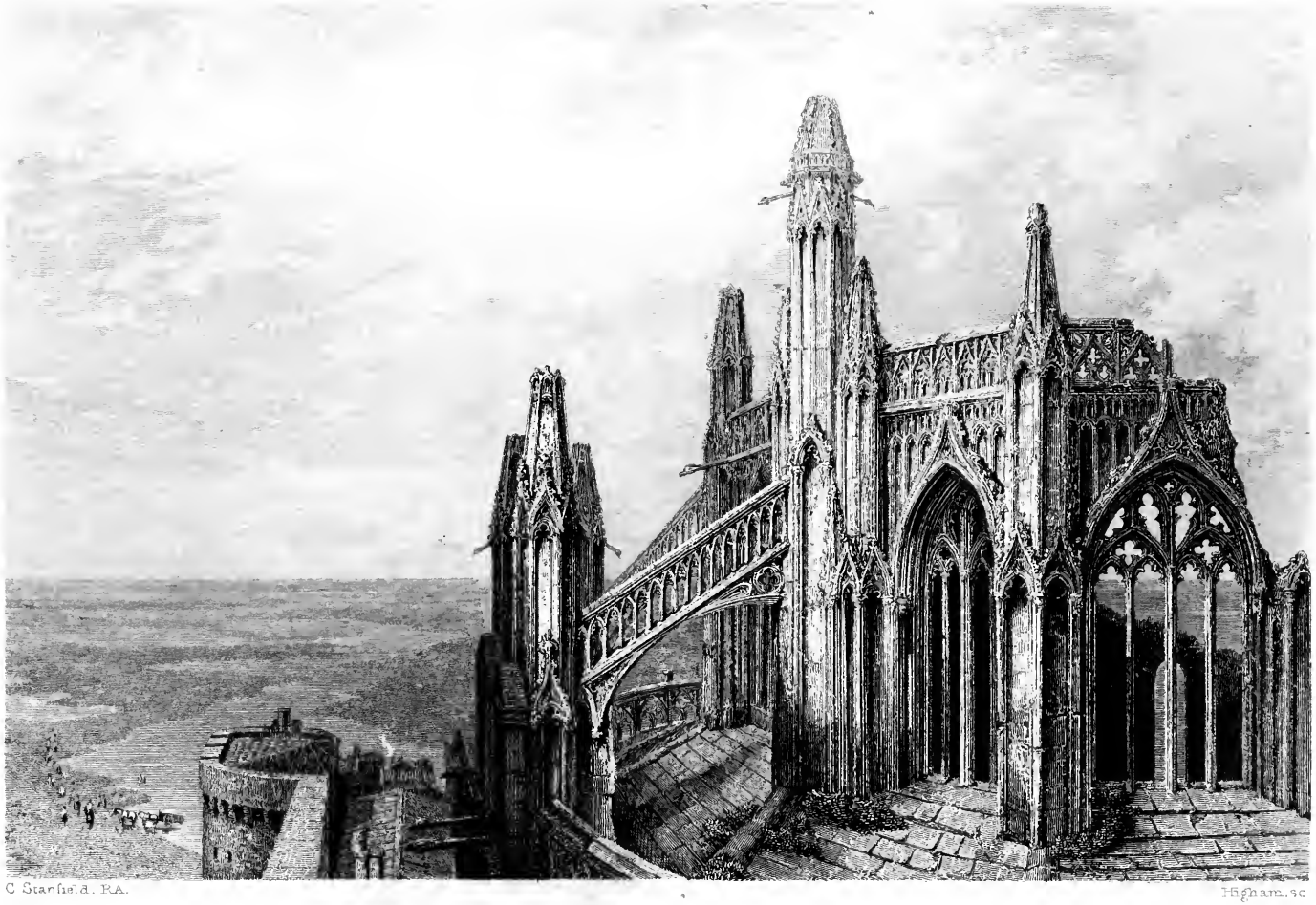
Once, it is said, in times long before the Christian era—and the tradition is not improbable—the Mount was devoted to the worship of the sun, under his Gallic title of Belenus. Less likely, but more amusing, is that tradition which asserts that the Mount spontaneously reared its majestic head, embosomed in a spacious tract of woods and thickets; and the hermits stationed on its summit received their daily bread from a charitable priest in the neighbouring parish of Beauvoir, an ass voluntarily conveying the pious relief, until one day he fell a prey to a wolf, who, as a retribution for the crime, was by Providence compelled to labour as the substitute of the animal he destroyed.

The traditions of later times, and of Catholic Christianity, assert, that about the year 709, St. Michael, "the chief of the angels and of the host of heaven, the protector of the Hebrew synagogue of yore, as now of the Catholic church, the conqueror of the old serpent, and the leader of souls to heaven," appeared to St. Aubert, the bishop of Avranches, and commanded him to erect a church to his honour upon the Mount. Aubert, slow of belief, delayed to obey the revealed injunction, until three several times it had been repeated by the archangel, who, on the last occasion, touched the head of the bishop, and left the imprint of his celestial fingers upon his skull; in proof of which, for a thousand years afterwards, to the great edification of all beholders, the skull of the bishop was shown with its miraculous indentations. Other occurrences, alike tending to establish the sanctity of the place, and the superstition of the times, are related. A tethered bull pointed out the spot, and circumscribed the limits of the holy undertaking; a rock immoveable by human art receded at the touch of an infant's foot; the staff of St. Aubert gave to the inhabitants from the barren earth a gushing and healthful spring; and to complete the miracle, the sea ingulphed the forest that surrounded the mountain, and the whole aspect of things was so changed that three messengers commissioned by St. Michael to bear from Mount Garganus a gift of a piece of red cloth to the monastery of the Mount, together with a fragment of a stone on which he himself had sat, found on their return the place so changed, that they thought they must have entered into a new world.

Authenticated history gives us accounts not quite so wonderful, but replete with interest. Richard I. Duke of Normandy, according to Dudo of St. Quentin, built on the Mount a church of extraordinary size, with spacious buildings attached, and established therein a body of monks of the Benedictine order. This was in 988; he having first expelled the

regular canons, whose licentious mode of life had rendered them the subjects of much scandal. The monks of St. Michael, at the period of the Conquest, furnished six transports to Duke William, afterwards surnamed the Conqueror. Since that period, it has been repeatedly the scene of war; and, at the beginning of the fifteenth century, St. Michael's Mount was the only place in France that successfully resisted the English arms. The siege it supported upon that occasion was one of no ordinary character, and at the present time are to be seen two enormous cannon for the discharge of stone balls of a foot in diameter constructed for the purpose of that heroic defence. During the time of the religious troubles in France the Huguenots made many desperate but unavailing endeavours to obtain possession of the Mount. The Mount, previously to the period of the French Revolution, obtained melancholy notoriety by its vaults and iron cage being made the receptacles of prisoners of importance, charged with crimes against the State. At the period of the revolution no less than three hundred ecclesiastics, whose age and infirmities would not permit of their being transported, were confined within its walls. It is now a Departmental prison.

Siege, fire by lightning, tempest, and the decays of time, have all, at different times, contributed to dilapidate the buildings of the Mount. By the munificence of kings, and its own abbots, repairs and additions have been from time to time made, some of an ecclesiastical, and others of a more warlike character, and the consequence is, that it consists of portions of many kinds of architecture. One of its chambers is called the Knight's Hall, and is ninety-eight feet in length, by sixty-eight in width, and is of a most noble appearance. Its groined stone roof rests upon eighteen cylindrical columns, with capitals of high relief and beautiful design. This was rebuilt, after a fire in 1113, which destroyed nearly the whole pile, by Roger, the then abbot. It is in fine preservation. The once use of the apartment is evident by its name. The knights of the order of St. Michael—an order founded by the superstitious Louis XI.—having held their council in it. This order he founded in 1469, six years after having expelled the Britons from Normandy. Previously he had made a pilgrimage to the shrine, and presented a donation of six hundred crowns of gold. "The sandal shoon and scallopped shell" appear to have been worn by many of the French monarchs; and vast concourses of pilgrims of meaner rank testified to the sanctity in which the shrine of St. Michael was held, and account for the magnificence of some of its buildings. Superstition, slow to leave a spot she has once haunted, still



C Stanfield, R.A. Higham sc

THE GRÈVES.

FROM THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT ST. MICHAEL.

lingers here; and where the female Druid once sold to sailors her enchanted arrows, of magic power to still the angry ocean if cast on its waves by maiden hands, the pious venders of the chaplets, rosaries, crosses, and medals of St. Michael in present times, support the endeavours of their ancient predecessors, by selling relics that, to say the least, are as potent as the enchanted arrows.

The inhabitants of the Mount are reckoned at somewhere about three hundred. They are divided into three classes; the cultivators, who derive their subsistence from the main land; the aubergistes and shopkeepers, who deal in an acetous liquor called wine, and medals and scarfs for the pilgrims; and the fishermen.

The accompanying view is taken from the ramparts, and gives an accurate representation of the style of architecture as seen from the back of the Mount. Other views of this most interesting pile will be given in the course of the work.

FALMOUTH.

The name of Falmouth is derived from the situation of the town, at the mouth of the river Fal. Norden calls it *Famouth*. On each side of the entrance to the harbour are the castles of St. Mawes and Pendennis. "It is a place," says the same writer, "of verye greate importance for that parte of the Countrie in the time of foreign feede; which being considered by that famous King Henrie the 8. having warrs with the Frenche, buylte thereupon firste a castle, which now serveth for the governor's howse, a stronnge rounde pyle; but since her late Maiestie havinge like occasions withe Spaniardes, fortefyed it more strongly in this manner." Pendennis, the place alluded to, is built upon a peninsular eminence, and as it rises above three hundred feet from the level of the sea, it presents a very majestic appearance. It contains commodious barracks, store-houses, and magazines, with apartments for the lieutenant-governor. In the time of the civil wars it was bravely defended against the forces of the parliament by John. The earliest mention of the port in British history occurs in the reign of Henry IV., when the Duchess Dowager of Bretagne landed in progress to celebrate her nuptials with that monarch. Until 1613, this town now containing, with Bridoch which joins it, a population of 10,766 persons, possessed but a single house of entertainment for seafaring persons. Sir Walter Raleigh, in his homeward-bound voyage from Guinea, put in at this harbour, and his men were poorly accommodated at this house. He was struck with the utility of providing more extensive accommodations at the mouth of Falmouth Harbour, and he laid before the Council a project of erecting four houses for that purpose. The ground then belonged to Sir John Killigrew, Bart.; and, after building several houses upon it, his further designs were impeded by the corporations of Penryn, Truro, and Helston, who were fearful of the interests of their towns being injured. The lords of the Council settled the dispute in favour of Killigrew, and the buildings proceeded apace. In 1670, Sir Peter Killigrew constructed a new quay, and obtained an act of Parliament, authorising the collection, for himself and heirs, of certain duties.*

* There is a silver cup and cover belonging to the corporation of Penryn, given by Jane, Lady Killigrew, with this inscription, "From maior to maior to the town of

About 1688 it became a station for post-office packets to Lisbon and the West Indies. Its prosperity from this period was rapid. The town was once called Smithick, and is mentioned by that name in a resolution of the House of Commons, in 1653. Its first mention under its present name is in the charter of incorporation, bearing date 1661. In 1664, it was made a separate parish, having been previously a part of Bridoch, a parish a part of which is in the town of Falmouth. The town is agreeably situated, consisting chiefly of one main street of neat houses; and the rising grounds behind overlooking the harbour and town, give to the scene a most interesting appearance. In the centre of the principal street stand the market-house and town-hall. The church is a modern building, and has a handsome altar. It was built soon after the Restoration, and dedicated to the memory of Charles I., "King and Martyr." A handsome chapel of ease was built about five years back. There are places of worship for Baptists, Bryanites, the Society of Friends, Independents, Primitive and Wesleyan Methodists, and Unitarians. There are several classical and mathematical, National, Lancasterian, and Infant, schools, with numerous charitable institutions.

The Trinity House have lately erected a light-house at St. Anthony's Point, at the east side of Falmouth Harbour. This light burns at an elevation of sixty-five feet above the level of the sea at high-water spring tides, and is visible in all directions from south 40° east, round southward, westward, and northward, up the harbour of Falmouth. In order to render it readily distinguishable from all other lights in that vicinity, it presents a quick but regular succession of flashes of brilliant light.

The view in the present number of this work is that which looks towards the Castle of Pendennis. The principal object is a receiving-ship, in the foreground, generally stationed there.

Permarin, when they received one that was in great misery. J. K. 1633." It is said by Hals, that this lady had gone on board two Dutch ships with a party of ruffians, who slew two Spanish merchants, and robbed them of two barrels of Spanish pieces of eight. The lady was, according to the same account, by means of great interest, pardoned; but her accomplices all executed. It is certain, however, that she was divorced from her husband, and probable that she was protected by the inhabitants of Penryn, who bore no good-will to Sir John and his rising town.

THE BOTALLACK TIN AND COPPER MINE, LAND'S END.

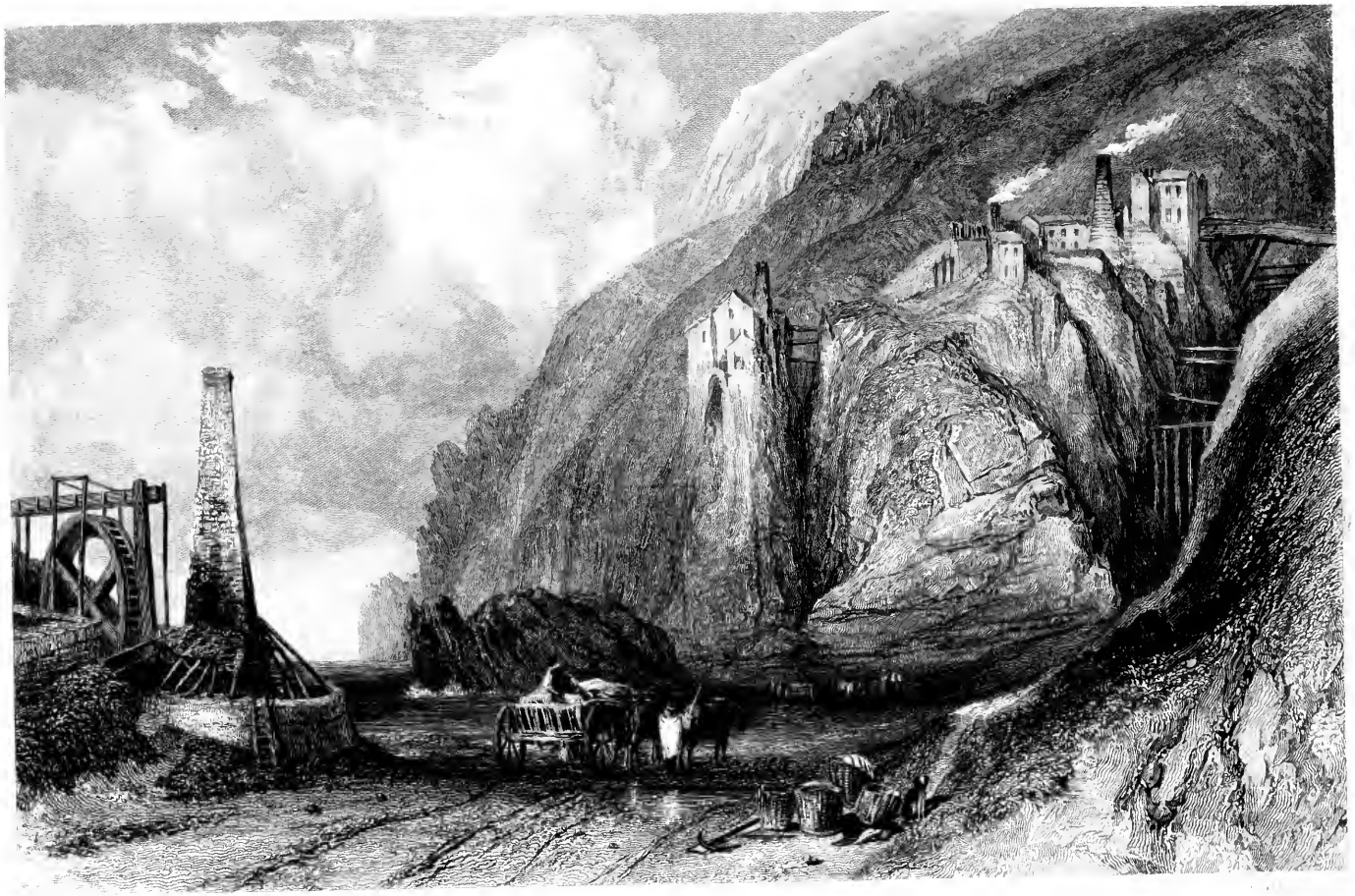
The Botallack Tin and Copper Mine is in the parish of St. Just, remarkable for having been the birth-place of the celebrated Dr. Borlase, a learned English antiquary, author of Antiquities of Cornwall, the Natural History of Cornwall, and other works and papers. He was the friend of Pope, and furnished him with the greatest part of the materials for forming his grotto at Twickenham, consisting of the most curious fossils to be found in the county. Previous to the destruction of the grotto, the name of Dr. Borlase, in capitals composed of crystal, might have been seen on the walls. In allusion to this, in a letter of thanks to Dr. Borlase, acknowledging his kindness, Pope says, "I am much obliged to you for your collection of Cornish diamonds. I have placed them where they may best represent yourself, in a shade, but shining;" Dr. Borlase having passed his life in retirement.

St. Just's is about five miles distant from the Land's End; the Land's End itself, it should be understood, being only a nominal title intended to express the extreme point of land, and not as the name of a village or hamlet: it is in the parish of Sennan. The spot so called is, according to Dr. Berger, three hundred and ninety-one feet above the level of the sea.

The mine that gives the title to the Engraving in this Work is one of the greatest wonders in the county of Cornwall. The entrance to the Works is two hundred feet below the cliffs, and the operations of the miners extend for nearly seventy fathoms under the bed of the sea. The effect of the scene from below is most wonderful. Combined with the wild sublimity of the rocks and the ocean, it forms no bad counterpart of Shakspeare's famous cliff, and realizes the description of the place where

> "—— crows and choughs that wing the midway air
> Show scarce so gross as beetles."

Troops of mules may at times be seen descending the heights, laden with coals for the supply of the engine at work at the mine. The path by



which they approach is circuitous, and an unpractised person would as soon think of walking down a precipice, as attempting the descent which the riders of the mules do as fearlessly as a horseman rides a turnpike road. The stupendous and majestic appearance of the rocks, the raging of the ocean, and the amazingly numerous flocks of sea-gulls, and other wild fowl, add not a little to the effect.

On approaching the engine that works the mine the cliff is nearly perpendicular. The ore raised from the mine is drawn up over an inclined plane by means of a horse-engine placed on the extreme verge of the rock above, and which seems from below to be suspended in air. The following is a good description of the nature of the work in mines, and will undeceive many who have pictured to themselves a scene of bustle very different from what actually exists. It is from the pen of Dr. Forbes: "A person unacquainted with the details of mining, on being informed of many hundreds of men being employed in a single mine, might naturally imagine that a visit to their deep recesses would afford a picturesque and imposing spectacle of gregarious labour and bustle, tremendous noise, and much artificial brilliancy to cheer the gloom. Nothing, however, is further from the truth, as far as regards the mines of Cornwall; for, like their fellow-labourers the moles, the miners are solitary in their operations. Seldom do we find more than three or four men in one *level* or gallery, at a time, where they are seen pursuing the common operations of digging or boring the rock by the feeble glimmering of a small candle, stuck close by them, with very little noise, or latitude for bodily movement; besides whom, there are generally one or two boys employed in wheeling the broken ore, &c., to the shaft. Each of these boys has also a candle affixed to his wheel-barrow by the universal subterraneous candlestick, a piece of clay. A certain band of men who, however numerous, are always called "a pair," generally undertake the working of a particular *level*. These subdivide themselves into smaller bodies, which, by relieving each other at the end of every six or eight hours, keep up the work uninterruptedly, except Sundays. By means of this subdivision of pairs, there is in general not more than one-third of the underground labourers below at any one time. Very seldom are the miners within the sound of each other's operations, except occasionally they hear the dull report of the explosions. In the vicinity of the main-shaft, indeed, the incessant action of the huge chain of pumps, produces a constant, but not very loud noise; while the occasional rattling of the metallic buckets against the walls of the shaft, as they ascend or descend

relieves the monotony both of the silence and the scene; still every thing is dreary, dull, and cheerless; and you can be with difficulty persuaded, even in the richest and most populous mines, that you are in the centre of such extensive and important operations."

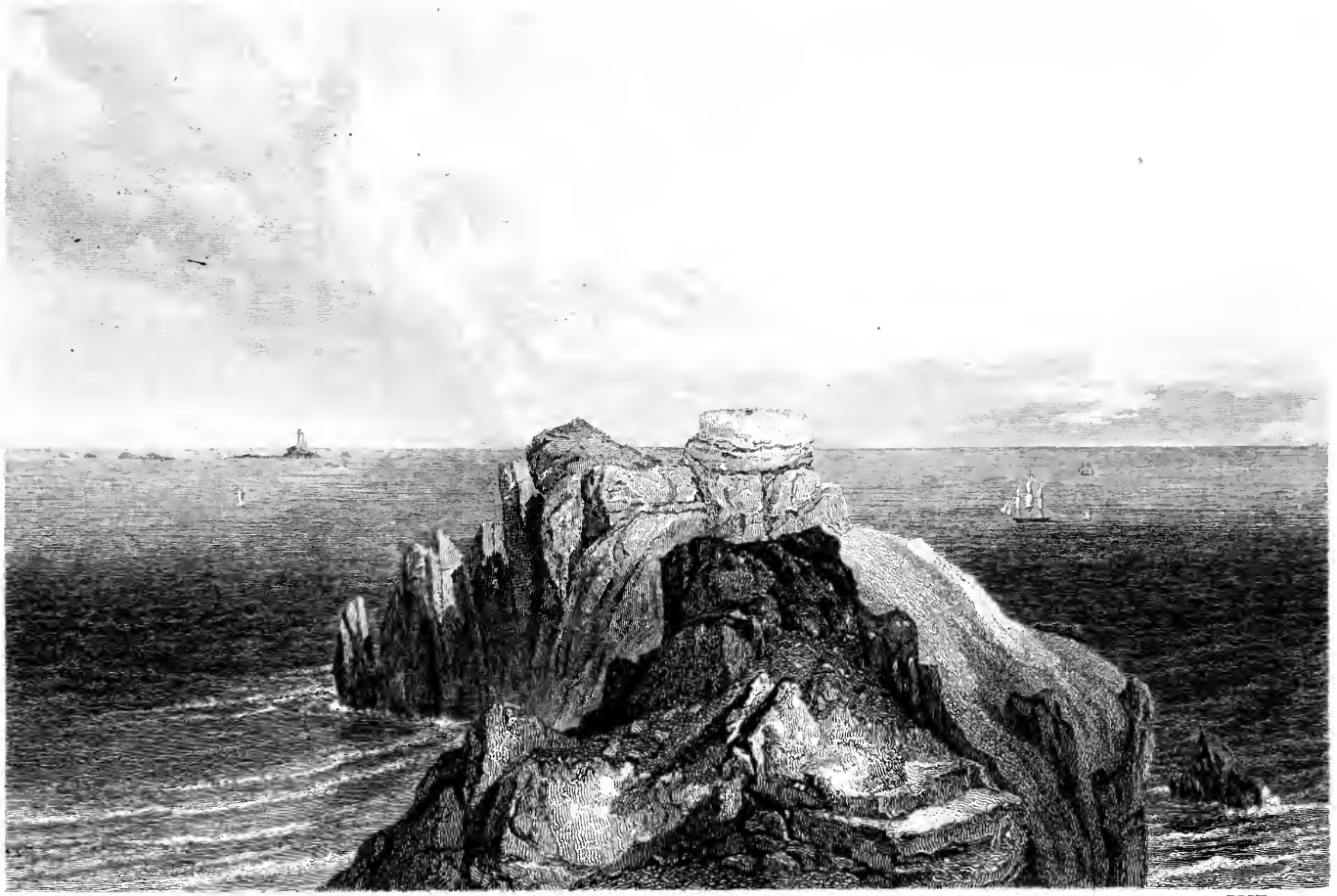
All mines are placed under the superintendence of a foreman, called the captain, who keeps the accounts, and pays and regulates the workmen.

The mines of Cornwall support a population estimated at 60,000, exclusive of the artizans, tradesmen, and merchants, in the towns of Truro, Falmouth, Penryn, Penzance, and other places.

The miners, in general, are a civil, honest, and active class of men. The hardships undergone by some who have families are very great. Generally they live in huts in the neighbourhood of the mines, seldom enjoy the luxury of animal food. Many of them work like slaves, being obliged to wheel barrows containing ore, often to the amount of four hundred weight. Those employed underground have mostly an emaciated appearance, and not unoften die at an early age of consumption.

Near the Land's End is Treryn Castle, in the parish of St. Levan, worthy of mention for the *Logan*, or Rocking Stone, justly considered as great a curiosity as any thing to be found in Cornwall. This extraordinary granite stone is supposed to weigh ninety tons, and is so balanced on the summit of an immense pile of pointed rocks, that on one person placing his back against it, it moves to and fro with the greatest ease.

In Wales, this kind of stone is called *Y-Maen Sigl*, signifying, the Shaking Stone. It is called Logan in Cornwall and Devonshire, from the word *logg*, meaning, in the language of the country, to move to and fro. Some have been of opinion that the Logan stone was placed in its extraordinary position by human art, but it appears to be generally thus nicely balanced by the hand of nature. The Druids made the people believe that they alone could move these stones, but only by a miracle; and by which means they acquitted or condemned criminals; often bringing accused persons to confess, who looked upon the motion of these stones with superstitious reverence. It is the opinion of Polwhele on this subject, that the Druids, discovering this uncommon property in the natural Logan stones, made use of their knowledge, and formed and consecrated artificial Logan stones where nature had not prepared them. Spirits were reported by them to inhabit such rocks, and the vibratory motion was adduced in support of this. There is a stone of this kind in Devonshire, called the *Nut-crackers*, it having been the resort of the peasantry for



C. Stanfield. R.A. J.W.Kennot. sc

LAND'S END, CORNWALL.

the purpose of cracking their nuts; but, in consequence of being so frequented, the owner of the estate where it stood had it moved, so that it became motionless, much to the annoyance of the people, who execrated the hands that profanely violated the spirit of the rock. One of these stones in the parish of Manaton, in Devonshire, is called the *Whooping Rock*, from the noise which it used to make when set in motion by the winds, being in stormy weather heard at the distance of three miles. This, like the other stone we have spoken of, was moved off its balance, to the great exasperation of the neighbourhood. Nothing in the Druidical remains of Cornwall is more curious than are these stones, and they are worthy the inspection and attention of the traveller.

On a ridge of rocks at the Land's End, called the Long Ships, is a light-house, erected in the year 1797, by a Mr. Smith, under the sanction of the Trinity Board.

DARTMOUTH.

Dartmouth, in Devonshire, appears to derive its name from its situation at the mouth of the river Dart. The town is situated on the western shore of the bay formed by the river near its confluence with the sea. The houses are built on an eminence which slopes gently towards the margin of the water, and rise in ranges of streets one above another. Most of them are ancient, and some ornamented with grotesque carvings. The streets are inconveniently narrow, and only partially paved. The scenery in the neighbourhood is of a very superior kind. The rocks are of purple-coloured slate, which beautifully contrast with the foliage of the trees, in which the houses are embosomed. The view of the town from the bay, comprising a rich variety of plants and shrubs along the coast, is of a most beautiful kind. In several points of view, where projecting rocks shut out the view of both sea and town, the bay has the appearance of an inland lake. The harbour is capable of containing five hundred vessels, and is considered one of great security, its deep waters remaining in peace, when, a quarter of a mile out, the sea is in strong agitation. The entrance is between the ruins of Kingswear Castle, and the Fort and Church of St. Petroch, where a battery has been erected. An artificial quay has been constructed projecting into the harbour. The river is navigable to Totness, a distance of ten miles, between banks abounding throughout with beautiful scenery. The inhabitants are chiefly employed in the Newfoundland fishery, which engages no less than 3000 persons, some of whom must, by law, be landsmen. A trade is also carried on in ship-building; and in 1826, no less than nineteen vessels were built in the Dartmouth dock-yards. The Church, commonly called the Mayor's Chapel, is a spacious cruciform structure, and possessing great internal beauty. It is in the decorated style of English architecture. The pulpit is of stone, elaborately carved and richly gilt. The stalls of the corporation are modern ; but the old oak ceiling is preserved.

In 1190, Dartmouth harbour was the rendezvous of the fleet destined for the Holy Land. In the reign of Richard I., the French effected a landing, set fire to the town, and made good their retreat with trifling loss. In the time of Edward III., the port contributed thirty-one ships,

and nearly eight hundred men, to the naval armament, for the invasion of France. In 1404, some French pirates burnt Plymouth, and came to the attack of Dartmouth, but were gallantly repulsed by the united efforts of the male and female inhabitants; De Chastell, their commander, and seven of his men being killed, and twenty of his crew taken prisoners.

During the Parliamentary war, this town was regarded as a port of great importance, and was the scene of eager contention. In 1643, it was besieged by Prince Maurice, who did not succeed in taking it until after it had endured a siege of four weeks, when he garrisoned it for the king. In 1646, it was taken by storm; General Fairfax, in person, commanding the assault.

It has separate jurisdiction. By act of parliament in the reign of Richard II., the exportation of tin was made the exclusive privilege of this port. It is said to have been incorporated by King John, but the first authentic document, now existing, is dated in the reign of Edward III. "King John," says Leland, "gave privilege of Mairalte to Dartmouth." This is either a mistake, or the manner of exercising the privilege was not sufficiently defined; as the charter granted by Edward III. expressly invests the burgesses with power to "chose a mayor every year." The corporation which is formed under this charter, consists of a mayor, recorder, two bailiffs, and twelve common council men, with other inferior officers. Dartmouth was first represented in Parliament in the twenty-sixth of Edward I.; but afterwards intermitted sending till the reign of Edward III.; since which the representatives have been regularly returned. Under the Reform Bill, Dartmouth sends but one member.

The river from which the town takes its name, is called the Dart, as is supposed from the velocity of its current, in the same way as a river in Warwickshire is called the Arrow. By some old writers, the Dart is called the Darant. It was probably originally written Dartè; for Chaucer says,

"For what I wot he was of Dartèmouth."

The town originally consisted of three villages, named Clifton, Dartmouth, and Hardness; and, though now united by a continued chain of buildings, they are still distinct with regard to many local regulations.

The view of Dartmouth from the bay, is, as we said, one of great beauty; the houses, situated on a craggy hill, extend, embosomed in trees, almost a mile along the edge of the water. The dockyards and quay project into the river, and cause an apparent curvature in its course,

which produces a very delightful effect. Ships of war at anchor, and smaller vessels sailing, add greatly to the view. No scene could be more admirably adapted for a picture. Dr. Maton speaking of it, said, that "the view towards the mouth of the harbour exhibits such a happy assemblage of objects for a picture, that it is, perhaps, scarcely to be exceeded. A rocky knoll projecting from the shore makes an admirable foreground. One of the side screens is formed by the picturesque castle, with the adjoining church, just emerging from a fine wood which enriches the right hand side; the other a high promontory with a fort at its feet; whilst the main sea appears in front through a narrow opening, and leaves nothing for the imagination to wish for in the composition." Mr. Stanfield perceived those advantages; and the accompanying plates show how much of truth there was in the description of Dr. Maton. The castle has two platforms of cannon. The fortification itself was probably erected in the time of Henry VII.; who, as appears from Browne Willis, agreed "for himself and his heir to pay to the corporation forty pounds per annum, for their building a strong and mighty tower, and bulwark with lime and stone, for furnishing the same with guns, artillery, and ordnance, and for finding a chain in length and strength sufficient." The fortress, however, is not spacious, and mounts but few guns.

At the south end of the town are the ruins of an ancient castle, rising immediately above the water. It appears to have been a circular structure, but of no great strength. It contains 4485 inhabitants, is a borough, sea-port, and market-town, and is distant from London, 204 miles. Its distance from Exeter, the capital of the county, is thirty and three quarter miles.

C. Stanfield, R.A.

J. Stanfield R.A.

ST. MALO.

ST. MALO.

This town, formerly called Haute-Bretagne, with a sea-port, a castle, which served it for a citadel, and several other forts, is at the present time the chief place of the arrondissement and canton of the department of Ille and Vilaine. It is forty leagues north of Nantes, and eighty-three leagues north-west of Paris. It was a place of no importance until the time of Anne of Bretagne, who transferred to it the bishopric of Aleth, or Guidalet, and gave it the name of St. Malo, or Maelon, which was that of its patron and first bishop.

It is not large, the land on which it is built being limited; but it is a busy trading place, and thickly populated in proportion to its extent; it contains from 12,000 to 14,000 inhabitants. It is built on a rock, or small island, formerly called the Isle of Aaron, which is connected with the mainland by a causeway. This island is protected on the northern coast with rocks, by means of which the fortifications of St. Malo under this part of the enclosure are inaccessible to the enemy; from the southern and eastern coast it forms a kind of amphitheatre. Its enclosure has been partly rebuilt since the commencement of the last century.

St. Malo resembles a long square, of which the angle, extending to the bank, or causeway, and looking towards the land, is lengthened by the bastion of the castle, which is called, la Point de la Galere. The castle, considered without its bastions, forms a tolerably exact square, of which the enclosure is flanked by four large towers at the angles: it commands the town, and defends the access to it from the coast. La Tour Generale, and that of Quinquengrone defend it from the side of the town; la Tour des Dames, and that of Moulins, flank the two angles stretching to the Point de la Galere. There is a dungeon between the Tour Generale and that of des Dames. The part of the town which is in front of the castle is very regularly constructed, as also that looking to the port of Dinan; but in the rest of the town the streets are very irregular, and the houses badly built; a great part of them are constructed of wood, by reason of the stone, which is common at St. Malo, being too hard for the masons generally to work. The enclosure of St. Malo is open by the gates of St. Vincent and St. Thomas, extending to the castle, the

one on the right and the other on the left; by the great gates situated at the extremity of the bastion of St. Vincent, in the middle of that part of the town which looks towards the east; and by the gate of Dinan, in the middle of that part which looks towards the south. The land can only be reached by the causeway. Though open spaces of ground are rare in the enclosure of the town, there are, however, many public buildings, the chief of which is St. Thomas's, which separates the town from the castle. St. Malo has a very extensive quay, facing the gate of Dinan, between the bastion of St. Philippe and that of St. Louis. There are two others at the eastern part of the town, of which one, extending from the bastion of St. Louis to the great gate, and the other, larger than the two first, begin at some distance from the great gate, and extend to the gate of St. Vincent. At the end of the bastion of St. Louis, a pier has been constructed which extends into the sea. Near the great gate is a pump which furnishes water to the fountains of the town, consisting of above eighty streets.

The port is esteemed one of the safest in France, but not one of the most commodious; the entrance is very difficult, on account of the surrounding rocks, the points of which are found concealed just under the water, so that it is necessary for those unacquainted with the harbour to employ one of the pilots of the port.

When vessels arrive laden, or when they are about to leave the port with a cargo, they cannot anchor except at the mouth of the river Rance, near the ancient city of Aleth, as the state of the water would not allow them always to be afloat if they moored themselves against the quays of the town, the tide, ebbing every twelve hours, leaving dry the whole of the sands between St. Malo, the causeway, St. Servan, and the old city.

The town has been bombarded many times by the English. In 1693, an English vessel was stranded on a rock opposite the port St. Thomas, filled with machinery to crush the town, if it had succeeded, as was anticipated; but the assailants, finding themselves discovered and fired at from the Fort Royal, quickly set fire to their vessel, seeking to save themselves in their boats; in this, however, they were frustrated, for of the entire number of forty-one men all perished, including the engineer. This infernal machine, as it was called by the inhabitants, caused much devastation in the town, but it did no personal damage. In 1695, another attempt was made, which was equally unsuccessful. In 1758, two descents were effected near St. Malo, at Cancale, and at St. Cast; but the resistance that they experienced compelled the troops to re-embark,

after having lost three thousand men, and seven hundred prisoners; the Malouins lost but four hundred men killed and wounded.

The commerce of St. Malo is very active; there are many manufactories of soap, tobacco, biscuit, sail-cloth, and cordage, a forge for the navy, and materials for building, as well within as without the walls. The vessels which the Malouins employ for the cod-fishery from the port are from a hundred to four hundred tons; these vessels carry with them the salts of Guerand, for the curing of the fish. The cod prepared by the Malouins has an acknowledged superiority over that which is prepared in England. They have also whale, mackerel, and oyster fisheries, in the great road of Cancale, near their town; the latter are considered the best in France: they also trade largely in the cloths of Bretagne, and all sorts of merchandise. When war intercepts commerce, the Malouins occupy themselves almost entirely in making attacks on their enemies; for which purpose they arm the greater part of their vessels. By means of these armaments they amply indemnify themselves for the profits which they might have made by commerce, and likewise procure subsistence for a great number of sailors and other sea-faring men, who, without this assistance, would be deprived of employment. It is in the time of these armaments that the Malouins trade most with the Nantais, because the privateers bring into their port the greater part of the prizes captured. The productions of the territory of St. Malo consist principally of grains, which are gathered in abundance. They furnish also cattle, and a variety of fruits. Its commerce is only supported by the vigilance and activity of its merchants; they know how to surmount by their labour the obstacles occasioned by the position of their town, and render, in fact, this place as interesting as if it was in a favourable situation.

In 1711 they lent to Louis XIV. thirty millions of francs, which they have never been repaid. This town has given birth to great seamen and eminent merchants, who by their industry have brought considerable sums into France. It is the cradle of the Indian Company; and we are indebted to one of its inhabitants for the discovery of Canada. It is celebrated as the birth-place of Bernard de la Bourdonnaye, a merchant and warrior; of La Mettrie, a philosopher, who was a man of so great a mind that he discovered he had no soul, a qualification for the friendship of Frederick the Great, who forthwith made him his physician; of Maupertius, the geometrician; of Chateaubriand, the celebrated pamphleteer, and author

of the *Genius of Christianity;* and other characters of different degrees of eminence.

Besides the castle cathedral, there are three parish churches, a chapter-house, a seminary, and seven religious houses, of which three are for men, and four for women.

Of the peculiar manners of the strange but sturdy people of Saint Malo, an excellent account may be found in the Travelling Sketches on the Sea-coasts of France, written by Leitch Ritchie, and illustrated by Stanfield:—"Driven from terra firma," says that excellent writer, "by the incursions of the Normans, the inhabitants of this part of Brittany took refuge, like the Lombards in similar circumstances, on the rocks of the sea; and, even before they had enclosed themselves with proper fortifications, they were enabled to afford an asylum to a fugitive prince —the Earl of Richmond, who afterwards wore the crown of England. At the time of the League, they had become so independent as to stand aloof from both parties; and, at length, haughtily declared, that they would do without a master till the States-general of the kingdom, assembled in due form of law, should elect a king.

"The governor of the chateau, however, the Count de Fontaine, was of more accommodating sentiments; and the garrison and the citizens formed two hostile parties within the walls. The dispute was settled by fifty fine young men scaling the chateau by night, by means of a cord attached to a culverin on the ramparts. The garrison gave in; and the Malouins governed themselves till the year 1594, when they thought proper to recognize the authority of Henri Quatre.

"One would almost think that the mind is in some degree impressed with the character of the objects which the eyes have been accustomed to look upon from infancy; for the Malouins have always preserved the stern, unaccommodating spirit, which is the moral feature, if we may so express ourselves, of their native rock."

The circumstance of the fire-ship sent against the town by the English, and which has been noticed above, is then narrated; and the writer proceeds by saying, that, "The privateers fitted out from the place have always been distinguished for their audacity and success; and, in short, to give the naval character of the people in a word, we have only to say, that, when hailed at sea, their ships did not answer, 'We are French,' but, 'We are Malouin!'

"The customs and manners of the people, a little way out of the town," continues the same lively writer, "are very striking; and we

cannot travel a Sabbath-day's journey without witnessing most of the peculiarities of the Bas Bretons.

"The marriage ceremonies of the peasantry are absolutely poetical. The compliments which are discharged at one another by the two go-betweens (who are not women, as in ancient Greece, but men) remind one of the eulogium of bards. The agent of the fair one, after being driven from point to point in the palaver, is, at last, fain to avow that he has no better reason for refusal than that the maiden has devoted her virgin life to God. Even this fortification, however, is at length abandoned, and the advocate of the lover obtains permission to enter the cottage, and search in person for the damsel. A wife, a widow, and a child, are in turns presented to him; but all these he declines with a compliment and a jest; and when, at length, the object of his search appears, all parties sit down to the wine or the cider, and converse reasonably on the subject.

"On the marriage-day the bride and bridegroom hold a taper in their hands; and the light which is first extinguished announces to the superstitious Bretons the one who is to die first. On the evening of the marriage, a car, yoked with oxen, arrives to carry to her new home the property of the bride; but it is not without blows on both sides, severe, though amicable, that this is effected. On the same night the lady is hidden by her bride-maidens, and a severe fight takes place among the young men. The struggles of the party of the 'happy man,' however, are in vain; for, by immutable rule, the first day of marriage belongs to God, the second to the Virgin, and it is not till the third day the wife is delivered to her husband.

"A thousand odd superstitions still prevail among the Bas Bretons. When a sick man is about to die, a funeral car is sure to be seen approaching the house, covered with a white cloth, and driven by skeletons; or, if the cortège is not *seen*, the wheels, at least, are *heard*, and the terrified listeners hide their faces in their hands till the unearthly show has passed by. Certain dwarfs, one foot high, are supposed to inhabit the earth under the château Morlaix, for the purpose of guarding the treasures it contains. A man who has the good fortune to set eyes on these riches, may fill his hands if he please, but woe betide him if he puts any in his pocket! 'John and his Father,' form a kind of Will o' the Wisp, who carries a light on each of his four fingers, and twirls round with them like a dervish. The belated hind is sometimes startled, at the edges of the woods, with the sound of dancing; and, if he dare to turn

his eyes to the spot, he is sure to be seized by the unearthly revellers, and compelled to join in their gambols till the crowing of the cock. The *laveuses de nuit* are seen washing in the streams; and they invite the passer-by to help them to wring their clothes. The job continues all night, and perhaps the assistant at last gets his arm broken for his pains.

"In some places they would not for the world sweep the floor after sun-set, for fear of hurting the dead who are then making their invisible rounds. When they wish to find the body of a drowned person, they fix a burning taper in a loaf of bread, and send it afloat upon the water, confidently expecting that the light will be extinguished above the spot where the dead man lies. The crow of the cock before midnight, continued an odd number of times, announces the death of a man; an even number of times, that of a woman. The song of a bird foretells, by its intonation, the date of their marriage and death. On Christmas-night, the cows, and other ruminating animals, lie awake, conversing on what is to happen to their masters, who take care, on these occasions, to supply them with a good supper. The howling of a dog in the night time presages death; and, in the howling of a storm are heard the voices of the unburied dead."

The Malouins are haughty shopkeepers, and scrupulous merchants. Their uncompromising character appearing in all the transactions of their lives.

When the harbour is filled by the tide, the scene presented is animated and picturesque. The boats passing and re-passing, the costume of the peasants of Brittany contrasted with the rude and not less strange appearance of the veteran sailor, the bristling towers, and the black rocks, form altogether a scene of great interest.

COAST OF BRITTANY NEAR DOL,

(THE ROCKS OF ST. MALO IN THE DISTANCE.)

With the austere St. Malo we have finished, and we now come to the fertileplains of Dol.

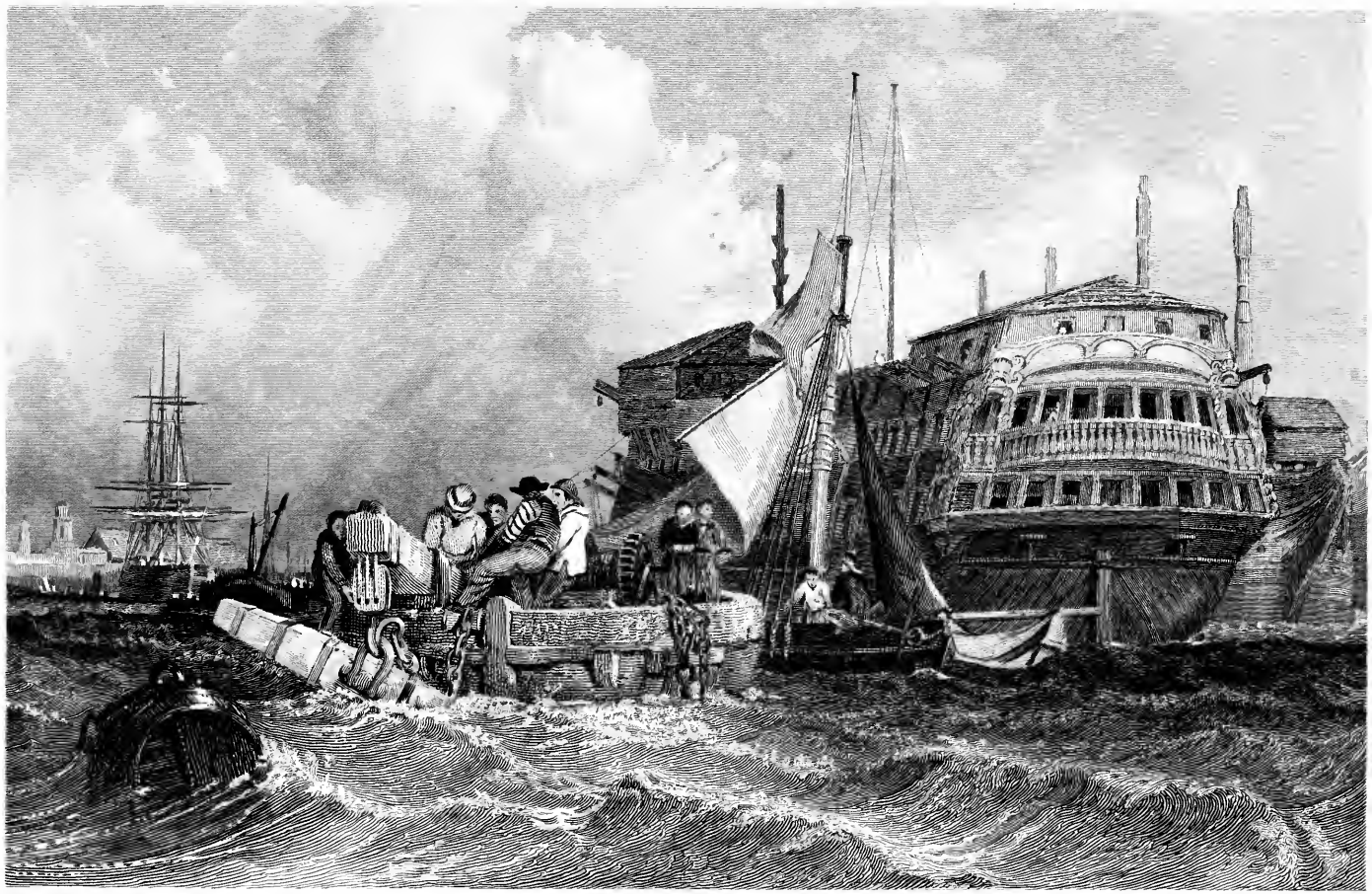
The accompanying view is one merely of a windmill, but it well contrasts with, and exhibits the effect of, the vast champaign around it. The town of Dol is placed among marshes, and is remarkable chiefly for its large Gothic cathedral. We have previously noticed the strong and strange superstitions of the people of Brittany, nor are the Dolais one wit behind the credulous Malouins. The cathedral is said to contain the mausoleum of Saint Samson, who is such a very sensible saint that he cures the Dolais of madness. Like other mad-doctors, he prescribes a straight waistcoast, but instead of encloseting his patient in a mad-house, he shuts him up in a niche near the altar. The prescription is only efficient for an inhabitant of Dol.

On the road from Pontorson, the last frontier town of Normandy, to Dol, the first town of Brittany, is seen, from a great distance, Mount Dol. This place is invested with all the superstition peculiar to the country. It was visited, like St. Michael's in Cornwall, and St. Michael's in Normandy, by the "First Knight;" and, as miracles are never absent when the marvellous is to be substantiated, the imprint of the foot of the saint remains to this day an incontestable proof of his visit. The Druids had here a temple, but the French have a telegraph; and the view from the platform on which it is erected is extensive and beautiful, adorned with chateaux and spots of interest.

PORTSMOUTH.

Under the head of Portsmouth will be comprised a description of Portsmouth Harbour, a view of which will be given in the course of this work; Porchester Castle, one of the engravings in the present number; and all points of interest connected with this great maritime and military depôt.

The origin of Portsmouth is affirmed by Camden to have been owing to the retiring of the sea from the upper part of the harbour, which, rendering the adjoining village of Porchester less convenient, the inhabitants were induced to remove to Portsea Isle, on the south-west side of which they erected the present existing town. It is called in the Saxon Chronicles, *Portesmuthe*, from a Saxon chieftain of the name of Port, who, with his two sons, Bieda and Maegla, landed on that part of the coast about the year 501. After a severe conflict with the Britons, this chieftain succeeded in maintaining possession of the surrounding country. Alfred fitted out a fleet of nine ships at the port, and after an obstinate engagement defeated the Danes, who infested the coasts of Hampshire and Dorsetshire; and in his own peculiar way, hanged many of them along the coast as admonitions to their countrymen. Harold also equipped a large fleet at this port, with a view of intercepting the armament of William, afterwards surnamed the Conqueror. After the death of William Rufus, Robert, Duke of Normandy, landed with his forces to take possession of the throne. Henry the First, who had raised an army to support his claims to the crown, assembled his forces here; and, after the two armies had remained some time in their encampments, an accommodation took place, and Robert returned to Normandy. The Saxon Chronicle informs us, that the king passed the Whitsun-week here. Henry the Third, also, collected at this place a numerous army for the invasion of France; but the enterprise was abandoned in consequence of the treachery of his ally, the Duke of Bretagne. In 1377, the beginning of the reign of Richard II., the French actuated it is said by jealousy at the growing prosperity of its trade, attacked and burnt a considerable portion of the town, but were compelled to retire to their ships



Stanfield R.A.

with much loss. For the greater security of the harbour, Edward IV. erected two towers, commanding its entrance. He also made additions to the fortifications of the town, which previously consisted only of a single wall, strengthened at the angles with bastions; and Richard III. impressed with the growing importance of the place, carried on and extended the works his predecessor commenced. Henry VII. established seven extensive breweries for supplying the troops in time of war; and Henry VIII., the first monarch under whom the navy obtained a systematic establishment, erected Southsea Castle at the south-west extremity of the Isle of Portsea, and made other improvements; and instituted regulations which made Portsmouth the principal naval arsenal in England.* In July, 1544, Francis I., having previously quarrelled with Henry, fitted out a large fleet under the command of D'Armebant, Admiral of France. The vessels, with a numerous military force on board, anchored off St. Helens, with intent to destroy Portsmouth, where an English army, commanded by the Duke of Suffolk, had assembled. The English fleet, under Viscount Lisle, Lord High Admiral of England, anchored off Spithead, and a distant cannonade was maintained for two days between the hostile fleets, during which the French suffered considerable loss, and were at length compelled to haul their wind, and retire to their own coast, but which they did not do without revenging themselves by plundering some part of the Isle of Wight. At the commencement of the action the Mary Rose, commanded by Sir George

* Henry VIII. was the first to erect a navy office, and range his ships into different classes, keeping a regular inventory of their various stores. In the preceding reigns the naval force was either hired from the merchant, or demanded by the king from the Cinque ports. Leland, who visited Portsmouth in the reign of Henry, describes it as follows: —"The land heere, on the east side of Portesmuth haven, rennith farther by a great way strait into the se, by south est from the haven mouth than it doeth at the west poynte. There is, at this point of the haven, Portesmuth town, and a great round tourre, almost doble in quantite and strengith to that that is on the west side of the haven right agayn it, and heere is a mighty chaine of yren, to draw from towre to towre. About a quarter of a mile above this tourre is a great dok for shippes, and yn this dok lyeth part of the rybbes of the *Henry, Grace of Dieu,* one of the biggest shippes that hath been made *in hominum memoria.* Ther be above this dok crekes in this part of the haven." After some further description of the town, Leland says, "King Henry viij at his first warres into Fraunce erected in the south part of the towne 3 great bruing houses, with the implements, to serve his shippes at such tyme as they should go to the se in tyme of warre. One Carpenter, a riche man, made of late tyme, in the mydle of the high streate of the toun, a Tounhouse. The toun is bare," he adds, "and little occupied in time of peace."

Carew, the largest English ship, next to the Great Harry of the Admiral's, was overpowered by the weight of her own ordnance; and, heeling greatly, the water rushed in at her port-holes, and sunk her, by which accident nearly 600 men, with Sir George, were drowned. In the reign of Edward VI., all the maritime force of England consisted of fifty three vessels, exclusive of merchantmen, but including galleys, pinnaces, and row barges. They were all stationed at this port, excepting two at Deptford Strand, and the *Henry Grace de Dieu* at Woolwich. The number of men to man these vessels, including soldiers, marines, and gunners, was 7780. The young king perceived the necessity of strengthening Portsmouth, and, in a letter to his friend, Barnaby Fitzpatrick, during his progress in 1552, he writes, "From thes we went to Portismouth toune, and there viewed not only the toune itself, and the haven, but also divers bulwarkes; in viewing of which we find the bulwarkes chargeable, massie, and ramparted, but il facioned, il flanked, and set in unmete places; the toune weak in comparison of that it ought to be, to house great stores (for w^{h}, in the wallis are faire and large closis, and much vacant rome;) the haven notable greate, and standing by nature easie to be fortified. And for the more strength thereof, we have divised two strong castellis on either side of the haven, at the mouth thereof: for at the mouth of the haven is not past ten score over, but in the middal almost a mile over, and in length for a mile and a hauf hable to bear the greatest ship in Christendome." The young king, who passed the night at Southsea Castle, after reviewing the fortifications, and ordering the erection of the two towers, also gave directions for an immense iron chain, extending from one tower to the other, across the mouth of the harbour; which chain, on the French fleet appearing off Portsmouth during the American war, was raised so as to prevent the vessels entering. In the reign of Elizabeth, the fortifications were greatly strengthened, and the signals now used on the approach of vessels were established. In the reign of Charles I., Portsmouth was the rendezvous for the armament destined to relieve the Protestants in Rochelle, then besieged by Cardinal Richelieu. John Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, the favourite of Charles, came to Portsmouth to hasten the preparations for the expedition, and was assassinated by the enthusiast Felton, who was a lieutenant in one of the regiments ordered for embarkation, and who had previously served under the Duke at the Isle of Rhé.* Soon after the commencement of the Parliamentary

* The history of the motives which urged Felton to so atrocious a crime has never

War, a party of Cromwell soldiers surprised Southsea Castle, of which they took possession; and, subsequently, they took the town, and garrisoned it for the Parliament. After the Restoration, the nuptials of Charles II. with Catherine, the Infanta of Portugal, were solemnized in the chapel of the garrison. Charles enlarged and improved the fortifications by surrounding Southsea Castle with a kind of star fort. James II., while Lord High Admiral, frequently visited Portsmouth; but, previously to his abdication of the government, he imprisoned the officers of the garrison for refusing to admit his Irish troops. The port was frequently visited by George III.; and, in 1814, the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV., remained at Portsmouth for several days, in company with the allied sovereigns.

Portsmouth received its first charter of incorporation from Richard Cœur de Lion, in the year 1123, in which, after declaring that he retains *Portesmue* in his own hands, with all that belongs to it, he grants to its burgesses the privileges of an annual fair for fifteen days, and a weekly market, together with all the immunities enjoyed by the citizens of Winchester and Oxford. As a consequence of this charter, the corporation required of Henry III. that he would command the attendance of his justices; and, to strengthen the request (no unnecessary precaution at

been satisfactorily arrived at. The refusal of a captaincy, poverty, and blind fanaticism, are all alleged; and the last appears most likely. The narrative of the assassination is thus given by Wrangham; and, it is trusted, will not be thought an uninteresting episode: "In a bye cutler's shop, on Tower Hill, he purchased a tenpenny knife, the sheath of which he sewed to the lining of his pocket, that he might at any moment draw forth the blade with one hand, as he had maimed the other. This done, he reached Portsmouth, partly (it is said) on horseback, and partly on foot; for he was in great poverty, which might perhaps have a little edged his desperation. There, without any suspicion, among numbers solicitous of employment, he pressed into an inward chamber, where Buckingham was at breakfast with Monsieur de Soubes and Sir Thomas Fryer; and a little before His Grace's rising from the table, moved thence into a kind of lobby between that room and the next, where divers were in waiting for the duke's appearance. In this lobby, as Buckingham was passing through, the assassin with a back stroke gave him a deep wound in his left side. The Duke, having just time to pull out the knife, sunk down under the table and expired." The Duchess, in an upper room, was scarcely out of bed. Felton, far from attempting to escape, justified his crime. The house is No. 10 in the High Street, then an inn called the Spotted Dog, and now in existence. Felton was executed at Tyburn, and gibbeted on Southsea Common. The body of the duke was interred at Westminster Abbey; but, in the church of St. Thomas à Becket, at Portsmouth, is a cenotaph erected to his memory, containing in the centre a marble urn which holds the heart of the ill-fated nobleman.

that period) presented the monarch with three casks of wine; and, it is scarcely necessary to add, that the justices followed the bribe. Other charters were conferred by succeeding monarchs, and the last was granted by Charles I.

The port extends from the opening of Southampton Water, on the west, to the town of Emsworth, on the east, including Langston, St. Helens, Portsmouth Harbour, and Spithead. The harbour is unrivalled for capaciousness, security, and depth of water: it is about two hundred and fifty yards broad at the mouth, expanding into an open and broad lake, which extends for several miles to the north, affording secure shelter and ample sea-room for ships of the largest burden. The contiguity of the Isle of Wight adds materially to the safety, by forming a vast natural break-water between a portion of the English Channel and the harbour. The extent of the harbour is almost sufficient for the whole navy of England, and the greatest first-rates may ride at the lowest ebb without touching the ground. Even when the sea at Spithead is so agitated by the fury of the winds that the largest ships are sometimes driven from their anchors, the ships within the harbour ride at ease. Hardly any wind that can blow has power to endanger the shipping moored on its "breast of waters," so effectually is it sheltered by the surrounding lands. From the western side of the entrance is the sand-bank called the Spit, at the head of which a ship of war is always stationed. This bank is above three miles in length, but not perceptible above water. The roadstead is called the Spithead, and marked out by buoys at regular intervals, and is often the spot chosen for the assembling of the English fleet. The port is the general rendezvous where all ships either homeward or outward bound take convoy, and frequently seven hundred merchantmen have sailed at one time from Spithead.

Allusion has previously been made to the loss of the Mary Rose, commanded by Sir George Carew, off Spithead, in 1544. Probably the calamity that, on the 29th August, 1782, befel the Royal George, was of a more awful nature, inasmuch as none of the dread circumstances of war were connected with the melancholy event. This vessel carried one hundred guns, and was considered one of the finest in the Royal Navy. Some repairs being required on her keel, to save the delay of going into harbour, she was hove on one side, by the removal of her guns; and, while in that situation, a sudden squall from the north-west threw her broadside on the water, and the lower deck ports not having been lashed down, she filled, and sunk in about three minutes. Her

brave admiral, Kempenfeldt, and upwards of four hundred of her crew (eight hundred in all), besides two hundred women, perished in her. Every assistance was immediately given by the boats of the fleet, which had just returned from a successful cruise, but with little success. The top-masts were long visible above water, and the spot where she lies is marked by a red buoy attached to the wreck. The body of her gallant commander was never found. A cenotaph in Alverstoke Church perpetuates his memory, and records his talents and his virtues. By the assistance of the diving-bell many of her stores have been recovered; and, only lately, by means of an ingeniously constructed diving-helmet and apparatus, invented by Mr. Deane, stores have been discovered to a considerable amount.

The following particulars of the loss of the Royal George have been collected by Mr. Deane; and, as they have more of the stamp of authenticity than many accounts which are current, and the subject is connected in a most interesting manner with the history of the English Navy, and consequently with Portsmouth, they are here introduced.

"Time has left few in the present day of those saved from the ship, but her seventh lieutenant (aide-de-camp of Admiral Kempenfeldt, the present Admiral Sir Philip Henderson Durham, G. C. B.) the only officer alive who then belonged to her, and he has kindly presented us the following anecdote, more immediately relating to himself.

"When the Royal George was going down, Lieutenant Durham threw off his coat and dashed into the water, where he was siezed by a drowning marine, by whom he was twice carried down. On rising the second time, Lieutenant Durham succeeded in extricating himself from the dying man's grasp, by tearing off his waistcoat, and he, with one of the seamen, was eventually saved by siezing the halyards from the mizen topmast head, by which they reached the mast head, from whence they were taken with great difficulty by a boat. The poor marine's body was washed on shore a fortnight afterwards, with the waistcoat, by which he had caught hold of Lieutenant Durham, so firmly twisted round his arm, that a pencil-case, bearing the lieutenant's initials, was found safe in the pocket, and restored to the owner. The Captain, under whose direction, with that of first Lieutenant Saunders, the ship was careening, was on the quarter deck at the time the accident occurred, and ran down to warn the Admiral, who was in his cabin; but he was unable to effect his purpose, from the cabin-door having become fixed. When Lieutenant Durham had reached a place of temporary security, he observed the

Captain holding by the weather mizen top sail-yard arm, and sent a boat to his aid. These two were the only officers saved. The number of the ship's company on board was nearly 800."

One of the Seamen who belonged to the Royal George, and who was among the few persons saved, relates the melancholy event in the following words:—

"I joined the Royal George, of one hundred guns, at Spithead, in December, 1779, being then nineteen years of age, having been drafted from the Princess Amelia, three-decker, and guard-ship at Spithead. Lord Rodney was there, in the Sandwich, and Admiral Digby, in the Prince George; on board the latter ship was Prince William Henry, our present gracious King.

"In January, 1782, the Royal George was docked at Plymouth, and joined the grand fleet at Spithead, where she changed officers: Admiral Kempenfeldt, Captain Waghorn, and first Lieutenant Saunders, joining her.

"She left Spithead with the grand fleet, and cruised in the channel; but returned to Spithead again, being leaky. The leak was found to arise from the pipe leading through the ship's bottom to a cistern in the well from which the water was pumped for washing decks. To get at the leak, at five o'clock on the morning of the twenty-ninth of August, 1782, all hammocks were piped up, and the word passed for stowing them on the larboard side on the booms. When this was done, the drummer was called to beat all hands to quarters;—I ran to mine, which was the sixth gun on the main-deck. The order was given to run over to leeward all the main-deck, and also the quarter-deck and forecastle guns. The middle and lower-deck guns were run in on the weather side, as far as the breechings would allow; and on the lee side, both middle and lower deck, the guns were run out—the lower-deck ports consequently being open, occasioned the ship to fill and sink.

"When this happened, I was stationed on the middle-gun deck, at the tackle fall, hoisting provisions out of the after-hold, and rolling the same to leeward, to give the ship more heel, to enable the carpenters to get at the leak on the weather side. This work continued until about half-past eight, when the water was at intervals dashing in at the lower-deck ports;—at this moment, the captain was standing at the entering port on the middle-gun-deck. About ten minutes after this the danger was discovered, as the water began more rapidly to dash in at the lower-deck ports. The drummer was immediately called to beat to

quarters; when I let the tackle fall where I was stationed, and run upon the main-deck to my gun, the sixth. When I got there, four of us, Joseph Woodcock (the captain of the gun), myself, and two others, immediately hooked the tackles on to windward, and while in the act of endeavouring to bouse our gun to windward, I saw the signal lieutenant (the present Admiral Sir Philip Henderson Durham) on the weather gangway, hailing with a speaking trumpet, 'Bouse, bouse away, the ship is sinking!'—the words were scarcely out of his mouth when the ship capsized. At this moment, being obliged for our own safety to drop the ends of the falls, the gun running away to leeward, I scrambled up to windward by the assistance of the tackle fall, and got out of the weather port; as also did my old companion, Joseph Woodcock, who died about six years ago, in the Royal Hospital at Greenwich,—whom I, with Charles Wilson, and several other old shipmates, saved from the wreck of the Royal George, used to meet, particularly to commemorate the 29th of August, which we considered our birth-day. They are all dead; and I am now left to myself to reflect on my miraculous escape.

"I must now go back to getting out of the port. Not being able to swim, I stood there until she filled. There were about three hundred of us poor fellows standing on the ship's bottom, singing out, 'Boats, boats, for God's sake!' The suction of the ship made a horrible noise; when down we went altogether, clinging hold of each other, many catching hold of us, and I catching hold of others; and after going down several times, on coming up, the rest of my unfortunate companions were pretty clear of me. In the confusion in the water, I caught hold of a drum, and being nearly exhausted got my head entangled underneath it. Something at that moment scratched my head, it proved to be a pig swimming about, and I clung to his neck for a short time; when, providentially, up floated some of the hammocks, and I let go my hold of the pig for a hammock.

"By this time the ship had filled, sunk, and righted, part of the rigging remaining above water;—when one of my shipmates hallooed out, 'Charley, Charley, strike off here!' I let go my hold of the hammock, and did so, never having swam either before or since; I then got on the rigging, much exhausted, and where I recollect seeing many more of the ship's company come up and swim to the rigging also. There was, I suppose, about one hundred and fifty of us, and one woman, with her husband, whose name was John Horn, and who was carried on board the Victory with me. It is supposed that six hundred men, with

unfortunate Admiral Kempenfeldt, and three hundred women, here perished.

CHARLES BLUNDY, aged seventy-five,

Late Ordinary Seaman of the Royal George,

And now living at 19, Newcastle Street, Bethnal Green.

March 9, 1835.

The narrative then continues:—"Another of the survivors, Mr. Ingram, a very respectable and intelligent man, who lives, and has lived for many years, at Woodford, a village exactly midway between Gloucester and Bristol—relates as follows, in a recent number of a weekly periodical. We have, however, corrected his narrative in one or two places, on the high authority we have mentioned.

"The Royal George was a ship of one hundred guns. Originally her guns had been all brass, but when she was docked at Plymouth, either in in the spring of 1782 or the year before, the brass forty-two pounders on her lower gun deck were taken out of her as being too heavy, and iron thirty-two pounders put there in their stead: so that after that she carried brass twenty-four pounders on her main-deck, quarter-deck, and poop, brass thirty-pounders on her middle-deck, and iron thirty-two pounders on her lower-deck. She did not carry any carronades. She measured sixty-six feet from the kelson to the taffrail; and, being a flag ship, her lanterns were so big that the men used to go into them to clean them.

"In August, 1782, the Royal George had come to Spithead. She was in a very complete state, with hardly any leakage, so that there was no occasion for the pumps to be touched oftener than once in every three or four days. By the twenty-ninth of August she had got six months' provision on board, and also many tons of shot. The ship had her top-gallant-yards up, the blue flag of Admiral Kempenfeldt was flying at the mizen, and the ensign was hoisted on the ensign-staff,—and she was in about two days to have sailed to join the grand fleet in the Mediterranean. It was ascertained that the water-cock must be taken out and a new one put in. The water-cock is something like the tap of a barrel—it is in the hold of the ship on the starboard side, and at that part of the ship called the well. By turning a thing which is inside the ship, the sea-water is let into a cistern in the hold, and it is from that pumped up to wash the decks. In some ships the water is drawn up the side

in buckets, and there is no water-cock. To get out the old water-cock, it was necessary to make the ship heel so much on her larboard side as to raise the outside of this water-cock above water. This was done at about eight o'clock on the morning of the twenty-ninth of August. To do it the whole of the guns on the larboard side were run out as far as they would go, quite to the breasts of the guns, and the starboard guns drawn in a midships and secured by tackles, two to every gun, one on each side the gun. This brought the water nearly on a level with the port-holes of the larboard side of the lower gun-deck. The men were working at this water-cock on the outside of the ship for near an hour, the ship remaining all on one side as I have stated.

"At about nine o'clock A.M., or rather before, we had just finished our breakfast, and the last lighter, with rum on board, had come alongside: this vessel was a sloop of about fifty tons, and belonged to three brothers, who used to carry things on board the men-of-war. She was lashed to the larboard side of the Royal George, and we were piped to clear the lighter and get the rum out of her, and stow it in the hold of the Royal George. I was in the waist of our ship, on the larboard side, bearing the rum-casks over, as some men of the Royal George were aboard the sloop to sling them.

"At first no danger was apprehended from the ship being on one side although the water kept dashing in it at the port holes at every wave; and there being mice in the lower part of the ship, which were disturbed by the water which dashed in, they were hunted in the water by the men, and there had been a rare game going on. However, by about nine o'clock the additional quantity of rum on board the ship, and also the quantity of sea-water which had dashed in through the port-holes, brought the larboard port-holes of the lower gun-deck nearly level with the sea.

"As soon as that was the case, the carpenter went on the quarter-deck to the lieutenant of the watch, to ask him to give orders to right ship, as the ship could not bear it. However, the lieutenant made him a very short answer, and the carpenter then went below. This officer was the third lieutenant; he had not joined us long: his name I do not recollect; he was a good-sized man, between thirty and forty years of age. The men called him, 'Jib-and-Staysail Jack,' for, if he had the watch in the night, he would be always bothering the men to alter the sails, and it was 'up jib' and 'down jib,' and 'up foresail' and 'down forsesail,' every minute. However, the men considered him more of a

troublesome officer than a good one; and, from a habit he had of moving his fingers about when walking the quarter-deck, the men said he was an organ-player from London, but I have no reason to know that that was the case. The captain's name was Waghorn. He was on board, but where he was I do not know;—however, captains, if any thing is to be done, when the ship is in harbour, seldom interfere, but leave it all to the officer of the watch. The admiral was either in his cabin, or in the steerage, I do not know which; and the barber, who had been to shave him, had just left. The admiral was a man upwards of seventy years of age; he was a thin tall man, who stooped a good deal.

"As I have already stated, the carpenter left the quarter-deck and went below. In a very short time he came up again, and asked the lieutenant of the watch to right ship, and said again that the ship could not bear it. Myself and a good many more were at the waist of the ship and at the gangways, and heard what passed, as we knew the danger, and began to feel aggrieved, for there were some capital seamen aboard, who knew what they were about quite as well or better than the officers.

"In a very short time, in a minute or two I should think, Lieutenant (now Admiral Sir P. H.) Durham ordered the drummer to be called to beat to right ship. The drummer was called in a moment, and the ship was then just beginning to sink. I jumped off the gangway as soon as the drummer was called. There was no time for him to beat his drum, and I don't know that he even had time to get it. I ran down to my station, and, by the time I had got there, the men were tumbling down the hatchways one over another to get to their stations as quick as possible to right ship. My station was at the third gun from the head of the ship, on the starboard side of the lower gun-deck, close by where the cable passes, indeed it was just abaft the bight of the cable. I said to the second captain of our gun, whose name was Carrell, (for every gun has a first and second captain, though they are only sailors), 'Let us try to bouse our gun out without waiting for the drum, as it will help to right ship.' We pushed the gun, but it ran back upon us, and we could not start him. The water then rushed in at nearly all the port-holes of the larboard side of the lower gun-deck, and I directly said to Carrell, 'Ned, lay hold of the ring-bolt and jump out at the port-hole; the ship is sinking, and we shall be all drowned.' He laid hold of the ring-bolt, and jumped out at the port-hole into the sea: I believed he was drowned, for I never saw him afterwards. I immediately got out at the same port-hole, which

was the third from the head of the ship on the starboard side of the lower gun-deck, and when I had done so, I saw the port-hole as full of heads as it could cram, all trying to get out. I caught hold of the best bower-anchor, which was just above me, to prevent falling back again into the port-hole, and seized hold of a woman who was trying to get out at the same port-hole,—I dragged her out. The ship was full of Jews, women, and people selling all sorts of things. I threw the woman from me,—and saw all the heads drop back again in at the port-hole, for the ship had got so much on her larboard side, that the starboard port-holes were as upright as if the men had tried to get out of the top of a chimney with nothing for their legs and feet to act upon. I threw the woman from me, and just after that moment the air that was between decks drafted out at the port-holes very swiftly. It was quite a huff of wind, and it blew my hat off, for I had all my clothes on, including my hat. The ship then sunk in a moment. I tried to swim, but I could not swim a morsel, although I plunged as hard as I could both hands and feet. The sinking of the ship drew me down so,—indeed I think I must have gone down within a yard as low as the ship did. When the ship touched the bottom, the water boiled up a great deal, and then I felt that I could swim, and began to rise.

"When I was about half way up to the top of the water, I put my right hand on the head of a man that was nearly exhausted. He wore long hair, as many of the men at that time did; he tried to grapple me, and he put his four fingers into my right shoe alongside the outer edge of my foot. I succeeded in kicking my shoe off, and, putting my hand on his shoulder, I shoved him away,—I then rose to the surface of the water.

"At the time the ship was sinking, there was a barrel of tar on the starboard side of her deck, and that had rolled to the larboard and staved as the ship went down, and when I rose to the top of the water the tar was floating like fat on the top of a boiler. I got the tar about my hair and face, but I struck it away as well as I could, and when my head came above water I heard the cannon ashore firing for distress. I looked about me, and at the distance of eight or ten yards from me I saw the main topsail halyard-block above water;—the water was about thirteen fathoms deep, and at that time the tide was coming in. I swam to the main topsail halyard-block, got on it, and sat upon it, and there I rode. The fore, main, and mizen tops were all above water, as

were a part of the bowsprit and part of the ensign-staff, with the ensign upon it.

"In going down, the main yard of the Royal George caught the boom of the rum-lighter and sunk her, and there is no doubt that this made the Royal George more upright in the water when sunk than she otherwise would have been, as she did not lie much more on her beams ends than small vessels often do when left dry on a bank of mud.

"When I got on the main topsail halyard-block, I saw the admiral's baker in the shrouds of the mizen-top-mast, and directly after that the woman whom I had pulled out of the port-hole came rolling by: I said to the baker, who was an Irishman named Robert Cleary, "Bob, reach out your hand and catch hold of that woman;—that is a woman I pulled out of the port-hole. I dare say she is not dead." He said "I dare say she is dead enough; it is of no use to catch hold of her.' I replied, 'I dare say she is not dead.' He caught hold of the woman and hung her head over one of the ratlins of the mizen shrouds, and there she hung by her chin, which was hitched over the ratlin, but a surf came and knocked her backwards, and away she went rolling over and over. A captain of a frigate which was lying at Spithead came up in a boat as fast as he could. I dashed out my left hand in a direction towards the woman as a sign to him. He saw it, and saw the woman. His men left off rowing, and they pulled the woman aboard their boat and laid her on one of the thwarts. The captain of the frigate called out to me, 'My man, I must take care of those that are in more danger than you.' I said, 'I am safely moored now, Sir.' There was a seaman named Hibbs hanging by his two hands from the main-stay; his name was Abel Hibbs, but he was called Monny, and as he hung from the main-stay, the sea washed over him every now and then as much as a yard deep over his head, and when he saw it coming he roared out: however, he was but a fool for that, for if he had kept himself quiet he would not have wasted his strength, and would have been able to take the chance of holding on so much the longer. The captain of the frigate had his boat rowed to the main-stay, but they got the stay over part of the head of the boat, and were in great danger before they got Hibbs on board. The captain of the frigate then got all the men that were in the different parts of the rigging, including myself and the baker, into his boat and took us on board the Victory, where the doctors recovered the woman, but she was very ill for three or four days. On board the Victory I saw the body of the carpenter,

lying on the hearth before the galley fire; some women were trying to recover him, but he was quite dead.

"The Captain of the Royal George, who could not swim, was picked up and saved by one of our seamen. The lieutenant of the watch, I believe, was drowned. The number of persons who lost their lives I cannot state with any degree of accuracy, because of there being so many Jews, women, and other persons on board who did not belong to the ship. The complement of the ship was nominally 1000 men, but she was not full. Some were ashore, and sixty marines had gone ashore that morning.

"The government allowed *5l.* each to the seamen who were on board, and not drowned, for the loss of their things. I saw the list, and there were only seventy-five. A vast number of the best of the men were in the hold stowing away the rum-casks: they must all have perished, and so must many of the men who were slinging the casks in the sloop Two of the three brothers belonging to the sloop perished, and the other was saved. I have no doubt that the men caught hold of each other, forty or fifty together, and drowned one another—those who could not swim, catching hold of those who could; and there is also little doubt that as many got into the launch as could cram into her, hoping to save themselves in that way, and went down in her altogether.

"In a few days after the Royal George sunk, bodies would come up, thirty or forty nearly at a time. A body would rise, and come up so suddenly as to frighten any one. The watermen there is no doubt, made a good thing of it: they took from the bodies of the men their buckles, money, and watches, and then made fast a rope to their heels and towed them to land.

"The water-cock ought to have been put to rights before the immense quantity of shot was put on board; but if the lieutenant of the watch had given the order to right ship a couple of minutes earlier, when the carpenter first spoke to him, nothing amiss would have happened; as three or four men at each tackle of the starboard guns would very soon have boused the guns all out, and have righted the ship. At the time this happened, the Royal George was anchored by two anchors from the head. The wind was rather from the north-west,—not much of it,—only a bit of a breeze; and there was no sudden gust or puff of wind which made her heel just before she sunk; it was the weight of metal and the water which had dashed through in the port-holes which sunk her, and not the effect of the wind upon her. Indeed I do not recollect

that she had even what is called a stitch of canvass, to keep her head steady as she lay at anchor.

"I am now seventy-five years of age, and was about twenty-four when this happened."

Such are the most authentic accounts relating to a disaster which might be strictly termed national.

In Portsmouth harbour, and the dock-yards, every precaution that can be devised has been adopted to guard against fire. Notwithstanding this, since the year 1760, there have been no less than three great conflagrations. The first appears to have been accidental; the second, in all probability, the effect of design; as the last was proved to be. The first commenced in the night of the third of July, and raged for a long time with amazing fury. The weather had been extremely tempestuous; the thunder was unusually loud; the lightning more than commonly vivid. Many hundred tons of tar, oil, and other combustibles, were consumed; besides 1050 tons of hemp, 500 tons of cordage, and about 700 sails. A watchman of the harbour, who was examined after the fire, deposed to the fact of a fire-ball having passed near him about ten minutes before the flames were perceived. The windows of the hemp storehouse had that night been left open, in order to air it; so that the burning element had the full benefit of an inflammable material, and a free circulation of air. The second fire occurred on the morning of the twenty-seventh of July, 1770; and, from various circumstances, gave rise to the opinion of its being the work of an incendiary. The effects were tremendous. The storehouses for pitch and tar were destroyed in an instant! Immediately afterwards, the flames burst out at four different points, and with such vehemence that the destruction of the entire dock-yard was expected. The wind providentially shifted, and the active workmen, assisted by a numerous body of seamen, marines, and townsmen, the progress of the fire was arrested, and the flames at last extinguished. The third and last fire was on the seventh of December, 1776. In this instance the incendiary was discovered; his name was John Aitkin, but was mostly known among the sailors as Jack the Painter. He was believed to have acted under foreign influence; and attempts he had previously been suspected of making at Plymouth and Bristol had excited considerable alarm. His plans were ingeniously contrived, and he had invented a curious machine to facilitate his designs. With this he concealed himself in the dock-yard at night, and, depositing his machine among the cordage, he passed the gates in the morning unsuspected. There appeared, how-

ever, to have been a miscalculation in his plans, for the fire broke out some hours earlier than he had intended. Assistance being near at hand, and the wind being in a favourable direction, the flames were soon repressed, though not before the rope-house, and some adjoining store-houses were consumed. The incendiary quitted Portsmouth, and was not apprehended until two months subsequently to the perpetration of the crime. The whole scheme of his villainy then became a matter of evidence on which he was convicted at Winchester, and executed near the Dock Gates, on the seventh of March, 1777. Previous to his death, as some atonement for his atrocity, he communicated many useful hints, by means of which, if carried out, the dock-yards and shipping, might be secured from similar attempts.

L'Impetueux, of seventy-four guns, and the *Boyne*, of ninety-eight, were also destroyed by fire in Portsmouth harbour. The former was one of the prizes taken by Lord Howe on the occasion of that battle ever since distinguished by the proud title of the "Glorious First of June."* L'Impetueux took fire in consequence of the accidental ignition of some gunpowder. She burnt to the edge of the water, but no damage was done to surrounding vessels. The destruction of the Boyne was of a different kind. It occurred on the first of May, 1795. The fire broke out aft of the vessel, with a fresh breeze blowing from the south-west. The flames ran through the ship at a prodigious speed. The lower-deck guns were shotted, and as the fire reached them, they discharged their contents, to the great loss of life, and damage of property. The fire continued to rage with fury, and six or seven hours after it first broke out the burning pile was seen floating,—a tremendous spectacle!—towards South Sea Castle, when the after magazine exploded, producing over the greater part of Portsmouth the effect of an earthquake. A pillar of smoke ascended from the shattered wreck, and swords of fire darting from every unconsumed port-hole, presented an appearance of singular sublimity. Boats, blown to atoms by the explosion, shot from the vessel; and bits of her timber flew at all quarters, doing a deal of injury. When she began to drift, the ships that were at leeward let go their anchors, and ran down to St. Helens, to escape the impending ruin. Numerous boats succeeded in saving the greater part of her crew, with imminent danger, and at the cost of great suffering.

The view of Portsmouth Harbour in the present work is highly

* This celebrated engagement took place on the first of June, 1794.

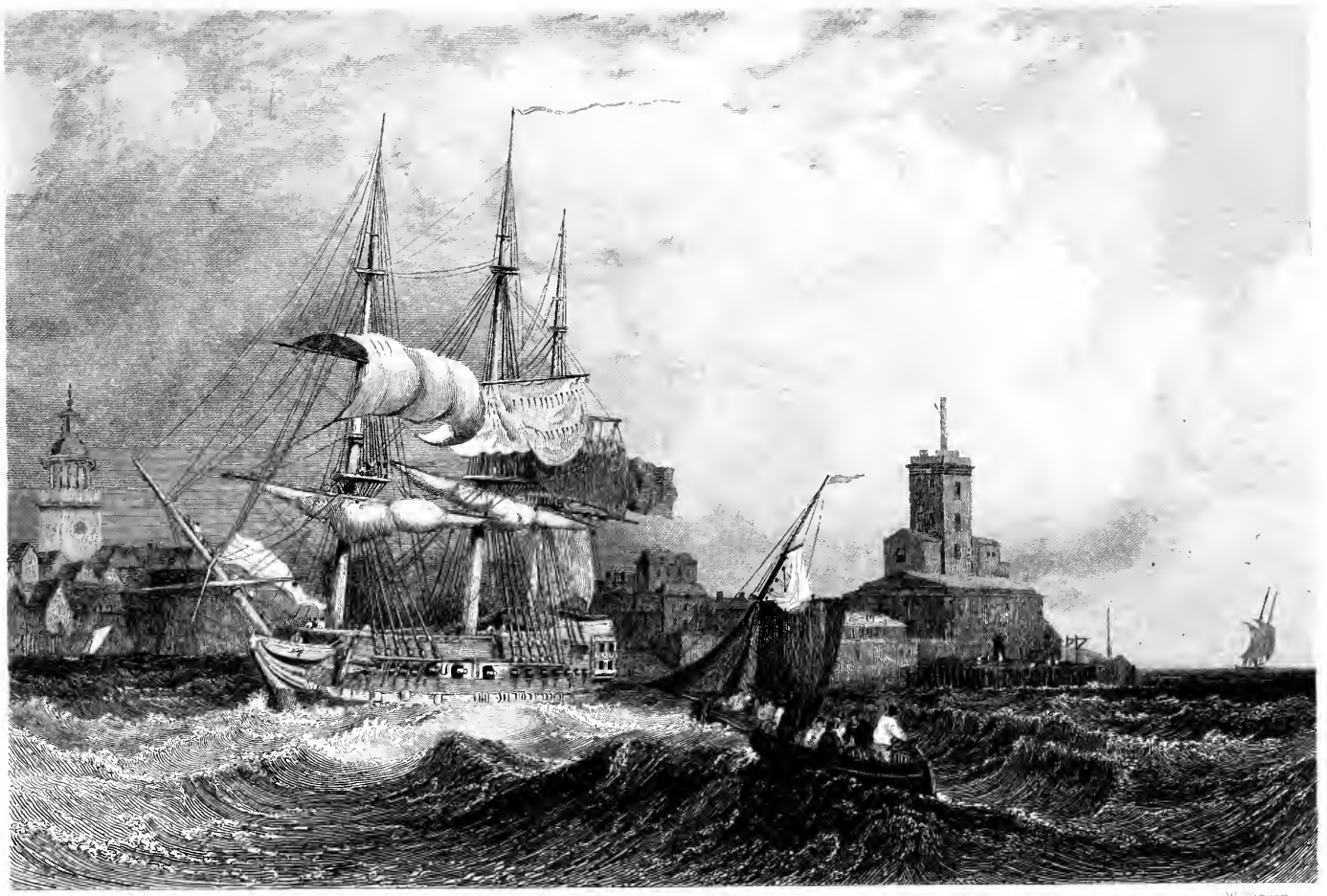
characteristic of the constantly recurring scenes, which render this port a point of great attraction to all lovers of marine scenery. The mighty hulk, rising like a floating city on the waters; the dock-yard boat; and the task of weighing the ponderous anchor, which keeps these castles of the deep safe to their moorings, is represented with all the accuracy of truth, and all the poetry of effect.

And now, having told so much of the perils and adventures of the deep, and matters therewith connected (no inappropriate space occupied, it is trusted, in a work dedicated to Coast Scenery), we must terminate our description of Portsmouth by a brief notice of the SEMAPHORE and PORCHESTER CASTLE.

The Semaphore was erected, in 1823, over a magazine situated at the head of the harbour. Telegraphic signals, by means of it, reach the Admiralty in the almost incredibly short space of three minutes. But it is not to the Semaphore as a building that attention should be so much directed as to the stately vessel entering the harbour. To point attention to it is sufficient; for to those who cannot appreciate its beauty, no description could assist, and to those who perceive, it would be needless to attempt to enlighten. It is a scene truly naval and English; its equal was never before witnessed in any country, and probably never may be again in any other.

As a piece of antiquity, some space may be afforded for the description of Porchester Castle, which is situated at the head of a neck of land projecting some distance into the sea. The castle is quadrangular, surrounding an area of between four and five acres. It is very much dilapidated; but in sufficient preservation to be used as a place of confinement. During the late war, nearly 5000 prisoners have been secured in it at one time. The walls vary from eight to twelve feet in thickness, and are about eighteen feet high, having round them in many places a passage covered with a parapet. There are also eighteen towers, of various shapes, and different magnitude. On the north-west and south sides is a ditch, varying in breadth, and in depth fifteen feet. The entrance, on the west side, is thirty feet deep, and fourteen feet wide, under a square tower. On the inside, over the gate, are two projecting figures of a sphinx-like form.

The keep of the castle encompasses a parallelogram of sixty-five feet by one hundred and fifteen. It has four towers, three of them standing on the outside wall. One larger than the rest forms the north-west angle of the square. The fourth tower stands at the south-east corner,



THE SEMAPHORE, PORTSMOUTH.

containing several large rooms, some of them arched with stones, one of which appears to have been a chapel. Several of these towers, as well parts of the walls, now appear in ruins.

In the round and semicircular towers, defending, at unequal distances, the outward walls, are to be found many remains of Roman workmanship. The round towers are placed at the north-east, south-east, and south-west angles; the north-west being taken up by the great square tower of the keep. These towers are some twenty, and others nineteen, feet in diameter, and project about eighteen feet and a half from the wall. Regular rows of Roman brick are still visible in places, dividing the stone work. The extent of the outer walls, exclusive of the projecting parts of the round towers, is about six hundred and twenty feet on the north and south sides, and six hundred and ten feet on the east and west.

In the keep, forming the north-west angle of the castle, traces of Saxon and Norman architecture are to be seen, and some as late even as the time of Queen Elizabeth. The great tower is lofty, and contains two dungeons at bottom, with the remains of three double apartments above them, in so many several stories. Its walls are nearly eight feet thick, and their external dimensions, on the north and south, fifty-seven feet, and on the east and west fifty-eight. The light enters from narrow loop-holes, excepting the third story, where on two sides, in what appears to have been the state apartments, are small windows in the plainest Saxon style. Adjacent to this tower, and immediately connected with it, are the remains of a building, which at some period had been transformed into an entrance, the original way of ingress appearing to have been by a flight of steps on the same side.

Mr. King, in his Munimenta Antiqua, supposes the original tower to have been of Saxon construction, and the works surrounding it to have been erected by the Normans, between the periods of the Conquest and the reigns of Edward I. Many alterations, however, took place about the time of Edward III.; and in the reigns of Henry VI. and VII., buildings were added, consisting of a great dining-hall, and various domestic apartments; while over them were the dormitories for the servants, and the lodgings of the garrison. The curious part of the inner, or, as it has been called, of the Norman Court, is its fortified entrance, opening from the outer area on the east. At the extremity was a noble portal, with an obtuse pointed arch, and in this was a gate of great strength, and eight feet in width. Further on, at the distance of about sixteen and a half feet, was a portcullis; and, beyond that, a

second great gate. Eighteen feet further still, was a second portcullis; and eleven and feet beyond this, was a third gate, of equal strength to the outer gate. To make these impediments to besiegers more formidable, the passage leading to them was only eight feet four inches in width. Nearer the court, the side-walls increase in thickness from four feet nine inches to nearly six feet; and here the entrance passage, continuing forty-three feet further, becomes wider. This part was a place designed for barricades; and over the whole of this vaulted passage, of ninety-four feet, are perforations and machicolations, for pouring on the heads of intruders melted lead, boiling water, and such like insinuating liquids.

In the year 1299, twenty-seventh of Edward I., the tower and castle of Porchester, with the forest, then valued at 16*l.* 13*s.*, was settled on Queen Margaret as part of her dower. By a register of the abbey of Glastonbury, it appears, that in the twelfth of Edward III., John Hacket, lieutenant of the Earl of Arundel, was constable of the castle, for the defence of which, the Abbot was bound to find three men-at-arms for his lands in Wiltshire, and one for those in Berks.

Some authors have asserted that the Roman general, Vespasian, landed here on his arrival in Britain; but, on good testimony, this has been contradicted. That the castle was, however, at one time in his possession, appears probable, as without it the conquest of the Isle of Wight could scarcely have been effected.

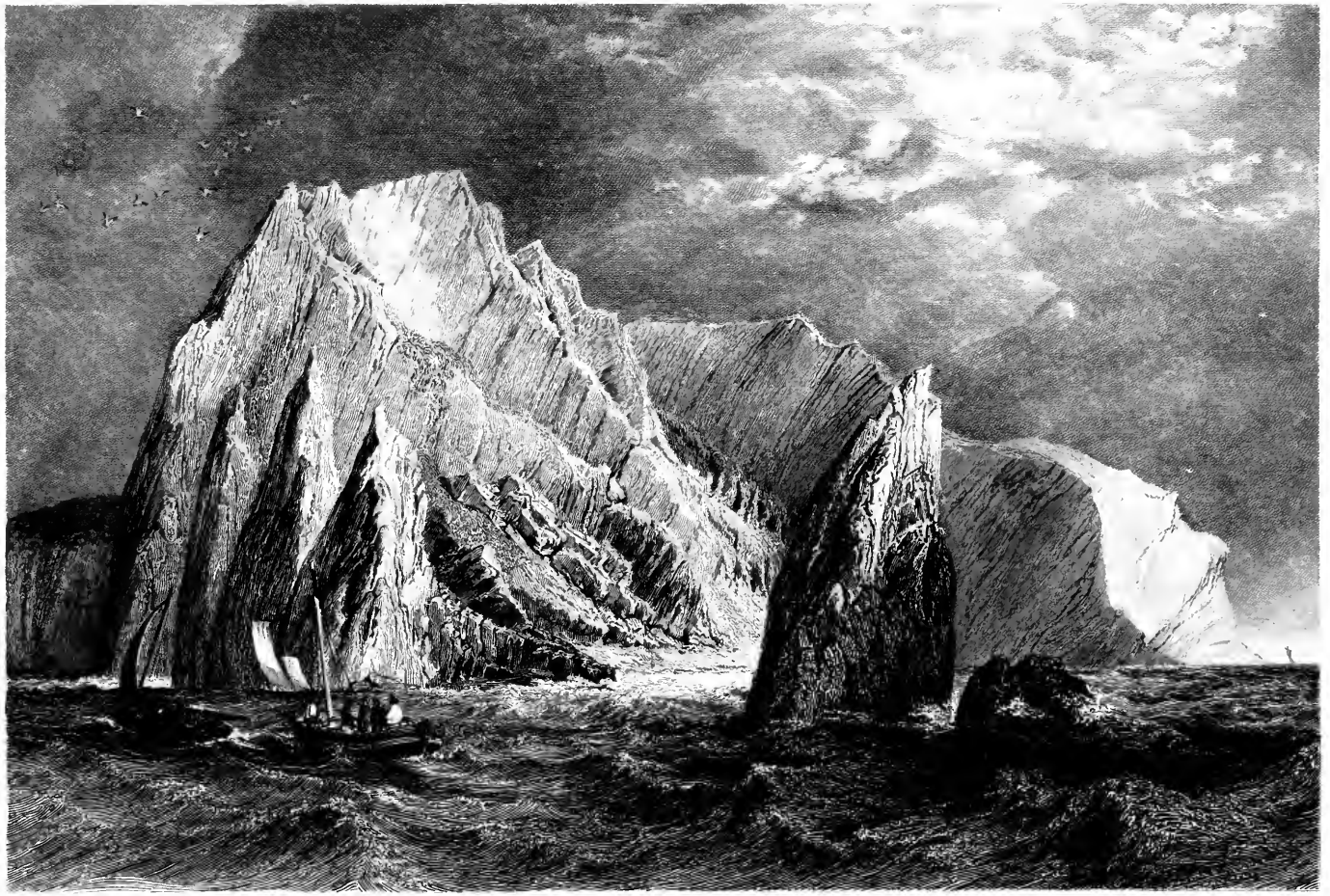
The village of Porchester, called Porchester Street, extends for about a mile on the road to Fareham, and contains several neat houses. Under charter from Queen Elizabeth, the publicans enjoy exemption from the custom of having soldiers billeted in their houses.

To all who love the picturesque we need not point out the beauties of the engraving of Porchester Castle. The dredger mending his net in the clear water, the buoy, the bridge, the overhanging garment, the ruined arch and dilapidated turret—combine to tell a tale of glory departed. Written history speaks to the mind; a scene like this appeals to the feelings.

C. Stanfield R.A. W. Fowler

PORTCHESTER

Published by Smith



G. Bradshaw sc.

THE NEEDLES.

ISLE OF WIGHT.

THE NEEDLES. ARCHED ROCK, FRESHWATER BAY.

The Isle of Wight has, from time immemorial, been the subject of eulogy for its beautiful scenery. Probably, no place has been more be-sketched and be-praised. Tourists, and would-be travellers—artists, and artists that would be—poets, and poetasters—have all joined in a a generous rivalry to celebrate its beauties; and, if they have not succeeded to admiration, the fault most certainly was not in their subject.

Historically speaking, the Isle of Wight is replete with interest from the earliest times to the imprisonment of King Charles in Carisbrook Castle. The Romans called the island Vectis, and, under that name, it is mentioned by Suetonius as having been conquered by Vespasian about the year 43. It has been conjectured, and ingeniously supported, that the isle was once connected with the mainland, and separated by the violence of the sea: hence its name. After the Romans left the shores of Britain, the inhabitants bravely defended themselves against the fierce invasions of the Saxons. In the year 530, about eighty years after the first arrival of Hengist in Kent, Cerdic and his son conquered the Isle of Wight, with great slaughter. This chieftain, who died in 534, appears only to have maintained himself in the district where he landed. His posterity, however, enlarged the settlement he made in the island into a kingdom. In the year 661, the Isle of Wight was subdued by Wulfere, King of Mercia, who bestowed it upon the King of the South Saxons; but Ceadwalla, King of Wessex, retook it about fifteen years afterwards. In 787, it was seized by the Danes, who apparently designed to make it a place of retreat, whither they might retire with their plunder from the neighbouring coasts; but how long they maintained their station is unknown. In 1001, in the reign of Etheldred, the Danes once more seized it, and kept possession for many years. In the reign of Edward the Confessor, the island was twice plundered by Earl Godwin; and again, in the reign of Harold, by Earl Tosti. Since then, the vicissitudes

in the fortunes of this island were many. Edward II. granted the isle to his favourite, Piers Gaveston. In the reigns of Edward III. and Richard II., it was assaulted by the French, and plundered. In the reign of Edward V. a large party of Frenchmen landed with the "intent to keep their Christmas." They were soon compelled to retire to their ships. Shortly afterwards, they paid the islanders another visit, demanding a subsidy in the name of Richard II. and Isabella, his queen. "They were answered that Richard was dead, and his queen sent back to France without the payment of any subsidy being stipulated; but, if the French had any desire to try their prowess, they should not only be permitted to land without molestation, but also be allowed six hours to refresh themselves, after which the islanders would meet them in the field." The invitation was declined. If necessary, many more instances might be offered of the bravery of the inhabitants, and at the same time illustrating the importance attached to the place.

The Isle of Wight was formerly under the dominion of a governor appointed by the king. The office still exists, but its onerous duties are most probably confined to an occasional excursion, instead of, as heretofore, in the levying forces, and doing battle.* Little indeed, is there in

* The ancient military force of this island," says Worsley, in his History of the Isle of Wight, "with the arrays, arms, beacons, watches, and wards, prescribed in time of danger, may, in some measure be collected from those authentic records, and genuine papers, which have escaped the ravages of time. By a return to an inquisition taken at Newport, in the seventh of Edward the Third, it appears, that the landholders were, by their tenures, obliged to defend the castle of Carisbrooke for forty days at their own charges. And two other inquisitions, taken at Shidebridge, the eighteenth of Edward the Second, specify the several watches and beacons; and likewise show, that every person having £20 per annum in land, was obliged to find a horseman completely armed, or more or less so in proportion to his possessions, according to the statute of Winchester. By another inquisition, taken at Newport in the sixteenth of Edward the Third, it is returned, that the Earls of Devon, Lords of the Isle, sent seventy-six men-at-arms from the county of Devon for its defence; and that, after Edward the First obtained the island from the Countess Isabella, men-at-arms were sent for its protection by divers bishops, abbots, and other persons who are therein specified. It also mentions, that the King sent 100 slingers and bowmen, and the city of London 300 for the same service."

"The authority of the Warden," says the same historian, "seems to have been very extensive, as appears from a Commission granted in the twenty-sixth of Edward the Third to John de Gattesden, appointing him to that office: it authorized him to array the men-at-arms, hoblers (soldiers lightly armed, and mounted on small horses called hobbies), and bowmen, with all others, as well horse as foot; to levy new forces, if those

C Stanfield RA. E Finden sc

BRADING HARBOUR,

ISLE OF WIGHT

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the Isle of Wight to require the superintending care of a governor. Excepting the town of Yarmouth, it possesses no staple trade, and its inhabitants are materially indebted for their prosperity to the migratory shoals of pleasure-seekers who, year after year, visit its shores to explore

already arrayed were found insufficient; to provide them with weapons, and to marshal them. He was empowered to take men, who were to be paid by the King, from the County of Southampton, as well as from the island; and that, not only within, but also without the liberties. He was likewise to summon all absentees, who were bound by their tenures to defend Carisbrooke Castle, or the isle; to order them to return with their families within a limited time, under penalty of forfeiting their lands and tenements, goods and chattels, to the King's use; and, in case of non-compliance, the said men to supply their places."

The great power possessed, and the tyranny occasionally exercised by the Captains of the Isle of Wight, may be understood by an anecdote containing something of the ludicrous, respecting attornies, quoted by Sir Richard Worsley, from the papers of Sir John Oglander, a descendant from one of the most ancient families in the island, and who lived at the beginning of the seventeenth century. "I have heard," says the knight, "and partly know it to be true, that not only heretofore there was no lawyer nor attorney in owre island; but, in Sir George Carey's time, an attorney coming in to settle in the island, was, by his command, with a pound of candles hanging at his breech lighted, and with bells about his legs, hunted owte of the Island: insomuch that our ancestors lived here so quietly and securely, being neither troubled to London nor Winchester, so they seldome or never went owte of the Island; insomuch as when they went to London, thinking it an East-India voyage, they always made their wills, supposing no trouble like to travaile."

When Jerome, Earl of Portland, was governor of the island, in the time of Charles I., he was committed to prison, on account, says Clarendon, "of his extraordinary vivacity crossing their expectations;" and "all the acts of good fellowship, all the waste of powder, and all the waste of wine, in the drinking of healths, and other acts of jollity, which ever he had been at in his government, from the hour of his entering upon it."

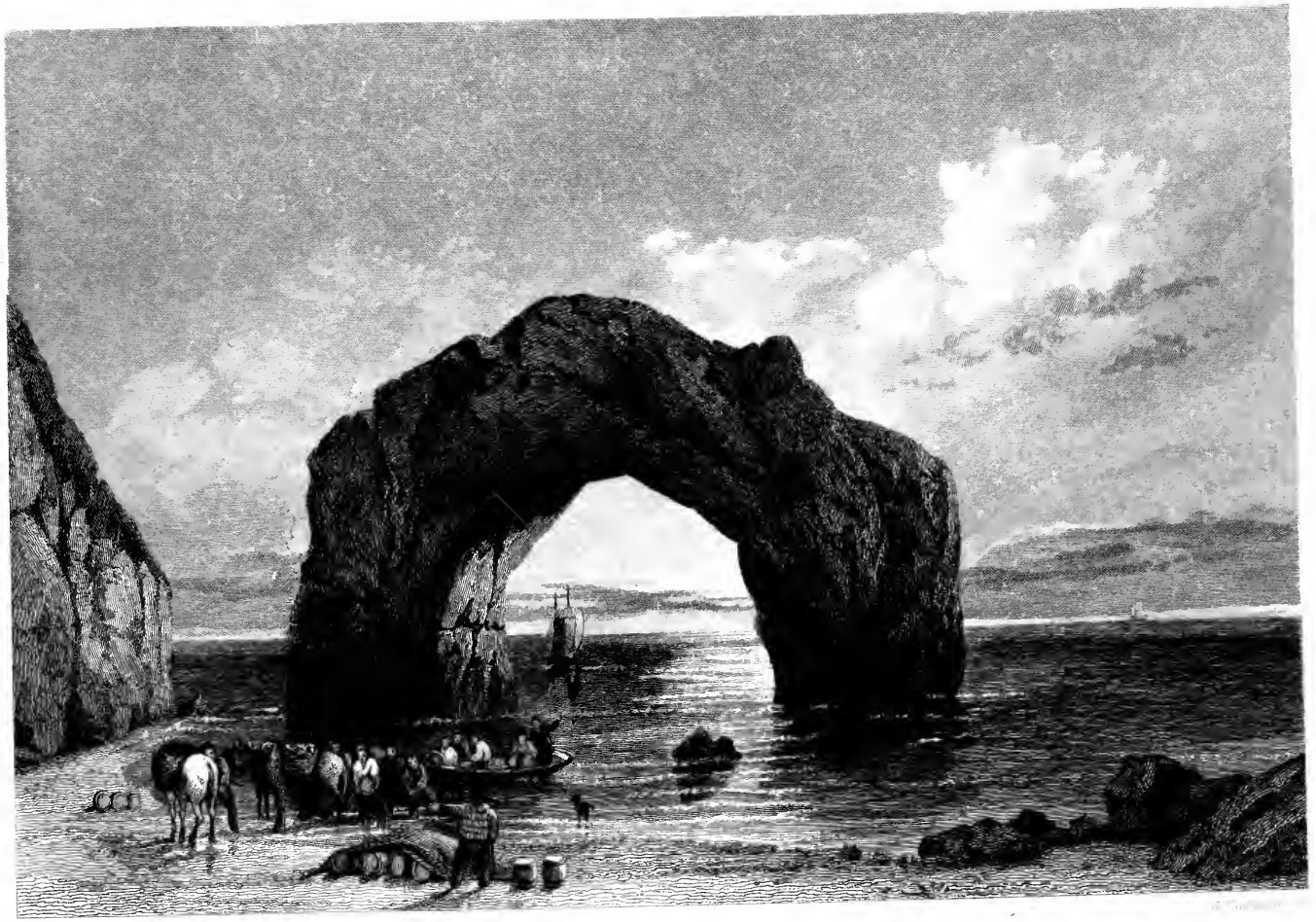
Connected with the history of this gallant earl charged with the misdemeanour of "extraordinary vivacity," we cannot forbear another anecdote, highly illustrative of the times in which he lived. Harby, the curate of Newport, a man under peculiar obligations to the Earl of Portland, distinguished himself in spiriting up the besiegers of Carisbrooke Castle (who were the inhabitants assisted by the Parliamentary forces), against his lady and children; assigning for a reason that she was a Papist; and exhorting them, in the prevalent cant of the period, to be valiant, as they were about to fight the battle of the Lord. "The castle," says Worsley, "had not at that time three days' provision for its slender garrison; yet the Countess, with the maganimity of a Roman matron, went to the platform with a match in her hand, vowing she would fire the first cannon herself, and defend the castle to the utmost extremity, unless honorable terms were granted." The terms were granted; but the chivalrous lady was ultimately indebted for her safety to the humanity of some seamen, who conveyed her, with her family, to the coast of Hampshire.

its many beauties. It has been called, until the expression has become trite, the Garden of England. The name is not so much deserved from the fruitfulness of its arable and meadow land,—though neither are deficient,—as from the wild, luxuriant abundance of the plants and flowers which greet the eye from every quarter, giving to every patch of rock the appearance of fertility. Through the centre of this island, from east to west, extends a range of lofty hills, affording pasturage for sheep, and commanding views over every part, looking towards the ocean on the south, and the beautiful shores of Hampshire on the north.

The form of the Isle of Wight is almost rhomboidal, or that of an irregular lozenge. The greatest diagonal breadth is twenty-three miles from east to west, and transverse from north to south about thirteen miles. The face of the country is very diversified; hill and dale, swelling promontory, buried glen, barren rock, and exuberant foliage, appear in quick succession to give interest to the prospects. The land round the coast is in some parts extremely high, particularly on the south, or, as it is called, the back of the island. The tract of downs situated at this part of the island, terminate abruptly towards the sea in a precipice of limestone rock, having the appearance, when seen from a distance, of an immense stone-wall, overhanging the romantic spot called the Undercliff, which extends along the sea-shore for a distance of nearly six miles. The cliffs here are exceedingly steep, and vast fragments of rocks, which the waves have undermined, lie scattered on the shore. On the northern side, the ground slopes to the water in easy declivities, excepting towards the *Needles*, or western point, where the rocks are bare, broken, and precipitous.

The Needles, so happily represented in the present work, obtained their name from a lofty pointed rock, conceived to be a gigantic resemblance of that delicate implement of a lady's work-table, and which, with other pieces of rock, had been disjointed from the main land by the force of the waves. This rock was one hundred and twenty feet high above low water mark. It is now about seventy years ago since it fell, and totally disappeared, its base having been undermined by the sea. The height of the cliffs, of which the Needles form the extreme point, is, in some places, 600 feet above the level of the sea, and, viewed from a short distance from the shore, produce an effect stupendous and sublime.

"These cliffs," says Sir Richard Worsley, and his remarks are most of them as applicable now as at the time when he wrote, "are frequented by immense numbers of marine birds; as puffins, razor-bills, wilcocks, gulls,



C Stanfield RA

ARCHED ROCK

ISLE OF WIGHT

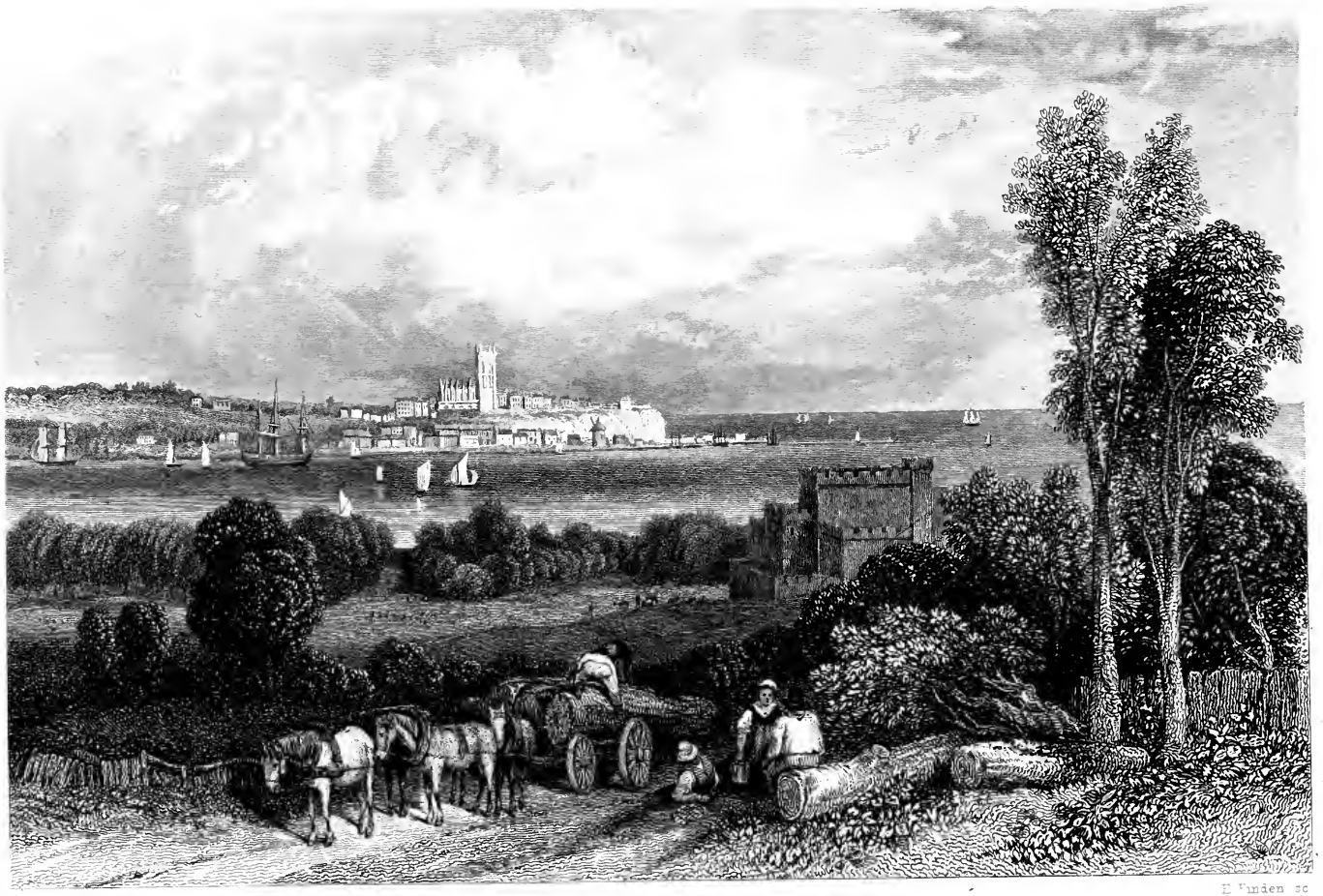
cormorants, Cornish choughs, daws, starlings, and wild pigeons, some of which come at stated times, to lay their eggs and breed, while others remain there all the year. The cliffs are, in some places, perpendicular; in others, they project, and hang over in a tremendous manner; these serve as lodgments for the birds, where they sit in thick rows, and discover themselves by their motions and flight, though not individually visible. Here are many caverns and deep chasms that seem to enter a great way into the rocks, and in many places the issuing of springs forms small cascades of rippling water down to the sea. The country-people take the birds that harbour in these rocks, by the perilous experiment of descending by ropes fixed to iron crows, driven into the ground; thus suspended, they with sticks beat down the birds as they fly out of their holes. A dozen birds generally yield one pound weight of soft feathers, for which the merchants give eightpence; the carcases are bought by the fishermen at sixpence per dozen, for the purpose of baiting the "crab-pots." The gathering of samphire — "dreadful trade!" — is also here carried on; and in some of the neighbouring cliffs, so late as 1780, an eagle's nest was taken by one of those adventurous myrmidons of the rocks, who so securely suspend themselves between time and eternity.

A little to the east of the Needles is Freshwater Bay, which, with its arched rock and a band of smugglers landing their cargo by moonlight, is the subject of one of the engravings for our "Coast Scenery." Those gentle sons of the ocean, ever anxious that His Majesty's subjects should be well provided, even if His Majesty's Exchequer should suffer for it, have chosen a spot for their proceedings both secluded and beautiful. The love of romance and adventure dwells with sailors, and pity it is that a revenue cutter should ever interfere to destroy the romantic. On the present occasion, however, these rogues, who love the illicit, have none but the moon to observe them, and none but the rocks echoing their own labour to disturb them. The preventive-service cannot hinder them, and the blockade-men are in garrison. The sea, often so violent on this part of the coast, and constantly making inroads on the base of the cliffs, is now still, or murmuring only its gentlest music. The picturesque arch, formed by the dashing of the waves, doubtless made to grace the present scene, gives to this representation an appearance of great beauty.

On the highest point of the Freshwater Cliffs is a light-house; the prospect from which is extremely magnificent, commanding the view of

the Needles, and the surrounding country. The cliffs here, as at the Needles, abound in flocks of birds innumerable, whose discordant screams, mixed with the solemn roar of the waves, as they rush into the caverns of the rock, produce a wild but pleasing effect. At high water, one of the numerous caverns at the base of the cliffs may be entered by a boat, when a scene will be disclosed that will well repay the adventurer. The water is so clear that it defies a comparison. Looking through its glassy surface, though several fathoms deep, it appears as if the hand could reach the bottom. The most minute particle is to be seen distinctly, and the sea has arranged the pebbles in an order more exquisite than the skill of masonry could accomplish. Each smooth-surfaced stone bears apparently the polish of an agate fresh from the hands of the lapidary. The sea-weed is wildly luxuriant, and the golden yellow, brown, azure, green, and in some places, positively purple tints, give the whole the appearance of an enchanted garden of the deep.

Let none who love the beautiful omit to pay a visit to the arched rock, and if the smugglers and the moonlight are not at hand to complete the picture, memory may assist the imagination by the representation contained in " Stanfield's Coast Scenery."



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POWDERHAM PARK, EXMOUTH.

POWDERHAM CASTLE, EXMOUTH.

Powderham Castle is situated on the banks of the river Exe, between two and three miles of its confluence with the British Channel, and opposite to the town of Exmouth. Exmouth is, as its name denotes, on the mouth of the river Exe. A century and a half ago it was a mere fishing hamlet, but is now one of the best frequented watering places in Devon. "It is situated," says Polwhele, "near the sea-shore, between the cliffs, which open, as it were, on purpose to receive it, and is furnished with every accommodation necessary as a watering place. It is well sheltered from the north-east and south-east winds, by some high hills, which rise almost close behind, and supply the place with excellent water." Again, he says, "The walks are delightfully pleasant, commanding views worthy the pencils of the best masters. From a hill called Chapel Hill, the eye is presented with a line of coast extending from Exeter to the Berry Head, a distance of about twenty miles. This line is broken by several hills, that gradually ascend from the coast on the opposite side of the river, and are covered with lively verdure, and woody inclosures; the village of Starcross skirting their bottoms. Behind these hills spring up some bold towering head-lands, of varied shapes, and unequal heights, through which the sight is led to distant objects of various kinds, woody summits, and barren rocks, gradually diminishing, so as to form a complete landscape."

The grounds of Powderham Park are extensive, and finely planted with trees. On the summit of the highest ground, is a tower called the Belvidere, which is a conspicuous object from many parts of the coast, and from the British Channel. The path and plantations belonging to this domain, extend through a circumference of nearly ten miles, and the pleasure grounds are replete with a vast number and a great variety of flowers and botanical rarities.

Powderham Castle was probably built before the Conquest, to prevent the Danes, who landed in Teignmouth in 970, from coming up the river to Exeter; or else by William de Orr, a noble Norman, who came into England with the Conqueror, and to whom the King gave

Powderham. After William de Orr, who was convicted of an attempt to deprive Rufus of his crown, was deprived of his right, Powderham had owners of its own name, one John de Powderham holding it in the reign of Edward the First. Powderham, on the death of John Powderham, came to Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Herford and Essex, who gave it with his daughter Margaret in marriage to Hugh, Earl of Devon, who bestowed it on his son, Sir Peter Courtenay, about the beginning of the fourteenth century.

The historian Gibbon, fastidiously correct, as he was on most subjects bold and comprehensive, employed his pen in tracing the princely fortunes and unequal career of the founders of the family of Devon. "The purple of three emperors," says this incomparable writer, "will authorize or excuse a digression on the origin and singular fortunes of the house of Courtenay." He then proceeds to trace the three principal branches of Edessa, of France, and of England. The same liberty of digression claimed by and allowed to the Roman historian, may perhaps be here claimed with success for extracting the following interesting narrative of the English branch, owners of Powderham Castle.

"According to the old register of Ford Abbey, the Courtenays of Devonshire are descended from prince *Florus*, the second son of Peter, and the grandson of Louis the Fat. This fable of the grateful or venal monks was too respectfully entertained by our antiquaries, Camden and Dugdale, but it is so clearly repugnant to truth and time, that the rational pride of the family now refuses to accept this imaginary founder. Their most faithful historians believe, that after giving his daughter to the king's son, Reginald of Courtenay abandoned his possessions in France, and obtained from the English monarch a second wife and a new inheritance. It is certain, at least, that Henry the Second distinguished in his camps and councils, a Reginald, of the name and arms, and, as it may be fairly presumed, of the genuine race, of the Courtenays of France. The right of wardship enabled a feudal lord to reward his vassal with the marriage and estate of a noble heiress; and Reginald of Courtenay acquired a fair establishment in Devonshire, where his posterity has been seated above six hundred years. From a Norman baron, Baldwin de Brioniis, who had been invested by the Conqueror, Hawise, the wife of Reginald, derived the honour of Okehampton, which was held by the service of ninety-three knights, and a female might claim the manly offices of hereditary viscount or sheriff, and of captain of the royal castle of Exeter. Their son Robert, mar-

ried the sister of the Earl of Devon; at the end of a century, on the failure of the family of Rivers, his great grandson Hugh the Second, succeeded to a title which was still considered as a territorial dignity; and twelve earls of Devonshire, of the name of Courtenay, have flourished in a period of two hundred and twenty years. They were ranked among the chief of the barons of the realm; nor was it till after a strenuous dispute, that they yielded to the fief of Arundel the first place in the Parliament of England: their alliances were contracted with the noblest families of England, the Veres, Despensers, St. Johns, Talbots, Bohuns, and even the Plantagenets themselves; and in a contest with John of Lancaster, a Courtenay, bishop of London, and afterwards archbishop of Canterbury, might be accused of profane confidence in the strength and number of his kindred. In peace, the Earls of Devon resided in their numerous castles and manors of the west; their ample revenue was appropriated to devotion and hospitality; and the epitaph of Edward, surnamed from his misfortune, the *blind*, from his virtues, the *good* earl, inculcates with much ingenuity a moral sentence, which, however, may be abused by thoughtless generosity. After a grateful commemoration of the fifty-five years of union and happiness, which he enjoyed with Mabel his wife, the good earl thus speaks from the tomb:

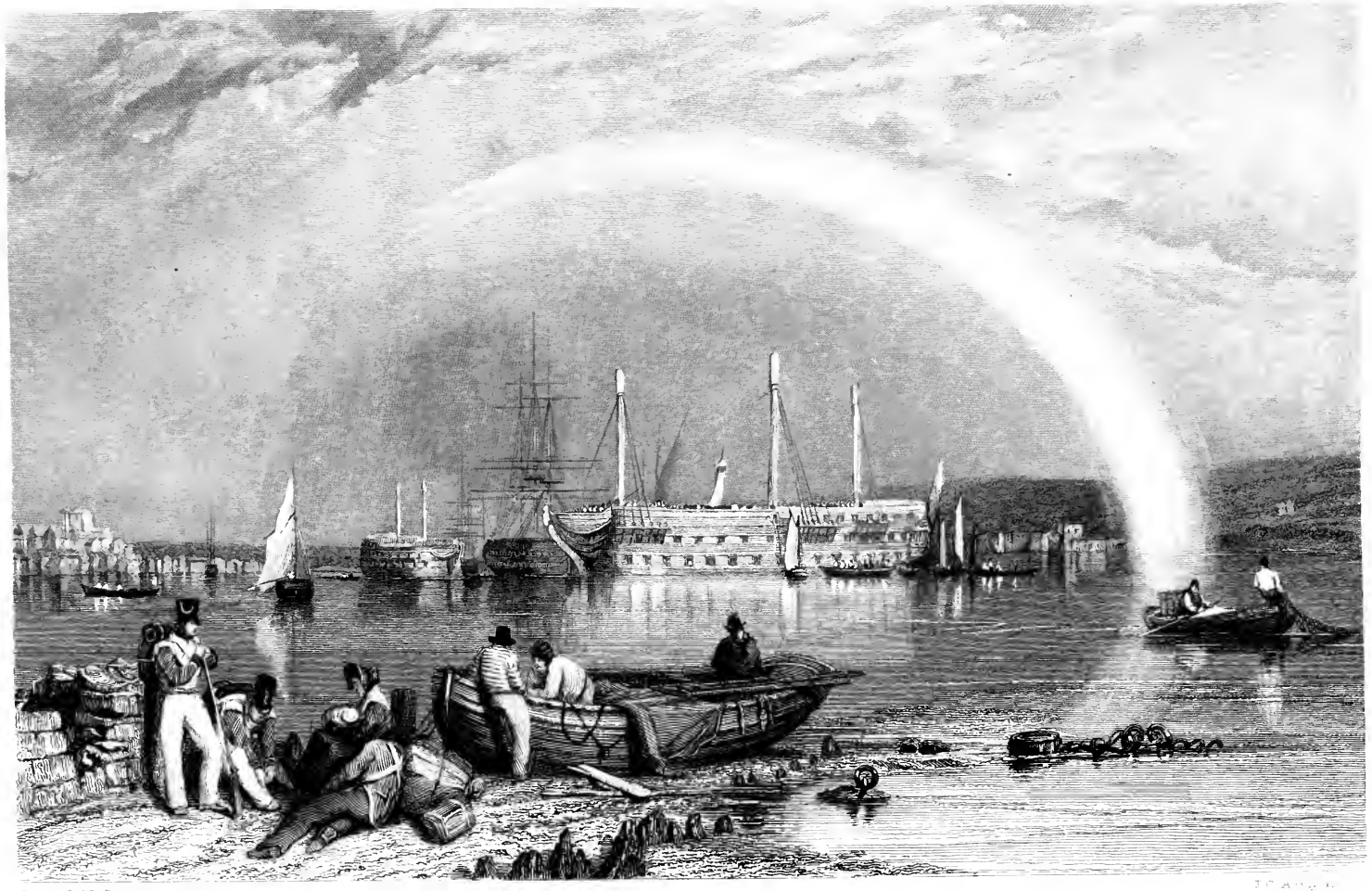
WHAT WE GAVE, WE HAVE;
WHAT WE SPENT, WE HAD;
WHAT WE LEFT, WE LOST.

But their *losses*, in this sense, were far superior to their gifts and expenses; and their heirs, not less than the poor, were objects of their paternal care. The sums which they paid for livery and seisin, attest the greatness of their possessions; and several estates have remained in their family since the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. In war, the Courtenays of England fulfilled the duties, and deserved the honours of chivalry. They were often entrusted to levy and command the militia of Devonshire and Cornwall; they often attended their supreme lord to the borders of Scotland: and in foreign service, for a stipulated price, they sometimes maintained fourscore men at arms, and as many archers. By sea and land, they fought under the standard of the Edwards and Henrys; their names are conspicuous in battles, in tournaments, and in the original list of the order of the garter; three brothers shared the Spanish victory of the Black Prince; and in the lapse of six generations, the English Courtenays had learned to despise the nation and country from which they derived their origin.

In the quarrel of the two roses, the Earls of Devon adhered to the house of Lancaster, and three brothers successively died, either in the field or on the scaffold. Their honours and estates were restored by Henry the Seventh; a daughter of Edward the Fourth was not disgraced by the nuptials of a Courtenay; their son, who was created Marquis of Exeter, enjoyed the favour of his cousin Henry the Eighth; and in the camp of Cloth of Gold, he broke a lance against the French monarch. But the favour of Henry was the prelude of disgrace; his disgrace was the signal of death; and of the victims of the jealous tyrant, the Marquis of Exeter was one of the most noble and guiltless. His son Edward lived a prisoner in the tower, and died an exile at Padua; and the secret love of Queen Mary, whom he slighted, perhaps for the princess Elizabeth, has shed a romantic colour on the story of this beautiful youth. The relics of his patrimony were conveyed into strange families by the marriages of his four aunts; and his personal honours, as if they had been legally extinct, were revived by the patents of succeeding princes. But there still survived a lineal descendant of Hugh, the first Earl of Devon, a younger branch of the Courtenays, who have been seated at Powderham Castle above four hundred years, from the reign of Edward the Third to the present hour. Their estates have been increased by the grant and improvement of lands in Ireland, and they have been recently restored to the honours of the peerage. Yet the Courtenays still retain the plaintive motto," (*Ubi lapsus! Quid feci?*) "which asserts the innocence, and deplores the fall of their ancient house. While they sigh for past greatness, they are doubtless sensible of present blessings; in the long series of the Courtenay annals, the most splendid era is likewise the most unfortunate; nor can an opulent peer of Britain be inclined to envy the emperors of Constantinople, who wandered over Europe to solicit alms for the support of their dignity, and the defence of their capital."*

Probably, there is not, in the whole range of landscape scenery, a spot more truly picturesque than the view from the grounds of Powderham. The indication of rustic life as seen in the team of horses, of commerce in the distant vessels, the noble river, the far sea, the rising turrets of the opposite city, combine to form a picture of most extraordinary beauty.

* Camden says, Henry, Duke of Exeter, "notwithstanding his marriage with the sister of Edward IV., was reduced to such misery, that he was seen to beg his bread, ragged and barefooted, in the Low Countries."



PLYMOUTH.

HAMOAZE.—STONE-HOUSE BRIDGE.

Plymouth is one of the principal naval and military stations in the kingdom, and, during war, the most important; commanding the entrance of the English Channel, and being the grand rendezvous of the channel fleets. It is, according to the life of St. Indractus, supposed to have been the *Tameorwerthe* of the Saxons. After the conquest it acquired the name of South Town, or Sutton; and in the reign of Edward the First, of Sutton Prior, and Sutton Valletort, the north part of the town being situated on the lands of the Prior of Plympton, and the south part on the estate of the Valletorts. These names were relinquished in the reign of Henry the Sixth, for the more appropriate appellation of *Plym mouth*, descriptive of its situation on the River Plym, near its influx into the bay called Plymouth Sound.

About the commencement of the reign of Edward the Second, great disputes arose between the Prior of Plympton and the king, respecting certain rights and immunities claimed by the former, but always contested by the crown. These disputes were at length settled by the Court of Exchequer; and the prior, in consideration of a fee farm rent of 29*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, was confirmed in his privileges of "granting leases of houses as lord of the fee; having a manor view of frank pledge, assize of bread and beer, a ducking stool, and pillory, and the right of fishery of the waters from the entrance of Catwater to the head of the River Plym."

The port became at an early period the occasional rendezvous of the British navy. In 1355, Edward the Black Prince embarked, on his expedition to France, and landed on his return, with his royal prisoners. In the reign of the father of this prince, the growing prosperity of the place provoked the jealousy of the French, who landed, and endeavoured to destroy the town by fire. They were, however, repulsed, with the loss of five hundred men, by Hugh Courtenay*, Earl

* One of the Courtenays of Powderham Castle.

of Devon, under whose conduct the surrounding gentry and their followers mustered with great alacrity. In a second attempt, made in the sixth year of Henry the Fourth, the French were more successful; their soldiers were mostly natives of Brittany, and were commanded by the marshall of Bretagne, and M. de Chastell. They landed near the part called Britton's side, and, before any effectual resistance could be made, burnt upwards of six hundred houses; but failing in their attempt to destroy the castle, and higher part of the town, retired to their ships, and proceeded to Dartmouth, where they met with the reception described in the account already given of that place. From the time of this occurrence, till the reign of Henry the Sixth, the town dwindled to a mere fishing village. In this reign, the Prior of Plympton rebuilt many of the houses, and by granting liberal leases, encouraged persons to reside, by which means the population became considerably increased; the port was once more frequented by merchants, and its importance as a naval and military station became again apparent. On a petition from the inhabitants, urging the necessity of fortifying the town and port against the future assaults of the enemy, the king granted them a toll on all merchandize entering the port. In 1439, the town was incorporated under its present name of Plymouth. In 1512, an act was passed for enlarging and strengthening the fortifications, and a grant of indulgence was issued by Bishop Lacy, to all who contributed to that work. To prevent the accumulation of sand at the mouth of the harbour, the tin mines were also prohibited from working in the neighbourhood of any river communicating with the sea at Plymouth. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, through the solicitations of the celebrated navigator and hero, Sir Francis Drake, a new charter was granted, confirming former acquired privileges, and more particularly defining the constitution of the corporation. The gallant admiral conferred a still more lasting benefit on the inhabitants of Plymouth, by supplying the town with water. By skill and perseverance he succeeded in bringing a stream of water into a reservoir in the town, from the springs of the neighbouring forest of Dartmoor, by a winding channel of twenty-four miles in length. This great undertaking he executed at his own cost, and also erected various mills on different parts of the stream, for the use of the town. In the year 1579, Plymouth was afflicted with a dreadful plague, occasioned by the landing of some cotton wool, part of the cargo of a ship from Smyrna, not being properly purified by exposure to the air. Six hundred persons

fell victims to its ravages, and so general was the fear of its spreading, that the annual ceremony of electing the mayor was held in the open air, on Catdown.

In 1588, at the period of the expected invasion by the so called Invincible Armada, a British fleet assembled in Plymouth Sound, under the command of Lord Howard and Admirals Sir Francis Drake and Hawkins.* The fleet consisted of one hundred and twenty sail, seven ships of which were contributed by Plymouth. The fleet sailed for Torbay, to join the squadron at Exeter, and on the Sunday following, St. James's day, the Spanish fleet appeared off the coast in the form of a crescent. During the whole of Sunday, and the succeeding day, this unwieldy armament remained in sight of Penlee Point, Mount Edgcombe, (the beauty of which place so delighted the Spanish Admiral, that he had determined upon it as a residence,) the Hoe, and the adjacent coast, when it proceeded to the eastward, and was furiously assailed by a storm, followed by the more dreadful attack of the British fleet. Many of the natives of Plymouth were among the seamen who fought upon the occasion of that memorable victory. In 1595, the inhabitants of Plymouth were thrown into considerable alarm, by the intelligence that a body of Spaniards had landed in Cornwall, and burnt Mousehole, Newlyn, and some other places in that county. In the first moments of consternation, barricades were thrown up on all the roads leading to the town, and various other precautions adopted for securing its safety. The progress of the Spaniards was, however, checked by the activity of Sir Francis Godolphin, who seized upon twenty-two chests loaded with papal bulls, dispensations and pardons, and afforded to the inhabitants of Plymouth the gratification of making a bonfire of these formidable implements of spiritual warfare. In 1596, the port was the place of rendezvous for the British fleet destined for the expedition against Cadiz, under the command of the Earls of Essex and Nottingham, in which Lord Howard was Vice Admiral, and Sir Walter Raleigh Rear Admiral. Hence also on his unfortunate expedition to Ireland, embarked the Gallant Earl of Essex. Nothing material occurred from this period till the year 1625, when Charles the First, with his whole court, one hundred and twenty ships, and six thousand troops, came from Portsmouth and remained here ten days, during which time

* The name of this brave Admiral is tarnished by his having been the first to introduce the slave trade in England.

he was sumptuously entertained by the Mayor and Corporation. In the following year two thousand persons were destroyed by the re-appearance of the plague. At the commencement of the civil war, the inhabitants embraced the cause of the Parliament. And the year 1643 forms a memorable era in the annals of Plymouth, from the undaunted resistance made by the inhabitants, against the forces of Prince Maurice, who besieged it from September till the close of the year, without success.* The means of defence possessed by the townspeople were, apparently, inadequate to resist the superior strength of the King's army, yet, like most of those engaged in the same cause, they were full of enthusiasm, and held out till the approach of the Parliament's forces, under the command of the Earl of Essex. After Essex had marched into Cornwall, in pursuit of Sir Richard Grenville, imprudently leaving a superior army of Royalists in his rear, the King determined to follow him, and having, by forced marches, arrived in the vicinity of Plymouth, His Majesty halted a few days to refresh his soldiers. During his residence at Widy, two or three miles from the town, where his head quarters were established, a proclamation was issued by the King, addressed to the "Plymothians," in which they were commanded on their allegiance to surrender. This proclamation was sent by a trumpeter to the Mayor and Governor, who peremptorily refused to obey; but as the King's forces were so near at hand, and of considerable strength,

* The following passage is from a tract published in the year 1644, detailing the progress of the siege, in all the twanging and canting style of the day. The extract is amusing, more particularly the relation of the fact that poor Sampson Hele, Esq. was "persuaded" (the thieves!) to give £2000, because he came "without drum or trumpet," "One remarkable passage of God's providence to us, we must with thankfulness relate, remember, and acknowledge, that, after the town had been a long time besieged strictly, and no fresh victual, either fish or flesh, could be had; whereby the poor people were grievously punished; there came an infinite number of pilchards into the harbour within the barbican, which the people took up with great ease in baskets; which did not only refresh them for the present; but a great deal more were taken, preserved, and salted, whereby the poor got much money; such a passage has not happened before." Again—"We cannot forget the great humanity of the good women of Plymouth, and their courage in bringing out strong waters, and all sorts of provisions, in the midst of all our skirmishes and fights, for the refreshing of our soldiers; though many women were shot through the clothes. We cannot omit to set down also here, that in a few days after our arrival home, one Samson Hele, Esq., of Fardel, came on a message from the Prince, to persuade the yielding of it; but, coming without drum or trumpet, he was persuaded to yield us £2000, for the payment and clothing of our soldiers; without which we could not possibly have subsisted so long."

a council of war was summoned and held at the Guildhall, which was attended by the principal inhabitants, when it was unanimously resolved to defend the town to the utmost extremity. At this period the works were in a state of ruin, but an attack being hourly expected, the troops repaired to them, and, assisted by the women and children, proceeded so rapidly with their labour, that in a few days they were in as complete a state of defence as before the siege. Regularly for several days, the King, with his body-guard of cavalry and trumpets, advanced to the head of Townsend Hill, and were received by a brisk fire of cannon from the whole line, and after a short time, as regularly retired. The eminence the King's party occupied, was, by the inhabitants of Plymouth, jocularly called Vapouring Hill, a name not yet forgotten. After the King retired, repeated attempts were made by Sir R. Grenville, who endeavoured to blockade the town, but was repulsed by the arrival of the Earl of Essex. He commenced, however, a second blockade, which, after a continuance of nearly a year and a half, notwithstanding repeated assaults, was abandoned, and the Parliamentarians remained in quiet possession of the town. On the appearance of the combined fleets in the channel in 1779, the French prisoners of war were removed from this place to Exeter. In 1814, the Bellerophon anchored in the Sound, having on board the Emperor Napoleon, previous to his exile to St. Helena. In 1828, the Russian fleet remained for some time in this harbour, while waiting for tidings of the Admiral's ship, which had parted from it in a storm ; and in 1829, Don Miguel visited Plymouth, which place subsequently afforded an hospitable asylum for several months, to the adherents of Don Pedro.

Various fortifications have at different times been erected for the defence of Plymouth. The most ancient fort of which there is any mention, was built in the reign of Edward the Third, by Edmund Stafford, Bishop of Exeter, and is described by Leland as a " strong castel quadrate, having at each corner a great round tower." Numerous blockhouses and platforms were erected on different points of the harbour, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, but which were demolished on the building of the citadel, in the time of Charles the Second. The citadel consists of three regular, and two irregular bastions. The curtains of the regular bastions are further strengthened by two ravelins and hornworks. On the east, north and west sides is a deep ditch, counterscarp and covered way, pallisadoed. The prospect from this fortress, which is on the summit of the Hoe Cliffs, comprises many points of interest. On

the south is the spacious sound, containing within the Breakwater nearly five square miles, and affording safe anchorage to ships of the largest burden. On the west are the richly wooded heights of Mount Edgcumbe, the much desired locality of the admiral of the Spanish Armada. On the east is Mount Batten and the Wembury Cliffs, the fortified summit of Drake Island near the shore, and the Breakwater in the distance. In the foreground are the towns of Plymouth, Stonehouse and Devonport, in a continued line. The inland view is bounded by the lofty elevations of Cornwall, and the barren heights of Dartmoor. On the south west is the vast expanse of the British Channel, and in clear weather the distant rock of Eddystone and the light-house* is visible.

Plymouth Harbour comprises the Sound, Sutton Pool, Hamoaze, Stonehouse Pool, Barn Pool, the Catwater, and several small basons. The three principal divisions are, however, considered to be the Catwater, Hamoaze, and the Sound. The Catwater is a large expanse at the mouth of the river Plym: Hamoaze is a still more extensive bason, at the

* The Eddystone light-house is built on a rock in the channel, about fifteen miles south-south-west from the citadel of Plymouth. In 1696, a wooden light-house was first erected on this rock, by Mr. Winstanley, who was so convinced of its security, that he desired to be within it during "the greatest storm that might ever blow under the heavens." His wish was fatally fulfilled. On the night of the twenty-sixth of November, 1703, in a hurricane more raging, probably, than any that ever devastated the coast, the light-house, with Mr. Winstanley, and the workmen assisting in the repairs, and the marines superintending the lights, were swept into the sea. A second light-house of stone and timber was completed by Mr. Rudyerd in 1709, which was destroyed by fire in 1755. The present building was begun by Mr. Smeaton on the first of June 1757, and completed in October 1759. It is a perfect monument of art. The outside and basement are formed of granite. The lantern on the summit is composed of cast iron and copper. Its form is octagonal, and its height is one hundred feet, and its diameter twenty six. Mr. Smeaton, in his interesting narrative of the building of the light-house, relates the following anecdote: "Lewis the fourteenth being at war with England during the proceeding with this building, a French privateer took the men at work upon the Eddystone rock, together with their tools, and carried them to France; and the captain was in expectation of receiving a reward for his achivement. While the captives lay in prison, the transaction reached the ears of that monarch; he immediately ordered them to be released, and the captors to be put in their places; declaring, that though he was at war with England, he was not so with mankind. He therefore directed the men to be sent back to their work, with presents, observing, that the Eddystone light-house was so situated, as to be of equal service to all nations having occasion to navigate the channel between England and France." The history of this work is altogether one of "a strange" and "eventful" kind, and we can promise the curious reader a great treat, should he think proper to peruse the tract of Mr. Smeaton.

STONEHOUSE BRIDGE, PLYMOUTH.

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estuary of the Tamar; the Sound is the capacious bay formed by the influx of the sea with the two rivers, and is capable of holding two thousand vessels. It has been rendered more secure than formerly by the construction of the Breakwater, which may be regarded as the most gigantic undertaking ever effected in England. It was commenced on the 12th of August 1812, and has during its progress experienced two most severe trials. In January 1827 and November 1824 the southern coast of England was strewed with wrecks, but the Breakwater, although presenting an uneven and unfinished surface, and more liable to be disturbed by the violence of the waters, proved the greatest protection to the vessels within its friendly shelter. This immense barrier is composed of granite blocks of several tons weight. It is in length, at the base, one thousand seven hundred and sixty yards, and in breadth one hundred and twenty. The flat surface on the top, forms a fine promenade, approached by three flights of steps, leading to one common landing near the centre of the work. In the vicinity are numerous cottages for the convenience of those who visit this interesting spot.

Near the Citadel is the Victualling Office, an extensive range of buildings, including the cooperage and the baking houses. The baking houses are only two, but each containing four ovens, which may be heated eight times a-day, and capable in that time of baking bread for 16,000 men. The granaries are large, and well constructed; when the wheat is ground, the flour is conveyed into the upper stories of the bake-houses, whence it descends through a trunk in each, immediately into the hands of the workmen, who, by the means of machinery, are able to prepare and bake the almost incredible quantity mentioned. The dock-yard of Plymouth is considered, altogether, to be the finest in the world, and presents a scene of activity, scientific ingenuity, and perfection of arrangement, that the mind of an Englishman must contemplate with proud satisfaction.

In the "piping times of peace," the *Hamoaze* presents a magnificent spectacle, a very considerable portion of the English navy being here laid up in ordinary.* The Hamoaze is about four miles in length, and in general, about half a mile broad, with a bottom of mud; its

* Ships laid up in ordinary, are stripped of all their rigging, and guns, stores and other contents are taken on shore. The men and officers are all paid off except the boatswain, gunner, carpenter and cook, and six ordinary seamen. The ships are moored by large chains of iron, sixty fathoms long, consisting of one hundred and twenty links, and having at each end a large anchor. The chains are stretched across the harbour, and the anchors sunk in

greatest depth, at high water, is between eighteen and twenty fathoms; at low water, the depth is about fifteen fathoms. The entrance into Hamoaze from the Sound, is very intricate and dangerous, and the aid of a pilot is always necessary. The buildings on the gun wharf near the Hamoaze, were erected after designs by Sir John Vanburgh; the armories, and the immense piles of ordnance in the yard, each marked with the name of the ship in Hamoaze to which it belongs, are worthy of especial notice. The barracks are calculated to accommodate three thousand troops.

In the engraving of the Hamoaze attached to the present work, the artist has presented us with the constant recurring scene, always grand, and always different, of the "wooden walls of old England." The soldiers and the soldier's wife; the sailors and the fishermen; the rainbow —

> "The airy child of vapour and the sun,
> Brought forth in purple, cradled in vermillion,
> Baptized in molten gold, and swathed in dun,"—

a fitting zone to enclose such a scene of beauty; the water and the sky, all tend to constitute a picture full of charms, and creative of all kinds of grateful feelings.

With a short account of Stonehouse, we must unwillingly dismiss our description of Plymouth.

Stonehouse Bridge is the principal avenue between Plymouth and Devonport (formerly called Dock), and is a stone fabric, consisting of one arch, thrown across Stonehouse Creek. It was erected at the joint expense of the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe, and Sir John St. Aubyn, Bart., in the place of an incommodious ferry, where passengers were

the mud. In the middle of each chain is a large iron ring, and a swivel, to which are attached two thick cables, called bridles, sufficiently long to be taken on board the ship to be moored. The bridles, when not in use, are constantly sunk; a small cable being fastened to them, which is brought up to a buoy on the surface of the water, and there made fast. When wanted, the ends are easily hauled up by means of a buoy rope, and are then passed through each of the ship's hawse holes, and fastened on board. By the bridles being fastened to the same swivel, the ships swim easily with the tide, which runs amazingly strong, especially the ebb, with the wind at north; at these times, no boat can make head against it. In Hamoaze are near a hundred of these moorings, each capable of holding a line of battle ship!

pulled over in a boat in the true rustic style, and which sorry conveyance even was not permitted after the hour of nine in summer, and eight in winter. Foot passengers, horsemen, and carriages, pay a toll at this bridge, the rent of which, during the late war, was upwards of £400 per annum. The tolls are now let annually at a public survey, and produce a considerable income.

The parish of Stonehouse is a populous and improving place, extending from Plymouth towards Devonport. By the last returns it contained 6043 inhabitants. The place was originally called Slipperstone. In the twenty-seventh year of Henry III. it belonged to Joel de Stonehouse, from whom it derives its present name; but has, by various marriages, passed into the family of Edgcumbe. At the period mentioned, it was situated more southerly; but, after improvements and extension to the northward, the ancient buildings were allowed to fall into decay. It now consists of several streets of handsome and commodious houses.

At the quays in Stonehouse Pool, vessels unload their cargoes of wood and coal. The maritime relation of this town to Devonport and Plymouth renders the manufactures of the place active and extensive.

The Royal Naval Hospital, for the reception of wounded seamen and marines, opened in 1762, is the most important public establishment in the place. It is situated on an eminence near the creek, and comprises ten buildings, each containing six wards, each ward affording accommodation for about twenty patients, with a chapel, store-room, operating-room, small-pox ward, and dispensary, forming an extensive quadrangle, ornamented on three sides with a piazza, and the entire building with a spacious lawn, occupying an area of twenty-four acres. In 1795, the government of this institution was first vested in a post-captain, a first and second lieutenant, a physician, surgeon, dispenser, chaplain, agent, and steward.

The Royal Marine Barracks on the east side of Stonehouse are a noble range of buildings, built with granite, and form an oblong square; they are calculated for the accommodation of one thousand men. The Low Room Barracks, chiefly built of wood, will contain about nine hundred.

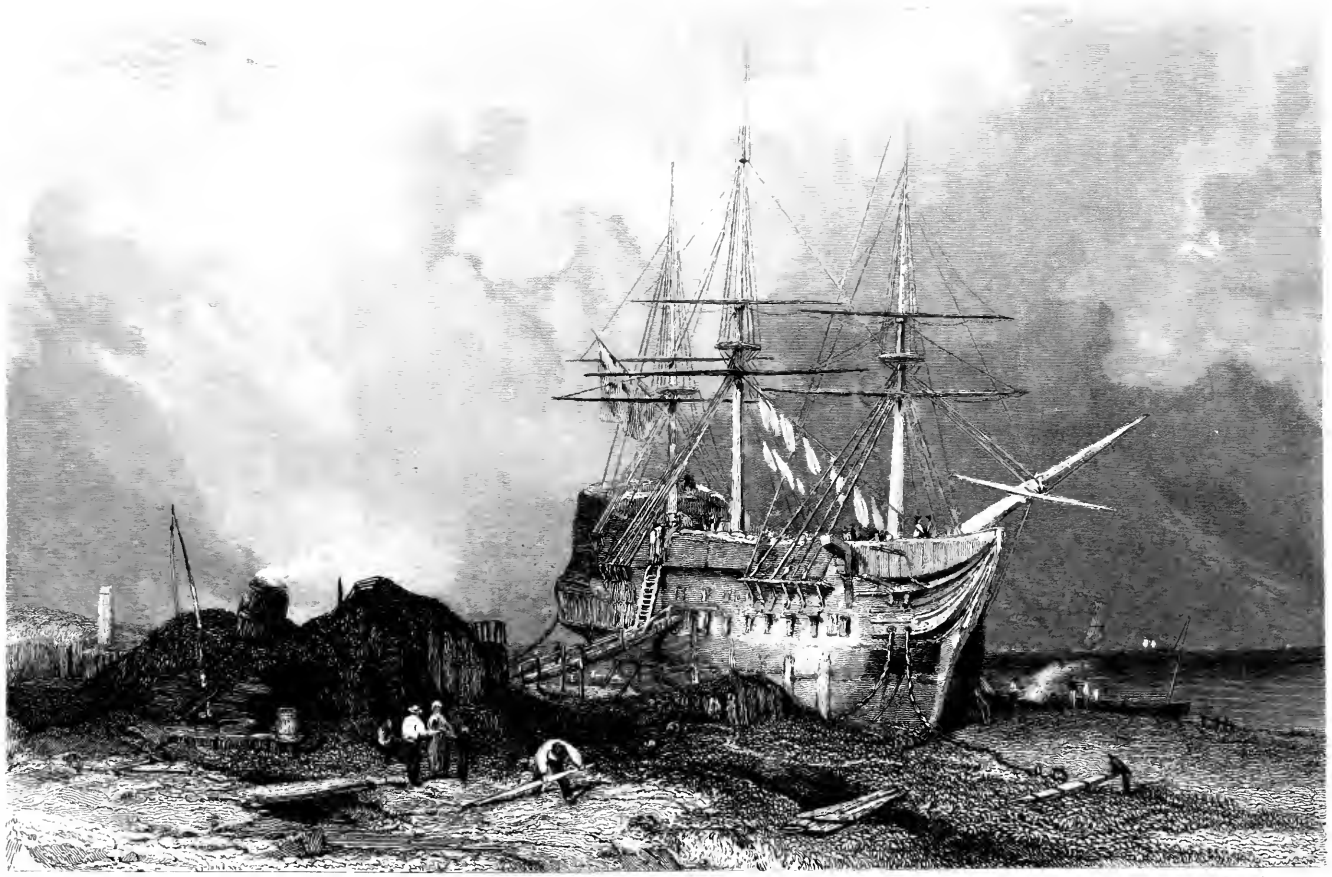
A new victualling establishment has lately been erected at Devil's Point, upon a scale of great magnitude. No less than three thousand cubic yards of limestone rocks was removed for its erection, and a granite sea-wall was raised, one thousand five hundred feet in length, the foundation of which was achieved by means of a diving bell. The

water for the brewery is supplied at the rate of three hundred and fifty tons per day from the Plymouth Leat; it first runs into a reservoir capable of receiving two thousand tons, and is then conveyed in iron pipes into a second basin of six thousand tons.

So much for the information of those who love matters of fact. To those who love the picturesque — to those who out of every thing would extract

"Emotions beautiful and new,"

we invite them to feast their eyes on the scene of repose and harmony— shortly to be disturbed as the threatening clouds assure us — which appears in the representation of Stonehouse Bridge, Plymouth.



C Stanfield R.A. J. W. Appleton sc

RYE OLD HARBOUR.

BLOCKADE STATION

RYE.

Rye is one of the Cinque Ports, and is situated at the eastern extremity of the coast of Sussex. It has been conjectured to be the *Portus Novus* of Ptolemy. In ancient Latin, it is termed *Ripa*, and its English name is imagined to be either derived from the Norman *rive*, bank; Saxon *rhee*, or British *rhy*, a river or ford.

The authentic history of Rye commences in 893, at the latter end of which year a fleet of 250 sail brought an army of Danes from France, to the coast of Kent, when, landing near the town, they seized the neighbouring Fort of Apuldore. Rye was given with the adjacent town of Winchelsea, by Edward the Confessor, to the monks of the Abbey of Fescampe, in Normandy; but in the thirty-first year of the reign of Henry III. it was exchanged* by that monarch for the manor of Chilceham, otherwise Cheltham, or Cheltenham and Sclover, in Gloucestershire. Camden, speaking of Winchelsea, says, "at first it was inclosed with a mud, after a very strong wall: but scarce began to flourish, till it was sacked by the French and Spaniards; and by the seas shrinking back from it, as it were on a sudden, faded and fell to decay. By which accident," he continues, "and the benefit of the sea, its neighbour, Rye, began to flourish, or rather to reflourish; for that it flourished in ancient times, and that William of Ipres, Earl of Kent fortified it, *Ipres Tower*, and the immunities and privileges that it had in common with the Cinque Ports, do sufficiently show. But either by reason of the vicinity of *Winchelsea*, or the sea's recess, it was inconsi-

* "It was exchanged," says Jeake, in his history of the Cinque Ports, "for the better defence of his realm, and it might be to conceal from foreigners the intelligence of affairs at home, and stop them of such convenient ports of passage." The account given by Camden authorizes this. He says, speaking of Winchelsea and Rye, — we always quote entire from this, to us moderns, quaint, but still most pure English writer, — "These two towns (neither may it seem impertinent to note it) belonged to the Abbey of Fescampe in Normandy. But when King Henry III. perceived that religious men intermingled secretly in matters of state, he gave them in exchange for these two, Cheltenham and Sclover, two manors in Gloucestershire, and other lands; adding for the reason, that the abbots and monks might not lawfully fight with temporal arms against the enemies of the Crown."

derable for a long time. But when *Winchelsea* decayed,* and King Edward III. walled it about, it began to recover itself; and within the memory of our fathers, the ocean, to make a rich amends for the injury it has done, swelled with an extraordinary tempest, and broke so violently in, (insinuating itself in form of a bay,) that it made a very convenient port, which another tempest likewise in our age, did not a little contribute to. Since which time it has greatly reflourished with inhabitants, buildings, fishing and navigation, and is now the usual passage from hence to Normandy."

The approach to Rye from Winchelsea is imposing. At high tide it is nearly surrounded by water, and the massive centre tower of the church, with Ipres Tower, shows conspicuously.

The harbour has been much improved by a new channel, cut by a Dr. Pape, Vicar of Penn, in the neighbourhood of Rye, who also projected a dam across the old channel, a work of great ingenuity. Ships of 200 tons burthen can come up to the north quay of the town, one mile and a half from the sea. The port of Rye extends from Jewry's Gut, about two miles eastward of the harbour of Beachy Head, and the port includes Hastings and Earlbourne as creeks. In the year 1725, George the First, on his return from Holland, endeavouring to make Dover, was compelled to put into this harbour, but had some difficulty in landing.

The church of Rye is considered to be one of the largest in England.

* The inhabitants of old Winchelsea appear to have been a piratical and sanguinary set, which facts were the forerunners and cause of the decay of the town. In 1265, Simon de Montfort, intending to bring over foreign troops to cause an insurrection in England, repaired to Winchelsea, at the time of Lent, intending to pass over to France, but was induced to stay and take a share in their piracies, in which they were borne out by others of the Cinque Ports, but the heir apparent, afterwards Edward the First, put a stop to his career. "Old Winchelsea," says Pennant, "had been a most powerful port, but like the others, its vessels acted in most of the cruizes with savage barbarity. During the time that Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, held his iron rod over these kingdoms, they gave full loose to their piracies, and flung overboard the crew of every ship they met, whether it was foreign or English: Leicester had share of the booty, so winked at their enormities. In 1266, Prince Edward put a stop to their cruelties; he attacked Winchelsea, took it by storm, and put to the sword all the principal persons concerned in the inhuman practices of the times: the rest he saved, and granted the inhabitants far better terms than they merited. He at that time feared their power, and the assistance they might give to the rebellious Montfort, had he been too rigorous in his measures. By the date of this transaction, it is evident that the destruction of Old Winchelsea could not have happened till after the accession of Prince Edward to the throne."

The nave is one hundred feet long, and the chancel sixty, with a tower between, making the whole length 161 feet. The transept is rather more than eighty feet in length. The architecture throughout is mixed Saxon and Gothic, and in the north transept is a Norman arch in the wall with a chain moulding, a variety of style almost without a counterpart. The principal curiosity of the church is the great clock, which tradition asserts to have been taken from the Spanish Armada, and given to the town by Queen Elizabeth. The church has been considerably mutilated and disfigured by the introduction of unseemly windows. It has nevertheless some grand features, and a few of the windows are similar to those in the western aisles of Westminster Abbey, more particularly one at the eastern extremity. The north chancel is in a state evincing great neglect, but still displays a grand appearance. The floor is thick set with brasses. The centre chancel is alone kept in repair, and divided from the sides. Passing under the tower, the long gilt lead pendulum of the Spanish clock swings some few feet above the head of the spectator. The works of the clock are entirely of iron, and the hour-weight weighs nearly three hundred and forty pounds. Over the arch are the arms of Queen Anne, and a lofty and rather stately altar-piece appears to be of the same period. The communion table, also conjectured, truly or not we cannot decide, to be a spoil of the Spanish Armada, is of old mahogany, finely inlaid, and legs richly carved. From the top of the tower may be seen the shore of Boulogne. This tower contains eight bells, and the ringing loft immediately under the bell chamber, is covered with turf an inch thick, an expedient adopted for absorbing the sound, which was previously of rather a deafening character.

"Rye Old Harbour," is probably as full of the materials that form the picturesque, as any scene that has adorned the present illustrations of Coast Scenery, or any other work of art. The blockade station, the wooden battlements stranded for repair, the sailors or shipwrights at their labour, the blazing tar-barrel, and the smoke gracefully curling, compose a picture of uncommon beauty.

HASTINGS.

Hastings, situated in the county of Sussex, is the principal of the Cinque Ports, and contains about 7000 inhabitants. During the Saxon Heptarchy it was of considerable importance ; and is supposed to have been named after a celebrated Danish pirate contemporary with Alfred. The plunder of the neighbouring towns, and the spoils of the ocean were deposited in a fortress purposely erected by the nautical freebooter; who was thus enabled to enjoy the fruits of his lawless enterprise, secure from the enmity of the victims of his violence. In Doomsday-book, we find that a mint was established here by Athelstan in 924, and from the fortress, William the Conqueror marched to meet Harold, and fought the great battle which has given imperishable celebrity to this town. On the site of the conflict, the Norman erected Battel Abbey in commemoration of his success.* Extensive remains of the ancient castle, built on an eminence to the west of the present town, may still be seen,

* The history of the battle of Hastings is necessarily familiar to every Englishman, from the deep-read student, to those whose knowledge may have only been gathered from the gossip of the most illiterate. Yet is the account, given by the author of Paradise Lost, (in his own time known as John Milton, with the profound prefix of a Mr.) so little circulated and of so beautiful a kind, that we cannot forbear a lengthened extract. Previously giving an account of Harold and his proceedings, "The Duke," he continues, "for fifteen days after landing kept his men quiet within the camp, having taken the Castle of Hastings, or built a fortress there. Harold secure the while, and proud of his new victorie, thought all his enemies now under foot: but sitting jollily at dinner, news is brought him, that Duke William of Normandy, with a great multitude of horse and foot, slingers and archers, besides other choice auxiliaries which he had hired in France, was arrived at Pevensey. Harold who had expected him all the summer, but not so late in the year as now it was, for it was October, with his forces much diminish't after two sore conflicts, and the departing of many others from him discontented, in great haste marches to London. Thence not tarrying for supplies which were on thir way towards him, hurries into Sussex (for he was always in haste since the day of his coronation) and e're the third part of his army could be well put in order, finds the Duke about nine mile from Hastings, and now drawing nigh, sent spies before him to survey the strength and number of his enemies : them, discover'd such, the Duke causing to be led about, and after well fill'd with meat and drink sent back. They not over-wise, brought word that the Duke's army were most of them priests ; for they saw thir faces all over shav'n ; the English then useing to let grow on their upper-lip large mustachios, as did anciently the Britans. The King laughing, answer'd, That they were not priests, but valiant and hardy souldiers.

C. Stanfield R.A.

W. Miller sc.

HASTINGS.

FROM THE SEA.

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and afford fine specimens of the feudal architecture of the times. Some of the ruins having been removed, the relics of a church, after the lapse of two centuries, were discovered, together with portions of a free college for a dean and seven prebendaries, supposed to have been founded by Henry de Eu in the reign of the first Henry. It was dedicated to the Virgin, and at the dissolution, twenty pounds per annum was the revenue of the deanery, and of the prebends collectively 41*l.* 13*s.* 5*d.* The colle-

Therefore said Girtha his brother, a youth of noble courage and understanding above his age, Forbear thou thyself to fight, who art obnoxious to Duke William by oath, let us unsworn undergo the hazard of battel, who may justly fight in the defence of our country; thou reserved to fitter time, may'st either reunite us flying, or revenge us dead. The King not hark'ning to this, lest it might seem to argue fear in him, or a bad cause, with like resolution rejected the offers of Duke William sent to him by a monk before the battel, with this only answer hastily deliver'd, Let God judge between us. The offers were these, That Harold would either lay down the scepter, or hold it of him, or try his title with him by single combate in the sight of both armies, or referr it to the Pope. These rejected, both sides prepar'd to fight the next morning, the English from singing and drinking all night, the Normans from confession of thir sins, and communion of the Host. The English were in a strait disadvantagious place, so that many discourag'd with thir ill ordering, scarce having room where to stand, slip'd away before the onset, the rest in close order with thir battel-axes and shields, made an impenetrable squadron: the King himself with his brothers on foot stood by the royal standard, wherein the figure of a man fighting was inwov'n with gold and precious stones. The Norman foot, most bowmen, made the formost front, on either side wings of horse somewhat behind. The Duke arming, and his corslet giv'n him on the wrong side, said pleasantly, "The strength of my dukedom will be turn'd now into a kingdom." Then the whole army singing the song of Rowland, the remembrance of whose exploits might heart'n them, imploring lastly Divine help, the battel began; and was fought sorely on either side; but the main body of English foot by no means would be brok'n, till the Duke causing his men to feign flight, drew them out with desire of persuit into op'n disorder, then turn'd suddenly upon them so routed by themselves, which wrought thir overthrow; yet so they dy'd not unmanfully, but turning oft upon thir enemies, by the advantage of an upper ground, beat them down by heaps, and fill'd up a great ditch with thir carcasses. Thus hung the victory wavering on either side, from the third hour of day to evening; when Harold having maintain'd the fight with unspeakable courage and personal valour, shot into the head with an arrow, fell at length, and left his souldiers without heart longer to withstand the unwearied enemy. With Harold fell also his two brothers, Leofwin, and Girtha, with them greatest part of the English nobility. His body lying dead, a knight or souldier wounding on the thigh, was by the Duke presently turned out of military service. Of Normans and French were slain no small number; the Duke himself also that day not a little hazarded his person, having had three choice horses kill'd under him. Victory obtain'd, and his dead carefully buried, the English also by permission, he sent the body of Harold to his mother without ransom, though she offer'd very much to redeem it, which having receiv'd, she buried at Waltham, in a Church built there by Harold.

giate church is one hundred and ten feet in length, and adjoining it are the remains of the parish church of St. Mary in the Castle, and the prebendal buildings. This interesting mass of ruins has been enclosed not long since by the Earl of Chichester. A variety of Saxon coins, fragments of columns, and other indications of early times have been discovered on the spot. One Walter Bricet in the reign of Richard I. founded the priory of Black Canons. The church and other buildings having been destroyed by the sea, the brethren were presented with the lands of Warbilton for the foundation of a monastery by Sir John Pelham, in the reign of Henry IV. Hastings, by a charter of William I. together with Hythe, was added to the Ports of Sandwich, Dover and Romney, which had been previously incorporated, and were invested with peculiar privileges. In the time of Edward I. it was rated at twenty-one ships, each containing fourteen sailors. These were required for the service of the King for fourteen days, and were to be kept up in warlike condition at the expense of the town. In 1377, the French effected a landing on this part of the coast, and destroyed Hastings by fire, but it was rebuilt in a short time afterwards.

Hastings is pleasantly situated in a vale so formed that the body of the town is completely in a hollow, and is agreeably sheltered from the rude visitation of stormy squalls so prevalent on the coast. Lofty cliffs on either side, impart a bold and picturesque effect to the otherwise pleasing appearance of the town; and the adjuncts of splendid scenery are not wanting, in the singular manner in which the houses are constructed on the rocks, and the sea views rendered striking by a judicious selection of the ground for the erection of the buildings. The two principal streets of the Town are parallel with each other, and owing to their declining towards the sea, are always clean and much drier than in most other towns. It is provided by distinct acts of the legislature, that Hastings be well lighted, paved, and otherwise kept comfortable and convenient; and the expenses consequent upon its being so preserved are defrayed by a duty of three shillings levied upon every chaldron of coal brought into the port. It is divided into two almost equal parts by the Bourn, the waters of which supply the town. Invalids find Hastings peculiarly adapted to their debilitated constitutions, both for the pleasing diversity of the neighbouring scenery, as well as its healthful and salubrious situation; and the openness of its coast and smoothness of its beach, fit it especially for the comfort of bathers. It has long been recognised as a fashionable summer resort; and on the

C. Stanfield R.A. W.B. Cooke sc

MARTELLO TOWER.

whole, few places of its kind are better adapted for sustaining the character it has acquired, both for the purposes of health, recreation, and elegant enjoyment. The fine level sands at low water form a promenade, the equal of which is not easily found; and it would be not less difficult to select a spot, in which the grandeur of prospect, and all the attributes of the highest civilization are more desirably combined.

A strong fort guards the town, and the adjacent coast is protected by Martello towers.* Formerly the harbour now called Stade, was deemed a safe anchorage for ships; but since the pier was destroyed in Elizabeth's time by a storm, it has fallen into disuse, and vessels of more than one hundred tons burthen cannot now enter.

According to the Charter of Corporation, granted by Elizabeth, in 1588, and confirmed by Charles II., the government is vested in a mayor, recorder, and twelve jurats, called barons, who are assisted by a town clerk, chamberlain, and other officers, one of whom is Pier Warden, regulator of the port, and who receives ten shillings for every vessel that enters not in ballast. On the third Sunday after Easter, the freemen elect the Mayor from among the jurats, and if he refuse the office, he incurs the punishment of fine or imprisonment. As vacancies may occur, the Mayor has the power of nominating jurats, who also act as Justices of the Peace; but in respect to the laws of Custom and Excise, the County Magistrates exercise concurrent jurisdiction. The eldest sons of freemen are entitled to the freedom of the borough, which also may be had by gift of the Corporation. There is an exemption extended to the inhabitants of this town, whereby they are absolved from attendance on Juries at Assizes or at County Sessions. Courts of Sessions are held quarterly by the Corporation, at which the Mayor presides, for adjudicating offences committed within the borough, but this privilege is rarely exercised in matters of moment, as all criminal derelictions are generally punished at the Lewes Assizes. However, debts to any amount are recoverable every alternate week, in Courts of Record, at which the Mayor also presides.

Each of the Cinque Ports sends one or two deputies at uncertain intervals, which constitute what is called a gnestling or brotherhood, and which deliberates on affairs of secondary importance.

* The Martello towers, of an almost impregnable construction, were erected at the period of Napoleon Buonaparte's threatened invasion of England, and according to the plan of the late Duke of Richmond. Their excellence in defence may not appear so great as it is, but although possessed of but one piece of ordnance, from their proximity and station, they can be made to bear upon almost any point, and acting in concert are a most formidable battery.

The public buildings of Hastings do not claim any lengthened notice, for, although they are for the most part neat, and in some cases elegant, it is unnecessary to speak of their peculiarities, otherwise than briefly, as our illustrations have no immediate reference to them. The Townhall, rebuilt in 1823, is the principal, and is a respectable construction. The gaol is a diminutive edifice, divided into two compartments, and calculated only for the reception of eight prisoners. Mutilations and repeated repairs and alterations have deteriorated the once handsome appearance of the churches, of *All Saints* and *St. Clements*, which were originally built of flint and stone, and must have had an imposing and graceful appearance. The rectories of both these parishes are in the archdeaconry and diocese of Chichester. In Pelham Street there is a chaste and elegant building, belonging to the Episcopalians, and the town has also many places of worship for the followers of various religious persuasions. Reading, writing, arithmetic, and navigation are taught at a school founded in 1619, by the Rev. William Parker, and endowed by him with the sum of 210*l.* per annum. In 1708, James Saunders, Esq. also endowed a school, with 240*l.* per annum, for the efficient instruction of seventy boys in English and Latin, and also left 10*l.* per annum, for educating thirty children, by two mistresses, chosen for that purpose. The sum of 270*l.* arising from lands belonging to the dissolved Priory, was bequeathed in 1714, by Mr. Richard Ellsworth, but in consequence of the property having become involved in Chancery, the benefaction has not been carried into effect. The two schools are under the direction of the corporation, who are also trustees for the Magdalene charity, which some unknown benefactor endowed with more than 150*l.* a-year. The stone on which it is said William I. dined, on the occasion of his landing on the Sussex coast, is distant from Hastings about two miles, and the house in which dwelt the renowned Titus Oates, the ministerial informer in the days of the Second Charles, is still in existence. In East Cliffe House dwelt Mr. Chapel, one of Shakspeare's innumerable critics, and in the garden Garrick planted a mulberry-tree. The title of Marquis, in the noble family of Rawdon-Hastings, is taken from this town.

The views of "The East-Cliff, Hastings," and of "Hastings looking from the Sea," will at once be recognized by all familiar with the scenes, as being faithful representations, and admired by those who are unacquainted with them, as delightful specimens of those particular parts of the English Coast.

C Stanfield R.A. J. Stephenson sc

EAST CLIFF, HASTINGS.

[illegible] Cornhill London

HAVRE-DE-GRACE.

From the white cliffs of Albion we must again return to our description of the ports of *La Belle France*—the land of gallantry and crime, of the gaiety of the heart and the ferocity of passion, — land of cafés, soldiers, vineyards, and milliners, — of a Napoleon, who parcelled out empires, dethroning and creating princes, — of a Louis Philippe, a citizen king and a stockbroker!

"I think I could paint," says the author of 'France, Social, Literary, and Political,' "the place of 'Louis le Grand,'" and he proceeds to describe that part of Paris as seen in the time of the regency: "Lo, there are tents!" he says, "not the tents of war — the canvass is too white and delicate. There are tents! beneath the canopy of which you will find the cups of Venice, and the chains of Malta, and the cloths of Persia, and the silks of Ind; and the avenues between are soft to the feet, for they are spread with the richest and most moss-like carpets; and at every corner you are offered the juice of the orange and the citron; and if your pulse flag, it may be stimulated by the vintage of Champagne, and if your lip be feverish, it may be cooled by the ice of the Pyrenees; and by night and by day the musician, and the courtezan, and the juggler forbid the festivity to repose; and the gay seigneurs and the gentle and graceful ladies of the riotous court of France, form part of the many-coloured group, which, reader! I would bring before you! What is the business for which these tents are pitched? what cause has collected this crowd of musicians, courtezans, and jugglers?— and why are the great ladies and the high dignitaries, who in days of state are to be seen in the royal chambers of the regent, among the indolent loungers and the noisy speculators of yon unhallowed place? Yea, speculators! for that scene, gay and brilliant as it appears to you, is the sombre and fatal spot from which bankruptcy is departing to every corner of the kingdom: it is there that, already degraded by a frantic avarice, a once chivalric people — amidst all the symbols of mirth and wealth, and flushed with the shameful passion of the stock exchange, are witnessing like the Hunchback's brother in the Arabian

story, the transformation of their gold into dry and withered leaves, which the wind, as so many signs and tokens of an avenging Providence, will soon scatter over the most fertile provinces of France. Thus was it: but the nation had not merely to regret its gold; — the honour, which Montesquieu calls 'The Education of a Monarchy,' and which, of such a monarchy as that of the French, was the vital principle, the only moral and enduring force — that honour sunk beneath the projects of law, and the sentiment which was the fortune of the ancient regime— never ceased to languish after being exposed to the infection which breathed amidst the flowers and festivities of that voluptuous and terrible bazar."

"So much," he continues, "for ancient France — for France during the elegant reign of tyranny and pleasure. So much for France when she was careless and gay in all times and in all places; treating the lightest matters with an air of importance, the gravest with a passion for amusement. So much for France, with her joyous dance and her dark bastille, her bankrupt exchequer, and her shameless court. Then was the moment to have known her! Then was the moment to have known her— if you wish to have known a country which, already bound to the altar, was decorated with the garlands of the victim. Then was there wit and gaiety; but neither virtue nor character, nor greatness. The majesty of the monarchy had followed the independence of the nobility — both were gone. The martial enterprise of the League no longer mingled with the masked debauch — a cold system of licentiousness had succeeded the valiant follies of the French. Dead was the chivalry of that intoxicating time when the smile of beauty was the graceful incentive to rebellion; when the conflict was sought rather to vary the amusement of society than to change the destinies of the people; when the art of the Roman Gladiator rose to its perfection, and death was studied for the purpose of dying — in an agreeable position. The reign of the regent emasculated the character, chilled the enthusiasm, blunted the honour; but, black as were the wings of pestilence and ruin — it did not for an instant darken the character of the French. Amidst all her changes that gaiety remained the characteristic of olden France, and with that gaiety there was a frivolity, a light and frivolous air, which sat as naturally on the philosopher as the fop; which was in manners even where it was not in ideas — which was on the surface of society where it was not at the core."

But it may be well exclaimed that this is no description of Havre,

but of France, and of France at a different period from the present. And so it is, but it is at the same time a vivid description of the mental characteristics of a people greatly frivolous, and over whom time hath had but little influence. More than that, Paris is France, and Havre is well denominated a little Paris.

Havre is situated at the embouchure of the Seine, and is the port of Paris, enjoying little less than a third portion of the entire commerce of France. It was founded, according to some authorities, by Louis XII., and was called at that time Le Havre. So late as 1509, its site was occupied by a few hovels, clustered round a thatched chapel, under the protection of Notre Dame de Grace, from which the place derived the name of Havre de Grace. Francis I., however, claims to be the founder; but it is quite clear that there were some buildings previous to his time. Francis gave to it the name of Francoisville, or Franciscopolis, in honour of himself; but the inhabitants, however grateful they might feel for the patronage and improvements of the monarch, continued to indulge their indolence, and retain the old title; the Tower of Francis I. being the only public building bearing his name. The importance of this new sea-port town, thirteen years after its erection, Francis determined to signalize, by the construction of a vessel so extraordinary in size, that it should excite the admiration of all France, and so powerful that it should effect the destruction of the Turks. This vessel was called *Grande Françoise*, and had on board a chapel, a forge moved by water, a tennis court, a windmill, numerous apartments, and was constructed for the conveyance of two thousand tons. She was completely finished and ready for sea, when a discovery was made which altered her destination; and instead of carrying the thunder of France against the Ottoman, the vessel was dismantled, and broken to pieces for the building of houses in the good town of Havre, her size being too enormous to find its way into the element for which she was intended. In 1544, the same chivalric, but sometimes unfortunate monarch, equipped a vast fleet at Havre, for the purpose of clearing the seas of the English, and was about to go on board one of the vessels, as guest, to a magnificent entertainment prepared by the Governor of Normandy, when the ship took fire and was burned down to the water's edge. The plunder of the Isle of Wight was the only result of an undertaking that had so ominous an event for its commencement.

At the period of the religious wars which distracted France under

the Guises, the English, with the assistance of the Prince de Condé, took possession of Havre. For a twelve-month it was in the hands of Queen Elizabeth, when Marshal Brissac starved the garrison into a surrender, and the English vacated the town. But one of the most extraordinary events in the history of Havre, and a stain upon it, so long as the feelings of sympathizing humanity shall be excited by the relation of cold-blooded barbarity and brutal oppression, instigated by the sordid lust for gain, is the facts detailed in connection with the slave traffic. The stage of this dreadful drama was a vessel that belonged to this port. The Rodeur was her name — her burden two hundred tons. She cleared out from Havre for Guadaloupe, on the 15th of January, 1819, and the action of the melancholy and diabolical tragedy may be said to commence after the arrival of the vessel at Bony, in the river Calabar, on the coast of Africa.* From the journal of a youth of the name of Romaine, supposed to be from eleven to fourteen years of age, first published in the Travelling Sketches of Leitch Ritchie in the Picturesque Annual, we collect, among others, the following incidents. The boy writes for the subsequent perusal of his mother, and he says :—

"Since we have been at this place,† I have become more accustomed to the howling of these negroes. At first it alarmed me, and I could not sleep. The Captain says that if they behave well, they will be much better off at Guadaloupe." [The captain has before been described as a man the youth is very fond of, who is very good-tempered, and who "drinks a great deal of brandy, as a fine handsome man, and one," as the boy says, "I am sure I shall like very much."] The narrative then continues : "And I am sure I wish the ignorant creatures would come quietly, and have it over. To-day one of the blacks, whom they were forcing into the hold, suddenly knocked down a sailor, and attempted to leap overboard. He was caught, however, by the leg, by another of the crew; and the sailor, rising up in a passion, hamstrung him with his cutlass. The captain, seeing this, knocked the butcher flat upon the deck with a handspike. 'I will teach you to keep your temper,' said he, with an oath; 'he was the best slave of the lot!'" The boy then runs to the chains, and sees the slave who was found to be

* The profits of the slave trade were so enormous, that it has been calculated vessels leaving the port of Havre, engaged in that traffic, have realized eight thousand pounds a voyage.

† Calabar.

"useless" dropped into the sea, where he continued to swim after he had sunk under the water, making a red track, which broke, widened, faded, and was seen no more. At last they got fairly again to sea. The Captain is described as being in the best temper in the world; walking the deck, rubbing his hands, humming a tune, and rejoicing that he has six dozen slaves on board — men, women, and children; and all "in prime marketable condition." The boy says, their cries were terrible; that he dare not go and look into the hold; that, at first, he could not close his eyes, the sound so froze his blood; and that one night he jumped up and in horror ran to the captain's state room, who was sleeping profoundly with the lamp shining upon his face, calm as marble. The boy did not like to disturb him. The next day two of the slaves are found dead in the hold, suffocated by the foulness of the atmosphere. The captain is informed of this, and in gangs orders them to the forecastle to take the fresh air. The boy runs upon deck to see them, but did not find them so very unwell; but adds, "that blacks are so much alike, that one can hardly tell." On reaching the ship's side, first one, then another, then a third, of the slaves leaped into the sea, before the eyes of the astonished sailors. Others made the attempt but were knocked flat upon the deck and the crew kept watch over them with handspikes and cutlasses, until they should receive orders from the captain. The negroes who had escaped, kept gambolling upon the waves, yelling what appeared like a song of triumph, in the burthen of which some on deck joined. The ship soon left the "ignorant creatures" behind, and their voices were heard more and more faint; the black head of one, and then another, disappearing, until the sea was without a spot, and the air without a sound. The captain having finished his breakfast, came on deck, and was informed of the revolt. He grew pale with rage, and in dread of losing all his cargo, determined to make an example. He selects six from those who joined in the chorus, has three hanged and three shot before their companions. That night the boy could not sleep. The negroes in consequence of the revolt are kept closer than ever. As a consequence ophthalmia makes its appearance among them. The captain is compelled to have them between decks, and the surgeon attends them just as if "they were white men." All the slaves, then the crew, save one, the captain, surgeon, and mate, the boy, and at last the solitary one of the crew, are stone blind. "Mother," says the boy, "your son was blind for ten days." The crew were some swearing from morning till night, some singing abo-

minable songs, some kissing the crucifix and making vows to the saints, wanting in short only to complete the horrible reality of Byron's too true picture of the shipwreck, that they should have been—

> ——— "With strange convulsions racked,
> Drinking salt water like a mountain stream,
> Tearing, and grinning, howling, screeching, swearing,
> And with hyæna-laughter, died despairing."

The ship in the mean while helmless, but with sails set, driving on like the phantom vessel, is assailed by a storm, and the canvass bursts with loud reports, the masts strain and crack, she carrying on her course down the abyss of billows, and being again cast forth like a log on the heights of the waters. The storm dies away, when the crew are startled with a sound which proves to be a hail from another vessel. They ask for hands and are answered with a demand for like assistance. The one crew is too few to spare them, the other is too blind to go. "At the announcement of this horrible coincidence," continues the boy, "there was a silence among us for some moments like that of death. It was broken by a fit of laughter in which I joined myself; and before our awful merriment was over, we could hear, by the sound of the curses which the Spaniard shouted against us that the St. Leo had drifted away."* The captain, crew, and some of the slaves gradually recovered, some partially, with the loss of an eye, others entirely. The conclusion of the journal must be told in the boy's own words. "This morning the captain called all hands on deck, negroes and all. The shores of Guadaloupe were in sight. I thought he was going to return God thanks publicly for our miraculous escape. 'Are you quite certain,' said the mate, 'that the cargo is insured?' 'I am,' replied the captain; 'every slave that is lost must be made good by the underwriters. Besides, would you have *me* turn my ship into an hospital for the support of blind negroes? They have cost us enough already. Do your duty.' The mate picked out the thirty-nine negroes who were completely blind, and with the assistance of the rest of the crew, tied a piece of ballast to the legs of each. The miserable wretches were then thrown into the sea." Such is a story and catastrophe, which proves that more things strangely wicked

* This vessel is supposed to have foundered.

are done in the actual world, than dreaming fancy in her wildest mood and most morbid and depraved moments could ever conceive.

But if the history of the slaves is a blot upon the history of Havre, her trade is increasing, her port is crowded, and lately, she could number thirty thousand inhabitants.* It contains but one great street, but it is of imposing appearance, and considered to be as fine as any in France, out of Paris, running through the whole town, and containing the theatre, the great church, and the exchange. The city is built on a level with the docks and harbour; but on a steep of considerable height by its side is Ingouville, the houses of the inhabitants, chiefly English, rising terrace upon terrace. From this eminence may be seen the windings of the finest river in France, burthened with her choicest vessels, and on the opposite shore, those charming villas, ready at all times to come in to the assistance of the imagination in a conception of the beautiful. Those who would judge of the appearance of its port may turn to the engraving that so faithfully pourtrays it, and if they cannot recognise some peculiar characteristics that distinguish *La Belle France* from the land of white cliffs, we should be no true men if we did not tell them they were of those, who had eyes but saw not.

* Havre has given birth to many celebrated characters, but none are so universally known as Bernardin de Saint Pierre, the author of the "Studies of Nature," and "Paul and Virginia."

DIEPPE.

Dieppe is situated at the embouchure of the little river Arques. It is guarded by cliffs, and on entering the town by the harbour, is observed an old château, commanding the town on the right, while the château is commanded by the cliff. On the left is a mount almost perpendicular, and between is a bank, behind which are the old walls of the town.

Dieppe, like its opposite neighbour, Brighton, was at first only a fishing village, but instead of, like Brighton, becoming a fashionable watering-place, and the residence of royalty, it became a great maritime station. Its own historians boast an origin as early as the days of Charlemagne, and even an antiquity of eight centuries higher has been claimed by our author, who represents it as the Portus Ictius from whence Julius Cæsar sailed for Britain. When a fort which had been erected by Charlemagne, on the site of the present town, called Bertheville, in honour of the Berthas, his mother and daughter, was taken by the Normans, they changed the name to Dyppe or Dieppe, signifying a good anchorage. It is also contended, that William the Conqueror embarked here for the invasion of England. Little, however, can be ascertained of its early history. It was visited by Francis I., who was magnificently entertained at the expense of a single individual. France had then no established navy, yet Francis was the guest of one whose ships swept the seas and dictated terms to his rivals. The enterprising spirit of the Dieppois had early led them into Africa, and nearly a century before the expedition of Vasco de Gama to India, they had formed a settlement* where none had been since the days of the Phœnicians. Two mariners of Dieppe, Anher and Veragan, founded Quebec; in 1520 the brothers Parmentier discovered the island of Fernambourg; and under the auspices of Admiral Coligny, an expedition was fitted out by Captain Ribaud, a Dieppois, who was the first Frenchman who landed in Florida. Philip II. of Spain did not allow him unmolested possession. Under

* Called *Le Petit Dieppe.*

C Stanfield R.A.

W.B.Cooke sc

DIEPPE.

the pretext, that half a century before, some Spaniards had disembarked in Florida, he sent a fleet to recover it, attacked and beat the settlers, hanging those who escaped the attack. The Spaniard inscribed on the gibbets "*Not as Frenchmen but as heretics:*" so that the protestant Admiral Coligny might have no appeal to the insulted honour of the French king. The king did not notice it, but Dominique de Gourgues did. He sold his possessions, and became the apostle of vengeance, collected his proselytes, sailed to Florida, exterminated the exterminators, gibbetted those who submitted, and under the gibbets inscribed "*Not as Spaniards, but assassins.*" On his return to France, this brave and bitter wit found that his head was in jeopardy, but fortune that favours the brave favoured him, and he escaped.

The river Arques separates Dieppe from the Faubourg Le Pollet, the inhabitants of which pride themselves on the cognomen of sea-wolves, and of living, it is said, "by, in, on, and under the water." Formerly a rivalry that would have done no discredit to more important communities existed between the two districts; but the Polletais now only cherish the memory of the sumptuary glories of their forefathers, which consisted of a black velvet cap, with an aigrette of spun glass, surcoat of dark blue cloth laced on the seams with a light blue tissue, neckcloth with silver tassels, waistcoat embroidered with flowers, laced small clothes, silk stockings, cloth shoes and silver buckles, contenting themselves, at the present day, with that less tasteful raiment, the wide blue petticoat peculiar to the mariners of Holland, and tying their surcoats with ribbons, altogether eschewing the modern refinement introduced by those levellers of the poetic, the Birmingham manufacturers. The absence of buttons is now in as much account as was before the presence of the cloth, the velvet, and the silk, which, with marrying among themselves, conversing in a strange dialect, and adding an oath to almost every word they utter,* comprehend the claims of the modern Polletais to consideration and distinction.

The Chateau d'Arques, in the neighbourhood of Dieppe, is intimately connected with its history. It is now only an imposing ruin, the authorities having permitted it to be dismantled, and the materials used for

* To such an extent is this practice indulged, that it is said to be no uncommon thing, even at the confessional when seeking absolution, to *swear* they will not again be guilty of it. On the other hand, they are a sturdy, honest race, devoted to their clergy, and ready at all times to fight for their country.

building. To the lover of antiquity, and admirer of the picturesque, this is sad desecration; but the young world respects not the feelings of the old, and beauty is constantly sacrificed to utility. Such things must be. The chateau was built by the uncle of the Conqueror; and although it now gives but food for dreaming speculation, or at most serves the purpose of the artist, Osmond de Chaumont, the prisoner of the First English Henry, pined in its dungeons; Philip Augustus and the lion-hearted Richard have, in turns, besieged, taken, and held it; Charles VII. and his chivalry; Warwick and the gallant veteran Talbot, whom Shakspeare makes to say:—

"I have what I would have,
Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave,"

and that wise and magnanimous prince, Henri Quatre,* have performed deeds of arms before it. The history of castles is commonly the history of crimes, relieved by festivities; and with this thought in mind, how solemn is the repose of their ruins. Enough remains of the dilapidated chateau d'Arques to bespeak its former greatness; and from its heights, looking through the hills down upon the town, and far off to the ocean, the wanderer may find sufficient matter for reflection.

Speaking of the approach to this castle, the learned and elegant author of the Bibliographical, Antiquarian, and Picturesque Tour in France and Germany, says, "I resolved to seize the opportunity of a tolerably fair, or rather grey-looking day, to go and pay due homage to those venerable remains of antiquity. The road thither is completely rural: apple-trees, just beginning to burst their blossoms, hamlets, small farm-houses, a profusion of rich herbage of various kinds—delighted and regaled me as I pursued my tranquil walk. The country is of a gently undulating character; but the flats or meadows, between the parallel ranges of hills, are subject to constant inundation from the sea; and in an agricultural point of view are consequently of little use, except for summer grazing of the cattle. It was drawing on to vespers as I

* This was in 1589, when the army of the league, thirty thousand strong, commanded by the Duke de Mayenne, were compelled to retire before a third of the number. A walk close to the castle is still shown, called the walk of Henry IV., from which the monarch used to reconnoitre the forces of the enemy. Napoleon once visited the site of the field of battle, and ascertaining the position of the two armies, said that the king ought to have lost the day. He said the same of Wellington at Waterloo.

approached the village of Arques. The old castle had frequently peeped out upon me, in my way thither, from its elevated situation; but being resolved to see 'all that could be seen,' a French village for the first time was not to be overlooked. For a country church, I know of few finer ones than that of Arques. The site of the castle is admirable. My approach was to the western extremity, which, as you look down, brings the village and church of Arques in the back ground. If the eye were to be considered as a correct judge, this venerable pile, composed of hard flint stone, intermixed with brick, would perhaps claim precedence, on the score of antiquity, over most of the castles of the middle ages. A deep moat, now dry pasture land, with a bold acclivity before you, should seem to bid defiance, even in times of old, to the foot and the spear of the invader. There are circular towers at the extremities, and a square citadel or donjon within. To the north a good deal of earth has been recently thrown against the bases of the wall. The day harmonized admirably with the venerable object before me. The sunshine lasted but for a minute; when afterwards a gloom prevailed, and not a single catch of radiant light gilded any portion of the building. All was quiet, and of a sombre aspect, — and what *you*, in your admiration of art, would call in perfectly 'fine keeping.'

"I descended the hill, bidding a long adieu to this venerable relic of the hardihood of other times, and quickened my pace towards Dieppe. In gaining upon the town, I began to discover groups of rustics, as well as of bourgeoises, assembling and mingling in the dance. The women never think of wearing bonnets, and you have little idea how picturesquely the red and blue (the colours of Raffaelle's Madonnas) glanced backwards and forwards amidst the fruit-trees, to the sound of the spirit-stirring violin. The high, stiff, starched cauchoise, with its broad floppers, gave the finishing stroke to the novelty and singularity of the scene; and to their credit be it spoken, the women were much more tidily dressed than the men. The couples are frequently female, for want of a sufficient number of swains; but whether correctly or incorrectly paired, they dance with earnestness, if not with grace. It was a picture à la Teniers, without its occasional grossness. This then, said I to myself, is what I have so often heard of the Sabbath gambols of the French, and long may they enjoy them! They are surely better than the brutal orgies of the pot-house, or the fanatical ravings of the tabernacle."

St. Jacques is the principal church in Dieppe; it is of gothic struc-

ture, and for its antiquity, magnitude, architectural ornaments, and the valuable paintings with which it is decorated, well deserves the attention of the traveller. "As we entered it," says the author from whom we have just quoted; "a general gloom prevailed, and a sort of premature evening came on; while the clatter of the sabots was sufficiently audible along the aisles. In making the circuit of the side chapels, an usual light proceeded from a sort of grated door-way. We approached, and witnessed a sight which could not fail to rivet our attention. In what seemed to be an excavated interior, were several figures, cut in stone, and coloured after life, (of which they were the size,) representing the *Three Maries, St. John, and Joseph of Arimathea* in the act of entombing Christ; the figure of our Saviour being half sunk into the tomb. The whole was partially illuminated by some two dozen of shabby and nearly consumed tallow candles, affording a striking contrast to the increasing darkness of the nave and the side-aisles. We retired, more and more struck with the novelty of every object around us, to our supper and beds, which were excellent."

The trade of the town consists principally in manufactures of ivory, to which the inhabitants bestow much attention, and in which species of workmanship they particularly excel, though not, it is said, to the extent they did formerly. Thread lace is also a manufacture of the place, and three or four thousand females are said to earn a comfortable livelihood at it. The chief dependence of the inhabitants for support, however, is on the fisheries. The mackarel fishery commences about the month of July, along the coast of Picardy, gets into the Channel in April, and moves towards the straits of Dover as the summer advances; large decked vessels, manned with from twelve to twenty men, are employed for this fishery. The herring* fishery takes place in August and October; that commencing in August, is carried on along the shores of England, and a great number of vessels are employed; the October fishery is very much inferior, and takes place along the coast of France, from Boulogne to Havre. There is also a considerable trade in the fresh and dried cod fishery; besides the vessels usually employed for the purpose of taking and drying the fish, there are others which go to Newfoundland laden with brandy, linen, flour, beans, and woollen cloths, which are disposed of to the inhabitants for dried cod.

The general aspect of the town seems to indicate poverty; the houses,

* The common people call the herring, a "child of Dieppe."

which are extremely lofty and very irregularly built, being too large to be entirely occupied. Dieppe, notwithstanding, is a picturesque looking place, and possesses many advantages both by land and sea; the sides of the wall on entering are lofty, steep, and strong; and the navigation into the harbour is difficult and intricate, which would render any hostile approach hazardous to the assailants.

"The quays," says the author to whom we are so much indebted, "are constantly crowded, but there seems to be more of bustle than of business. The town is certainly picturesque, notwithstanding the houses are very little more than a century old, and the streets are formal and comparatively wide. Indeed, it should seem that the houses were built expressly for noblemen and gentlemen, although they are inhabited by tradesmen, mechanics, and artizans, in apparently very indifferent circumstances. I scarcely saw six private houses which could be called elegant, and not a gentleman's carriage has been yet noticed in the streets. But if the Dieppois are not rich, they seem happy, and are in a constant state of occupation. A woman sells her wares in an open shop, or in an insulated booth, and sits without her bonnet, and works or sings as humour sways her. A man sells gingerbread in an open shed, and in the intervals of his customers' coming, reads some popular history or romance. Most of the upper windows are wholly destitute of glass; but are smothered with clothes, rags, and wall-flowers. The fragrance emitted from these flowers affords no unpleasing antidote to odours of a very different description; and here we begin to have a too convincing proof of the general character of the country in regard to the want of cleanliness. At Dieppe there are fountains in abundance; and if some of the limpid streams which issue from them were directed to cleansing the streets (which are excellently well-paved) the effect would be both more salubrious and pleasant — especially to the sensitive organs of Englishmen."

There is a stone basin in the harbour of Dieppe capable of holding two hundred vessels, and which, at the flow of the tide, is full of water, but at ebb exhibits little more than a sheet of mud. Round the harbour is built the town, which, backed by the stiff cliff to the east, contributes not a little to the picturesque effect before alluded to. The regularity of the streets, and the modern appearance and superiority of the houses to most other towns in France, are to be accounted for by its having been built according to a royal ordinance, shortly after the bombardment by the English in 1694, who reduced it to ashes. The

architect pleased the inhabitants so little by his plans, that they gave him the nickname of M. Gâteville, or, as we should call him, Mr. Spoil-town.

Among the changes that have lately taken place in Dieppe, the establishment of baths is one of the greatest; they are very magnificent, and are visited every year by numerous and distinguished company.

The view of Dieppe, taken by Mr. Stanfield, is from the sands looking towards the castle which commands the town. The hill upon which the castle stands is, as represented by the engraving, steep and imposing. It has been thought, on a nearer view, that the general outline bears some resemblance to Stirling Castle, although it cannot command the same degree of admiration. It is a confused mass, erected at different periods, many parts of it being entirely modern: and although bearing an incongruous appearance, consequent upon all such patchwork architecture, presents a pleasing and picturesque effect from that very circumstance. The singularity produced by the confusion and irregularity of its roofs and turrets, is augmented and increased into romantic beauty, by a row of lofty arches thrown across a ravine, supporting a bridge leading to the castle, which appears at a distance like the remains of a Roman aqueduct. Some of the gates still remain perfect, and one of them, leading to the sea, was lately used as a military prison. The Sieur des Marets, the first governor of Dieppe, began the castle shortly after the year 1443, when the dauphin, afterwards Louis XI., drove the English from the place, carrying by assault the formidable fortress constructed by Talbot in the suburb of Pollet. The Huguenots made it a place of great strength; but it was in the time of Henry IV. that it was completed — time and siege, in the meanwhile, having done their work — when permission was given to the inhabitants of Dieppe to add to it a keep. While defended by this keep its strength was great, and extensive outworks, and bomb-proof casements, were added. This imposing condition was not long permitted, the unsettled state of the people and their leaders creating fears in the government, that the fortresses of the country might become rallying points for the partisans of the league. The castle of Dieppe had, consequently, its chief defences levelled, and it now is in a state fit only to "point a moral," and we are sure we may add "adorn" — a picture.

C. Stanfield R.A. W. Lloyde sc

BOULOGNE, UPPER HARBOUR.

BOULOGNE.

Boulogne is a large and important sea-port of France, in the department of Pas de Calais. It is composed of two towns — the upper and the lower. The ancient or upper town, is situated on heights overlooking the strand, on which are the more modern buildings of Boulogne-sur-Mer. On the approach from the sea, the appearance is of a very imposing character. The buildings of the lower town or suburbs, which are surrounded by a lofty wall, have that white and lively character, which distinguishes the ports and other towns of the Continent, from those of our own island; these are surmounted by the more indistinct and sombre mass which is composed of the erections of the old town.

The ancient town of Boulogne owes its origin to Cæsar, who was desirous to establish a communication between the Continent and Britain; it is said to have been founded by Quintus Pedius, one of his generals, and to have received its name from him in honour of the city of Bologna, his native place; it appears to have been chosen as the first point of communication between Gaul and Britain. The harbour, formed by the river Lianne, which runs below it, is shallow, though basins were dug by order of Napoleon, to hold the flotilla with which he intended to invade England. Just out of the town, is seen the column of the Bourbons on the Calais road, which marks the spot on which the army of Napoleon encamped. It is a pillar of marble, about one hundred and fifty feet in height, with a staircase in the interior, conducting to a gallery near the top, which commands a magnificent view of the surrounding country. The first stone was laid in 1804; it was finished under the auspices of Louis XVIII. in 1821, when the last stone was added, inclosing a bronze medal with the following inscription:—

THIS COLUMN
RAISED BY THE ARMY ASSEMBLED AT BOULOGNE
WHEN IT THREATENED AN INVASION OF ENGLAND,
WAS COMMENCED IN 1804:
BECOME A MONUMENT OF PEACE
BY THE RESTORATION OF THE THRONE OF THE BOURBONS,
IT WAS FINISHED UNDER THE AUSPICES
OF S. M. LOUIS XVIII.
AND CONSECRATED TO THE REMEMBRANCE, ALWAYS
DEAR TO THE FRENCH,
OF HIS HAPPY RETURN TO HIS STATES IN 1814.

The Church of St. Joseph, in the upper town, is a remarkably fine and noble edifice; it was in this church that Louis XVIII. came on his disembarkation, to do homage to the Virgin for his crown. One of the principal buildings in Boulogne-sur-Mer, is the hospital, which is attended by twelve sisters of the order of St. Augustine.

There is a good library, and a museum of natural history and curiosities; these afford the means of study and amusement to those residents who choose to avail themselves of them; and baths, billiards, dancing, and gaming, form a sufficient variety to please the tastes of almost all classes residing in or visiting the town.

It is a busy and populous place, the shops presenting an appearance of great opulence, and the numerous hotels indicating a place of considerable resort. It is much frequented by the English, and particularly by that class whose moderate incomes are sufficient to indulge a taste for luxury when it is to be procured for a reasonable amount. It is also an asylum for those who love England so well, that they are not easily prevailed on to take up a more distant abode, yet are not sufficiently attached to their country or loyal to their king to covet a residence at the expence, or in obedience to the summonses of His Majesty issued from the courts at Westminster. Gentlemen who love darkness rather than light — a species lately known by the cognomen of Black-leg — are said very much to abound in Boulogne, though we believe that of late years, their numbers have something diminished. Be that as it may, those who are fond of play will not find any great lack of opportunity; and, as duelling is rather prevalent, they may finish with that not unusual accompaniment.

C Stanfield R.A. H Linden sc

BOULOGNE OLD PIER.

Boulogne bears the addition of *sur Mer*, to distinguish it from three other places of the same name; one in the diocese of Cambray; another in the Isle of France; and a third in Languedoc, The old town is of great antiquity. Evident proofs of this have been discovered in the ruins of ancient edifices composed of Roman brick in addition to the known historical facts connected with its foundation. After the fall of the Roman power in Gaul, the territory of Boulogne was held by the counts of that name as vassals to the kings of France; but like many others in those periods of romance and barbarism, they determined to set up for themselves, being great admirers of obedience, but in those only who were beneath them. During many vicissitudes and civil wars, the earldom of Boulogne remained in the hands of the family of Auvergne, the original possessors; but in 1419, *Philip the Hardy*, Earl of Burgundy, took possession of it by force of arms, and it was held by him and his formidable successors until recovered by Louis VI. of France, who treated with Bernard de la Tour d'Auvergne, who, in right of his mother, claimed the succession, and gave him in exchange for his inheritance the county of Lauraguais, reckoned to be of adequate value. The Earl of Burgundy, however, still insisted upon his undoubted right as lord paramount; and the king, sensible of the justice of this, but loath to do fealty as a vassal, hit upon an expedient for the accommodation of his conscience, and at the same time retaining his newly acquired possessions. He declared he would hold the earldom of Boulogne of the Virgin Mary! This he did by doing homage to his divine mistress in the cathedral, and offering at her altar a golden heart weighing thirteen marks. Subsequently, he issued letters patent dated at Hedin, in April 1478, that all his successors in the kingdom of France should, as Earls of Boulogne, perform the same ceremony, and offer the same oblation.

The town, situated on the frontiers of France, has been often the object of attacks, but until besieged by Henry the Eighth of England, they were successfully repulsed. Henry had ratified a treaty with the Emperor, Charles the Fifth, to enter France by Picardy, while his ally entered by Champagne, their project being to unite their armies near Paris. The emperor was however detained by the siege of St. Didier, and Henry beginning to fear the result of his expedition, instead of proceeding to Paris, sat down before Boulogne, the garrison of which, after a siege of fifty days, surrendered. Peace was shortly afterwards concluded, but Henry retained Boulogne, * which was not restored until

* Francis made many attempts to recover Boulogne, but all unsuccessful, and one ludi-

the time of the troubled minority of Edward VI., when, on the 24th March 1550, a treaty was concluded at Outreau for the surrender of Boulogne into the hands of the French, on consideration of the payment of four thousand crowns of gold.

The commerce of Boulogne has of late years flourished, so that, with the vast accession of English visitors, the town is particularly prosperous. Formerly, the inhabitants dealt scarcely in any commodities but herrings and mackerel, though of late years both French and English merchants have opened various branches of commerce. From Burgundy, Champagne, and other places, are deposited large quantities of the wines and brandies of those provinces; much also of the wine bought for the English market is here kept in a kind of temporary deposit until ripe for use. To such an extent did this trade increase at one period, that the cellars belonging to the merchants not being sufficient, private individuals and religious houses enlarged their cellars, turning them into depositaries, and receiving ten per cent. for all the wines they could store. At the fairs of Boulogne, are sold great quantities of young colts and horses, which are purchased in large quantities by the merchants of Normandy, who send them to the pastures of Lower Normandy to feed and fatten, and afterwards sell them as horses of the Norman breed.

To the three engravings of Boulogne, we need scarcely point attention. The "wreck on the coast" exhibits what is always to be seen in France on the occasion of any disaster, namely, the mounted soldiery, whose clothing and accoutrements add so much to the brilliancy of the picturesque. The scene of repose in the "Upper Harbour," and the pale moon-light, relieving the "old pier,"—the black looking telegraph, with its tall slender limbs, reared high above the sleeping waters, are subjects for those who can feel them, and such feelings are more likely to be destroyed by attempts at description, than increased or improved. We therefore leave others to pronounce on defects we have not been able to detect, and on beauties to which we could not do justice.

crously so; all his instructions being thwarted by his general, the Marshal de Biez. The marshal was ordered to build a fort to contain five thousand men and provisions, to the end that all English ships attempting to enter the harbour should be sunk. He built the fort in the wrong place, and ships could enter and clear out untouched. The bastions were made too small to permit of cannon being mounted, and the whole fort would not contain five hundred men. It was demolished, another commenced, but never finished.

C Stanfield, R.A.

J. Carter, sc.

BOULOGNE.

WRECK ON THE COAST

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CALAIS.

Calais is situated in the department of the Straits of Calais, and is the most important sea-port on the north coast of France. It was anciently called Calesium, Calasium, and Caletium, and reached no higher than a village till the year 1222, when Philip of France, the son of Philip Augustus and Agnes de Meranie, having married the Countess of Mahault, took the title of Earl of Boulogne, inclosing Calais with walls and conferring upon it a charter of incorporation. Its inhabitants increased, and in the year 1347, it was strongly fortified, when it was besieged by Edward III. Edward, upon the death of *Charles le Bel*, who died without issue, claimed the succession to the crown of France, as being the nephew and nearest relation of the deceased king. The French preferred the pretensions of *Philip de Valois*, and Edward determined to enforce his claims at the head of an army. He entered into alliances with the emperor and several of the princes of Germany, and began a war more disastrous to his enemy, and more glorious to himself, than almost any on record. In the year 1340, with a fleet of eight hundred ships, he fell in with the French fleet consisting of four hundred, on the coast of Flanders; and in an engagement which lasted from seven in the morning until eight in the evening, continued on both sides with great determination and gallantry, he obtained a victory so signal and complete, that thirty ships out of the numerous fleet alone escaped, the rest having been sunk or taken. He then landed his troops without opposition, and soon assembled an army of one hundred and fifty thousand men, comprised of English, Germans, Flemings, and Gascons, being the largest force ever commanded by an English king, and which the French dared not meet the whole of that campaign. He was successful in over-running Brittany, and a few days before he invested Calais, he gained that immortal battle which has made the name of Cressy to Englishmen a watchword and a sound of triumph. With this victorious army, on the 8th of September, 1346, he commenced his siege of Calais. He summoned John de Vienne, the governor, to surrender, threatening in case of refusal, to put the garrison and inhabitants

of the town to the sword ; which threat failing to intimidate, he resolved to carry the place by famine, and drew round it on the land side four lines of circumvallation, and opened a blockade by sea with no less than seven hundred vessels. The governor foreseeing the length of the siege, turned out all the useless hands from the city, said to amount to seventeen hundred, whom the generous Edward allowed to pass through his camp, unfettered by any thing but the golden chains of obligation. He gave them audience, and ordered them "crowns for convoy," to cheer them on their way. Philip, in the meanwhile, became exceedingly uneasy at the prospect of losing a place of such importance as Calais, and tried all means to raise the blockade; but Edward, who had determined upon its reduction, was not to be diverted from his purpose. All proper measures of precaution had been taken; huts had been raised by his orders, covered with straw and broom, and numerous contrivances resorted to for the purpose of supporting the courage of his soldiers and protecting them against the inclemency of the winter. In vain did Philip lead an army to its relief; Edward was so surrounded with marshes and defended by entrenchments, that an attack must have ended in utter defeat; and to the taunts of his rival, who was anxious to decide the siege by single combats, he was equally impervious. To call off the attention of Edward, an expedient was at last resorted to of obtaining the aid of David, king of Scotland, who was persuaded, at the head of thirty thousand men, to invade England. He advanced as far as Durham, but Edward still persevered; while Phillippa his queen hastily assembled the forces of the kingdom, beat back the invaders, and took the Scotch king prisoner. The siege proceeded, and famine began to do its work, when the governor agreed to capitulate on condition of the lives and liberties of his companions and the inhabitants being spared. Edward granted this,—six of the inhabitants excepted, who were to be delivered up, bound, barefooted, and with halters about their necks, as a sacrifice for their fellows, who had so long kept the haughty conqueror waiting at their gates. Despair was among the townspeople at the announcement of this imperious mandate, when Eustace de Pierre, a burgess, deserving the name of a patriot, stepped forth, and five others quickly followed, willing to emulate an example they had not courage to set. They arrived at the camp of Edward, who spared their lives on the intercession of the queen, she, with tears and intreaties, having begged his mercy. By order of the queen, too, clothes were brought them, and she entertained them in her tent, dismissing them each with a present of

six pieces of gold; a generosity similar to that exercised by her husband at the commencement of the siege, and probably influenced by his secret counsel, it not suiting his policy to let it appear to the inhabitants that he was a conqueror to be trifled with. Edward then took possession of Calais, the siege having lasted eleven months, and immediately ordered all the inhabitants to evacuate the town, and their place to be supplied by English. He made it the staple of wool, leather, tin, and lead, the four chief commodities of the kingdom, for which there was any considerable demand in foreign markets; thither the English brought these goods, and foreign merchants were obliged to come, in order to purchase them. In removing the staple of wool, previously at Middlebourg in Zealand and some towns in England, he had the double motive of revenging himself on the Flemings, who had shown an inclination to favour the interests of the French, and of improving and enriching Calais. In both he succeeded, and in the reign of Louis XI.* the trade of Calais furnished the most considerable portion of the English revenue.

Soon after the reduction of Calais, a truce was negotiated through means of the pope, which was to continue a year, at the end of which time, Edward leaving a strong garrison behind him, returned in triumph to London. Philip made preparations for war, but despairing to regain the lost city by force, determined to try the effect of a bribe upon the governor,— one Aimeri de Pavia, a native of Lombardy, to whose care it had been entrusted, and who agreed to deliver up Calais, for the sum of twenty thousand crowns, to Geoffrey de Charni, who commanded the French forces. Edward was apprised of this by the secretary of Aimeri, and immediately summoning the governor to London in such a manner as to avoid exciting his suspicion of a discovery of his intentions, charged him with the guilt, but promised him his life, on condition, that he would turn the contrivance to the destruction of the enemy,—a pro-

* So sensible was this crafty, wise, and superstitious monarch of the importance of Calais, that he has been said to have expressed his readiness "*to lie in hell* for seven years," if by so doing he could regain it. The revenue drawn from it must have been immense; the old and stately buildings afterwards called the Court of Guise, but then used as the Exchange of the English, being frequented by merchants from all parts of Europe; and in 1472 it may be mentioned, as some indication of the nature and extent of the trade carried on, that Edward IV. offered Louis XI. to come into France with all his forces, and assist him against the Duke of Burgundy, if he would only repay him the amount of the tax of the wool which had been sent from his dominions to the Low Countries.

position to which he easily agreed. A day was appointed for the French to be admitted, and Edward secretly departed from London, with the Prince of Wales, and about a thousand men under the command of Sir Walter Mamry, and arrived the evening before at Calais—his appearance undetected: he made arrangements for the reception of the enemy, kept all his forces and garrison under arms, and Charni and his soldiers were admitted at the postern; the stipulated sum being paid to Aimeri, the great gate was opened to the troops, and Edward rushed to meet them with cries of battle and of victory. In the fierce engagement that ensued, the French behaved with great valour, but being overpowered by numbers, and intercepted in their retreat, lost either their lives or their liberty. The king fought under the banner of Sir Walter, and while engaged with Eustace de Ribaumont, the leader of one of the assaulting parties, was by him twice struck down upon his knees; but being relieved by some of his own soldiers, renewed the fight, and at last succeeded in capturing both him and his party. Edward treated his prisoners with his usual generosity, entertaining the principal officers at supper, when he upbraided Charni with his conduct, but complimented Eustace de Ribaumont on his gallantry, presenting him with a string of pearls, which he was in the habit of wearing in his cap, with an expression of his belief that the ladies, of whom Ribaumont was a devoted lover, would not like him the less for being in possession of such a gift; he then gave him his liberty without a ransom. Aimeri, met a traitor's fate. Edward displaced him, and gave the office of governor to John de Beauchamp. Philip, into whose hands he afterwards fell, had him torn by wild horses. Each king liked the treason; they both hated the traitor.

After this attempt, Calais remained in the undisturbed possession of England for upwards of two hundred years; and giving so easy an entrance into France, was considered as the most important possession belonging to the crown. It was left for the imbecile and guilty councillors of the inglorious reign of the bigot Mary to cover themselves with shame, and the reign of their mistress with disgrace, by permitting the French to recover Calais. Never, perhaps, was the national pride of Englishmen more deeply wounded, nor was ever indignation more deep and universal, against a government as that which every where prevailed on the receipt of the news of this event. The protestants arraigned the government of treachery, some accused them of treason, and their most zealous adherents could not be found to say any thing in their

defence. What made the conduct of the queen's councillors appear more culpable was, the fact that Philip of Spain, the consort of Mary, gave notice at the end of the year 1557, of the intentions of France upon Calais; and Lord Wentworth, the governor, made repeated and urgent solicitations for succour previous to the attack, which was made on the first of January in the ensuing year, by the Duke of Guise. He carried the fort called Newmanbridge and the Risbank, which commanded the harbour, and on the seventh day of the siege the governor was compelled to capitulate.* When master of the place, he ordered the English to depart, as Edward III. had expelled the French two hundred and ten years before. Mary, who died the same year, said that Calais would be found at her heart, so bitterly did she regret the loss of it. Her successor, Elizabeth, made peace with France by a treaty which stipulated that after the expiration of eight years, Calais, and some other places taken at the same time should return into the hands of the English. The performance of this stipulation, however, the French court contrived to evade. In 1594, however, Calais was for two years in the possession of the Spaniards. Henry IV. of France, having declared war against Spain, a French officer named Rosne, who had been a field-marshal in the time of the League, and a bigoted partisan of the Duke of Guise, persuaded the Arch-Duke Albert to attack Calais. The governor, Bodossan, was killed, and the command fell on Bertrand de Patras de Campaigno, called the Black Cadet, who, in a general assault, was taken sword in hand, when the remainder of the garrison who had escaped the fury of the besiegers submitted. This was on the sixteenth day after the opening of the entrenchments. The inhabitants had liberty granted them to remain in the city, but with the exception of two families they departed. The Spanish soldiers seized all the merchandise and goods of the town, and as an instance of their prodigality in the disposal of all sorts of property, it is affirmed that one house was sold for a gammon of bacon and a few bottles of wine, which for two centuries afterwards retained its origin of Le Jambon, given at the time to perpetuate the memory of this plundering kind of traffic. During the long war, commencing at the early part of the reign of Louis XIV., and which terminated by the peace of Ryswick, Calais was bombarded by the English fleet under Sir Cloudesley Shovel, but without inflicting a

* There were forces at Dover for the relief of the place, but either from storm or want of transports, they were detained. Lord Wentworth was in April, 1559, tried by his peers for the loss of Calais, and acquitted.

great deal of damage, and is the last event in its history worthy of any notice.

The fortifications of Calais erected at different periods, are very extensive, but the strength and security of the place is not so much to be attributed to these, as to the circumstance of the abundance of water which the inhabitants by means of their sluices can deluge the adjacent country, and thus destroy or prevent the approach of an enemy. Were it not for this, their works are considered by no means impregnable, especially on the east side, where it is said they are too much crowded to be capable of making a good defence. But by means of these sluices, one of which runs direct through the town, and empties itself into the harbour, the country can within twenty-four hours be laid under water as far as St. Omer, twenty-one miles distant from Calais.

It is often asserted by people who dignify an excursion with the name of a tour, and two days absence from England as travels on the Continent, that Calais is in appearance but little different to an English fishing town. They must indeed be dull observers, that having landed at Calais, can close their eyes to peculiarities that present themselves at every instant. The number of soldiers, the walls of the town, the gates, the ramparts, the antiquity and size of many of the houses, the caps and cloaks of the women, and the general aspect of the shops, proclaim at once a people and a place of a character widely differing from any thing to be seen on the opposite coast.

The entry into the harbour is formed of two good jetties of wood, both of which extend a great distance into the sea. The end of one of the jetties is represented in the plate illustrating Calais in this work, which presents also the peculiar aspect of the town on the approach to the harbour. The chopping-sea, tossing the steam boat and the boat of the fishermen, is a representation of what so often prevails in the Channel, and prevents such numbers of visitors viewing with an artist's eye, the really imposing scene, and probably makes their recollections of their entrance on a foreign shore, redolent of all kinds of thoughts save those of a roseate hue. Let them now look, suffering under no bodily infirmity, on the wide stretching scene and the group of garcons, from Desseine's, Roberts', and other hotels, — not writeable, — anxiously waiting the landing of passengers on the quay, that they may bury them under a shower of cards, and stun them with the clatter of praise and recommendation, and tell us whether our engraving of Calais is not true to a pier pile, and beautiful as true.

C. Stanfield R.A. W. Finden sc.

GUERNSEY.

Guernsey is the most westward of those islands (more particularly known as the Channel Islands) lying in a bay on the French side of the Channel, formed by the coast between Cherbourg and Trequier, and called Mount St. Michael's Bay. Its length from north-east to south-west, is about eight miles; the breadth from north-west to south-east nearly six, and the circumference about thirty. As Guernsey and the neighbouring islands formed part of the Duchy of Normandy, and are the relics of the extensive domains which the kings of England once possessed in France, they are subject to the British crown; but are in the possession of peculiar privileges and exemptions, and are excepted from the operation of the acts of the legislature in this country, unless specifically alluded to. They have a jurisdiction in every respect independent of the English courts of law, and an appeal only lies from their higher courts to the king in council.

At the time Gaul formed part of the dominions of the emperors of the West, this island was known by the name of Sarnia, of which its present name is supposed to be a corruption. There are but few authentic particulars on record respecting its early history. It was visited by the Romans about seventeen years before Christ, when Octavius Augustus appointed a governor over it; its surface was then in a state of nature, covered with woods, and overrun with briars. About the year 520, it was visited by Sampson, Bishop of Dol in Brittany, who is said to have built a chapel at that part where he landed, which is now known as St. Sampson's Harbour. At this period, the maintenance of the inhabitants arose entirely from fishing, and Guernsey, though the most distant of this group of islands from France, was reckoned the most considerable on account of the safety and convenience of its harbour, and the quantity of fish on its coast. As christianity advanced, and the population increased, chapels were built in different parts of the island near the sea-shore, and the priests who officiated, were allowed for their subsistence the tithe of all the fish that was caught, a custom which has

continued ever since. Towards the close of the tenth century, a spacious castle was erected on an eminence, in that part of the island now called the Close of the Vale, to afford means of protection against the incursions of the Danes, who had ravaged the monastery, and subsequently plundered the defenceless inhabitants of their corn and cattle. This castle is still well calculated to defend the mouth of St. Sampson's Harbour, where vessels of heavy burden find secure shelter. It was originally called St. Michael's Castle, or the Castle of the Archangel, and now the Vale Castle. It was here that Robert, Duke of Normandy, was conducted, when his fleet was dispersed by a tempest, which carried a vessel containing the Duke himself, and some others, down the Channel as far as Guernsey, where they would have been dashed upon the rocks but for the assistance afforded by the fishermen, who piloted them safely into a bay on the north side of the Vale. To recompense the islanders, the duke left engineers and workmen to finish the Castle of St. Michael, and to erect such other fortresses as might be necessary for their protection against piratical invaders. The duke, to reward the abbot for the hospitality he had received during his stay at the castle, gave to him and his successors, in fee, all the lands within the close of the Vale, towards the north-western part of the island, whenever settlers could be found to clear and cultivate. About a fortnight after his landing, the duke departed, and the place where his fleet lay, has ever since been called L'Ancresse, or the anchoring-place. The officers and artisans whom he had left, erected two other very strong castles; one of these was called, from its marshy situation, Le Château des Marais, part of which still remains in the town parish, and from its walls being covered with ivy, has acquired the name of Ivy Castle; the site of the other is on a point of land on the southern coast, now called St. Martin's Point, but there are no remains of this building. At the same time mounds were thrown up on the most elevated parts of the island, to enable the inhabitants to observe when ships came in sight; one of these ancient alarm posts, called La Hougue Hatenas, remains in St. Martin's parish, and another called La Hougue Fongue, in St. Saviour's.

About the year 912, Charles the Fourth of France, concluded a treaty with Rollo, the first Duke of Normandy, by which the islands adjacent to the Norman coast were annexed to the bishoprick of Coutance in Normandy, and from the period that elapsed from the establishment of Norman independence under this celebrated chief, until the accession of William the Conqueror, including upwards of a century, little mention

is made of these islands. In the reign of William, Guernsey, among other Norman possessions, was attached to the English crown, and has continued dependent on it almost ever since, except during the reign of Robert, Duke of Normandy, when he held it as part of his Duchy, and for a short time in the reign of Richard the First, who granted all the islands in the British Channel to his brother John, when Earl of Montaigne.

Various attempts have been made by the French kings to dispossess England of these islands. Philip of France made a violent effort to gain them, but failing, his contemporary, John, then king of England, used this opportunity of strengthening the military defences of Guernsey, and more firmly securing it against any other hostile descents, so that every future attempt to disturb the English possession of the island has failed, and its dependence on the British crown has continued almost uninterrupted to the present time. It is, however, asserted by some historians, that in the reign of Edward the Third, who assumed the arms and title of France, that the fort still known by the name of Castle Cornet, was taken by one Maraûs, a Frenchman, and held in opposition to the natives for three years; but this is disputed by some of the old writers, and others are silent on the subject.

Castle Cornet is a striking object in approaching Guernsey; it is situated upon a rock, at a distance of somewhat less than half a mile from the shore, having few or no avenues to it; it stands before the town and harbour, east by south, and commands all the roads and avenues in that part of the island where the Channel is narrow and dangerous. It is surrounded by the sea, and is never dry but at the ebb of spring tides. It is supposed to have been originally constructed by the Romans. The governors formerly made this castle their place of residence, but it is now placed in the care of a guard of soldiers. In the time of the civil war, the castle held out a long tedious siege, and although assaulted with the utmost vigour by the forces of Oliver Cromwell, when the soldiers in it were suffering under disease, it was not taken; but the provisions of the garrison being exhausted, and its strength reduced by sickness, it capitulated upon honourable terms. In December, 1672, it was visited by one of the most remarkable thunder storms recorded in history; * the magazine of powder was set on fire by

* We find the following quaint and curious description of this accident in a history of Guernsey written by Dicey.—"On Sunday night about twelve o'clock, the day above mentioned, the magazine of this castle was blown up with the powder in it, by thunder and

the lightning, which, with the surrounding buildings, were instantaneously destroyed, and many of its inhabitants buried in the ruins.

An extensive and intricate chain of rocks environs the island both above and under water, and the strong tides and currents which run among them, render access to the shore very difficult and hazardous except to such as are well acquainted with the coast.* It is not impro-

lightning; the night was very stormy and tempestuous, and the wind blew hard at south-west, to which aspect the door of the magazine exactly fronted, and the thunderbolt or clap, which accompanied this dreadful calamity, was heard to come circling (or as it were serpentining) over the platform from the south-west. In an instant of time, not only the whole magazine was blown up in the air, but also the houses and lodgings of the castle, particularly some fair and beautiful buildings, that had just before been erected at great expense, under the care and direction of the Right Honourable the Lord Viscount Hatton, their then governor, who was at the same time within the buildings of the castle, all which buildings were, with many others, reduced to a confused heap of stones, and several persons buried in the ruins. In the upper part of the castle, at a place called the New Buildings, was killed by this accident, the Right Honourable the Lady Dowager Hatton, by the fall of the ceiling of her chamber, which fell in four pieces, one of them upon her breast, and killed her on the spot. The Right Honourable the Lady Hatton, wife to the governor, and daughter to the Right Honourable the Earl of Thanet, was likewise destroyed in the following manner. Her ladyship being greatly terrified at the thunder and lightning, insisted (before the magazine blew up) upon being removed from the chamber she was in, to the nursery, where, having caused her woman to come also to be with her, in order to have joined in prayer; in a few minutes after that noble lady and her woman fell a sacrifice, by one corner of the nursery room falling in upon them, and were the next morning both found dead. In the same room, was also killed a dry nurse, who was found dead, having my lord's second daughter fast in her arms, holding a small silver cup in her hands which she usually played with, which was all rimpled and bruised, yet the young lady did not receive the least hurt. The nurse had likewise one of her hands fixed upon the cradle, in which lay my lord's youngest daughter, and the cradle almost filled with rubbish, yet the child received no sort of prejudice. A considerable number of other persons were all destroyed by the same accident."

* From this mention of the great number of rocks so dangerously surrounding the island, we are induced to extract the following account from the author to whom we have previously referred. "We were on board the ship Henningham Castle, about three hundred tons burthen, bound for London, from the Island of Antigua. After a long passage of twelve weeks and five days, in which we had met with very blowing contrary winds, and exceedingly tempestuous weather, and for many days had not been able to make any observations from the sun, we at length met with two vessels, whose captains gladly followed the course we steered. Through the obstinacy or ignorance of our commander, and notwithstanding the captain of the Pacquet had well informed how the Lizard Point bore from us, and consequently how we ought to have shaped our course that night; yet from the imprudence of our captain, or an unhappy fatality, we were about twelve o'clock the same night, suddenly surprised by a frightful noise of the surge of the sea beating against rocks or mainland, for at that time we

ROQUE DE GUET.

COBO BAY, GUERNSEY

bable that the rocks once formed part of the mainland of the island, and that the action of the sea has removed the loose deposits which formerly filled up the spaces now open to the waters. On these rocks a sea-weed is found, extremely serviceable as manure, but which is also used as a substitute for coal and fire-wood; it is called in French, "varech," and in the island dialect, "vraic." Regular seasons are appointed by the island legislature for gathering this weed, which is so intimately connected with the domestic economy of the inhabitants, as well as the agriculture of their country, that vraic-gathering is considered a most important affair, and is ushered in with great solemnity. It is a singular usage peculiar to Guernsey and the neighbouring islands; nearly all the population concerned in agricultural pursuits, as well as the poorer inhabitants, are engaged in it, and the morning for gathering vraic, presents an animated and curious scene. At the appointed time, parties set out at an early hour on the expedition, each person having on his leg and foot some necessary gear, and carrying with him a small scythe to separate the weed from the rock. From the carts, in which they proceed to the shore, are slung small kegs of the best beverage at command, and boats to contain five or six persons are in readiness to convey them from the water-side to the scene of action. At high water an immense number of persons are seen eagerly waiting for the moment when the retreating tide will enable them to pursue their avocation, and so anxious

knew not which. And here, without affecting the orator, or endeavouring to captivate by a tedious description, I can venture to affirm, that the night was really as dark and dismal in its appearance through every part of the sky and horizon, as poetical fiction could well paint it, and in the sailors' phrase, not being able to see one's hand held out on the deck. Upon all hands being called up, we found ourselves instantaneously surrounded by rocks, and on sounding, we found not above one fathom water more under us than what the ship drew. This, with the shrieks and cries of some ladies who were passengers, was no small addition to the disastrous shock we laboured under, not knowing or being able to conceive what particular land we were near. In this confusion, having about fifty souls on board, all stood amazed, not knowing which way to disengage ourselves, or how immediately to get down anchors; in the attempt of which, two actually were cut to pieces by the rocks and shoals; but at last our sheet anchor happily held, and preserved us, and we rode safe till the weather broke out clear, and the morning ushered in.—When to our more than common astonishment, we found ourselves every where environed by rocks and a mainland; great numbers of people coming down from the country, equally amazed at the sight of a ship being seen where we lay at anchor. However, after firing two or three guns, we instantly weighed, and with the utmost difficulty got clear from between two rocks, which Providence had so miraculously in our favour, suffered our ship to pass through, unperceived by any of the crew, in the midst of darkness and blowing weather."

are they to make the most of their time, that their carts are often floating, and their horses swimming, in order to hasten their approach to the rich spoil. One of these seasons commences about the middle of March, the other is in July, each usually lasting for about ten days. They are seasons of feasting and merriment, as well as of labour: "vraicking cakes," composed of flour, milk, and sugar, are made, and plentifully distributed, and the best cask of cider left in the buttery is broached. At other times than the regular vraicking seasons, the inhabitants on the coast are engaged in collecting the vraic thrown on the beach by the sea. Men, women, and children, gather and spread it out to dry, and the produce of their labour either serves for fuel, or is sold; it is almost the only fuel of the country, making a warm, though not a very cheerful fire. Coal is scarcely ever used but upon feast days, or some other important occasions.

There is an ancient custom prevalent in Guernsey, which probably originated in the poverty and, consequently, the parsimony of the natives; this is the "lit de veille," which is a broad bed-frame placed in one corner of the room usually occupied; it is raised a little distance from the floor, and is covered with dry fern, or hay, or pea-haum. The "young people" of several neighbouring houses assemble, and sit in a circle on it during the long winter evenings. One large lamp is suspended over head, furnishing light for the inhabitants of several houses, who, thus packed closely together, dispense with the superfluous luxury of a fire. The roof of the apartment, and the walls against which the "lit de veille" is placed, are festooned with dried flowers, and branches of laurel, myrtle, and other shrubs. The dress of the poorer inhabitants is as peculiar as some of their customs. The bonnet is curious, and of large dimensions; the crown is formed of a long piece of silk, gathered into three rows of plaits, of an oval shape from the front to the back of the head, and is set off between the folds with lace or crape, according as the wearer is or is not in mourning. A very large and very complex bow of narrow ribbon is plaited immediately in front. The top of the crown is either flat or plaited to correspond with the rest of the bonnet; and on the top another bow is perched. The front, which is of paste-board, is covered with silk, and resembles the vizor of a boy's cap. Underneath this piece of workmanship, is a close mob cap, with a narrow muslin border, plain on the forehead and temples, but plaited from the ears to the chin. The gown is of an old-fashioned chintz pattern, and open in front, which exposes to view a thickly quilted

black stuff petticoat; a coloured handkerchief is worn with the boddice, which is open in front to the waist; the sleeves are tight, and terminate just below the elbow; blue worsted stockings, with black velvet shoes and buckles, complete this fanciful costume. The dress, and also the style of living among the higher classes, are receiving great modifications from an increasing intercourse with England; and though scarcely any of the country people can speak a word of English, it is almost universal in the higher ranks, who have obtained a tolerably correct pronunciation of it. The old Norman language is usually spoken, that is, the French some centuries back, but the patois varies in different parishes.

The climate of Guernsey is mild and healthy, and said to bear a great affinity to that in the south-west coast of England. The cold in winter is not so great as in other parts under the same latitude, and the heat of summer is tempered by those fresh breezes which blow almost continually from the surrounding ocean. The soil is fruitful, and yields abundance of grass for sheep and other cattle. The fields in the spring and summer seasons are agreeably diversified with flowers; and the various cottages and villas, to which are attached gardens containing choice plants and flowers,—the luxuriance of vegetation, and the rare plants occasionally seen in the open air, are evidence both of the mildness of the climate * and the taste of the inhabitants. Mr. Inglis, in his pleasing and entertaining history of the Channel Islands, gives the following account. "One of the most remarkably successful plants, is the verbena triphylla; I have seen it almost a tree in Guernsey, reaching to nearly twenty feet in height, and reminding me of the gardens of the Aleazar, at Seville, where I saw it for the first time in perfection. The magnolia grandiflora is another plant very successfully cultivated in Guernsey, flowering both regularly and luxuriantly; but which, excepting in parts of Cornwall, cannot generally be depended upon in England. I have seen splendid specimens of the fuchsia in Guernsey gardens; some of them, I am certain, from six to eight feet high, and ten or twelve in circumference, and covered with their beautiful pendent blossoms, many of them an inch and a half long. Many other rare and beautiful plants, which require artificial heat in England, grow in Guernsey out of doors; among others, the celtis macrantha, and both varieties of camellia japonica, which sometimes attain the height of twenty feet." The fig-tree attains great

* Dr. Mac Culloch, in a paper addressed to the Caledonian Horticultural Society, states that the canna indica, a native of very warm climates, has become so naturalized in Guernsey, as to become a weed in the gardens it has occupied.

luxuriance, and a remarkable size; aloes have been known to thrive well, and the most hardy species of the orange-tree will bear fruit in winter with very little shelter. Great numbers of the "Guernsey lily" are annually exported to England and France, but will not blow a second time out of the island. The orchards are very productive; they are composed chiefly of apples, which are used for making cider, the usual beverage in Guernsey.

St. Peter's Port, which is the principal port, and gives name to the town, is built on a hill which slopes gradually down to the sea, studded with villas, to which are attached gardens tastefully laid out; and one or two buildings of some importance, rising above their more humble neighbours, are seen to advantage, and meet the eye on entering the harbour, at once giving the place a most imposing and panoramic effect. The attractions of the town quite disappear upon coming on shore, the streets being narrow and crooked, composed of "old dusky looking houses," all the principal residences and ornamental villas being in the outskirts. There is a public seminary in the town of considerable note, called Elizabeth College; it was founded in 1563, under the authority of letters patent of Elizabeth, by whom it was endowed with a corn rent, the present value of which is above two hundred pounds per annum. It was, however, a mere nominal institution until the year 1824, when the states of Guernsey adopted means for rendering this establishment an efficient and easily available seminary for the education of the youth of the island. Under its present management, the endowment just mentioned, assisted by a contribution in the nature of a college fee of twelve pounds per annum, affords for every class of scholars a sufficient variety of instruction to qualify them for any pursuit for which they may be destined, whether prime minister, parish minister, or other less onerous duty. The building is a striking object in the prospect of the town from the sea; it is situated on the high ground at the back of the town; it is of considerable extent, and its architecture though perhaps not in quite correct taste, has a monastic and almost oriental appearance, and from its situation in a spacious area, has an air of quiet, harmonizing with the ideas entertained of a pile of buildings devoted to study.

There is another public institution in Guernsey which is creditable to the moral feelings of the islanders, as that just mentioned is to their tastes and intellectual; we refer to the establishment called (a misnomer) the "Hospital;" it embraces the dissemination of almost every description of charity; it partakes of the nature and supplies the place of the

C Stanfield R.A. W Linden sc

ST. PIERRE PORT

GUERNSEY

poor houses, the workhouses, the places of refuge for the destitute, and in some respects the national schools of this country. The system pursued here is one of the most liberal, and at the same time economical and orderly that can be imagined; it requires only conformity to its rules, as a return for supplying almost every want of its inmates, and neither youth nor age, sex, religion, or country, form a valid ground of exclusion.

The fish market of St. Peter's Port, is a new building, and for convenience, and the abundance of its supplies, is unrivalled by any market in Europe. It is a hundred and ninety feet in length, and broad and lofty in proportion. The interior, which is light and airy, has a double row of marble slabs extending the whole length of the building, constantly supplied with abundance of fresh water, the view of which is perfectly beautiful.

The two views of Roque de Guet, Cobo Bay,—and St. Peter's Port, are eminently characteristic of the scenery of the place, the former being an admirable represensation of its sterile coast, and the latter equally interesting as a picturesque representation of an English town, built in the continental style.

DOVOR.

Dovor, or Dover, in the Itinerary of Antoninus, is called Ad Portum Dubris. The ancient British name of the town was Dwyr, derived from Dwfyrrha, signifying a steep place. The Saxons called it *Dorfa*, and Dofris, which in the Domesday Book is, in the words of Mr. Brayley, "softened into Dovere." In the time of the Romans, Dovor was a seaport, and at one period was surrounded by walls, having ten gates; and is supposed to have been the place at which Julius Cæsar first endeavoured to effect a landing; but finding the coast dangerous and the cliffs bristling with warriors, prepared to receive him, he abandoned his intention, and landed about eight miles to the westward.

At a very early period the Saxon invaders made themselves masters of the castle of Dovor, and constructed works which are yet in existence. Long previous to the invasion of Cæsar, the site of the present castle must have been a British hill-fortress. "The real existence of such a prior stronghold," observes Mr. King; "may not only be concluded from its situation on the summit of a cliff so very proper for the purpose, more than three hundred feet in height, and from the peculiar form of the outlines still remaining; but may be also inferred from the old tradition which says, that here Arviragus, the British chief, fortified himself, when he refused to pay the tribute imposed by Julius Cæsar; and that here, afterwards, King Arthur also held his residence." Currency has also been given to the castle having been founded by Cæsar, and an old author is quoted in support of this supposition, who says, that "they of the castell kept till this day certeine vessels of olde wine and salte, which they affirme to be the remayne of suche provision as he (Cæsar) brought into it." But as Cæsar informs us in his Commentaries that he was only a few months in England, such an opinion must be void of any reasonable foundation. Edward the Confessor granted to Dovor a charter of privileges, and in his reign the institution of the Cinque Ports is supposed to have taken place, and Dovor made one of them. Earl Godwin was during that reign the governor of the castle, and took part

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DOVER PIER.

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in an incident which is strongly indicative of his proud and independent character, and of the troublous times in which he lived. Eustace, Earl of Boulogne, the father of the famous Godfrey, who won Jerusalem from the Saracens, being on his return from a visit to his brother-in-law, Edward the Confessor, came to Dovor; one of his suite insisted on having private lodgings in the town, selecting the house of a man who was unwilling to let apartments, and according to the law of might, so prevalent in those romantic times, the dispute grew from a quarrel to a fray, and from a fray to a desperate battle, in which nineteen of the townsmen and twenty-one of the Earl's retinue were slain, with a due complement on both sides wounded. Eustace himself escaped the fury of the people, and hastened to the king, then at Gloucester, and demanded satisfaction for what he called an insult, and Edward, willing to afford him the redress he desired, ordered Godwin to proceed with his power, and take vengeance on the rioters. The Earl refused, hotly replying, " It was not the custom in England, to punish persons unheard; and the rights and privileges of the subject ought not to be violated;" adding, " the accused should be summoned, and if upon inquiry they were found guilty, should make satisfaction with their bodies, or their estates; or if innocent, should be discharged;" hastily concluding, " that being Earl of Kent, and constable of Dovor Castle, it was his business to protect those who were under his government, from the insults of foreigners." The King, highly incensed at this, determined to chastise Godwin and his sons Swane and Harold; but Godwin, aware of this intention, assembled his forces and demanded, accompanying his demand with a threat of open rebellion in case of its not being complied with, that Eustace and his followers should be delivered up to him. Godwin was however compelled, in consequence of the events which ensued, to leave England with his sons; but by a well concerted plan, soon returned, and obtained such an acquisition of strength, that the king, on his merely nominal submission, reinstated him in all his estates and honours.

The importance of Dovor Castle was so well known to William the Conqueror, that when he was taking measures for ensuring himself as the successor of Edward, he refused to permit the departure of Earl Harold* from Rouen, holding him in restraint till he bound himself by a

* Of this earl, afterwards king of England, Milton writes in his history, that he was " no sooner plac't in the throne" than he " began to frame himself by all manner of compliances to gain affection, endeavour'd to make good laws, repeal'd bad, became a great

solemn oath, to deliver up to him after Edward's death,* "the Castle of Dover with the well of water in it." Hither, too, the Conqueror hastened after the battle of Hastings, many of the people having fled to it as an impregnable fortress, and although the resistance he met with was slight, he revenged it by burning the town, putting to death the governor, Stephen de Ashburnham, and his lieutenant; acts of cruelty, it is presumed, intended to intimidate all who thought of opposing him. According to Domesday Book, Dovor equipped twenty vessels annually for the king's service, in consideration of being exempt from all tolls and taxes, and of various other privileges.† The possession of Dovor was assigned

patron to church and churchmen, courteous and affable to all reputed good, a hater of evil doers, charg'd all his officers to punish theeves, robbers, and all disturbers of the peace, while he himself by sea and land labour'd in the defence of his countrey: so good an actor is ambition. In the mean while," he continues, "a blazing star, seven mornings together, about the end of April, was seen to stream terribly, not only over England, but other parts of the world: foretelling heer, as was thought, the great changes approaching; plainliest prognosticated by *Elmer*, a monk of *Malmsbury*, who could not foresee, when time was, the breaking of his own legs for soaring too high. He, in his youth, strangely aspiring, had made and fitted wings to his hands and feet; with these, on the top of a tower, spread out to gather air, he flew more than a furlong; but the wind being too high, came fluttering down, to the maiming of all his limbs; yet so conceited of his art, that he attributed the cause of his fall to the want of a tail, as birds have, which he forgot to make to his hinder parts. This story," concludes the author of Paradise Lost, and he writes our apology for this extract, if apology were needed, "though seeming otherwise too light in the midst of a sad narration, yet for the strangeness thereof, I thought worthy enough the placing as I found it plac't in my author."

* Of this prince, Milton says, "That he was harmless and simple, is conjectured by his words in anger to a peasant who had cross'd his game (for with hunting and hawking he was much delighted):—By God and God's mother, said he, I shall do you as shrewd a turn if I can; observing that law-maxime, the best of all his successors, that the king of England can do no wrong."

† The following is an extract from Domesday book, and is curious. "In the time of king Edward, *Dovere* paid eighteen pounds, of which sum Edward had two parts, and Earl Goodwin the third part of one moiety, and the canons of St. Martin had the other. The burgesses have furnished the king with twenty ships, once in each year for fifteen days, and in each ship, were twenty-one men; this they had done because he had freed them from *Sac* and *Soc*. When the king's messengers have come there, they have given for the passage of a horse, three-pence in winter, and two-pence in summer; but the burgesses found a steersman, and one other assistant; if more were necessary, they were provided at the expense of the king. Whoever constantly resided in the town, was quit of toll throughout England. All these customs were in use there when King William came into England. At his first coming, the town itself was burnt, and therefore the value of it, when the Bishop of Baieux received it, could not be computed, nor is it rated at forty pounds, though the bailiff

by the Conqueror to Bishop Odo, his half brother, whom he created Earl of Kent, Justiciary of England, and Governor of Dovor Castle. This proud, avaricious and imperious prelate, soon rendered himself obnoxious to the people. By the most oppressive means he obtained for himself one hundred and eighty fiefs in Kent, besides two hundred and fifty more in other parts of the kingdom. This state of things soon induced the brave men of Kent to make an attempt, while the king was absent in Normandy, to seize the castle and expel the intruders; and for the "better achieving their desire," says Lambard, "it was agreed that Eustace, Earl of Boulogne, should crosse the seas in a night by them appointed, at whiche time they would not faile with all their force to meet him, and so (joyning bands) soudainly assayle and enter it. They met accordingly, and marched by darke night toward the castell, well furnished with scaling ladders; but by reason that the watch had descried them, they not only fayled of that whiche they intended, but also fell into that whiche they never feared; for the souldiours within the castell (to whom Odo, the Bishop of Baieux, and Hugh Montfort, which then were with the king in Normandie had committed the charge thereof,) kept themselves close, and suffered the assaylents to approache the wall, and then, whyles they disorderly attempted to scale it, they set wide open their gates, and made a soudaine salie out of the place, and set upon them with such fury, that they compelled Eustace, with a few others, to returne to his shippe; the rest of his companie being either slaine by the sworde, destroyed by fall from the cliffs, or devoured by the sea." Some years after this attempt the king had Odo sent prisoner into Normandy, and confiscated his property, fortified the castle anew, and gave the command of it, extensive powers, and lands, to John de Fiennes, who extended and repaired the fortifications, and gave them to the defence of eight knights, whom he chose to act with him, and who were bound by the tenure of the lands they held of him under the king, to keep in turn, one hundred and twenty-five soldiers from month to month, to be ready on necessity, and to keep watch and ward, at the same time allotting particular towers, turrets, and portions of the bulwarks, to their charge, which they were enjoined to put and keep in defence; and which afterwards bore the names of the several captains to whose care they had been assigned. At this period, and during several

renders from thence fifty-four pounds. In Dover are twenty mansions, of which the king has lost the custom."

successive centuries, the castle of Dovor was called " the key and barrier of the whole realm."

Henry the Second, on his arrival from Normandy, rebuilt the keep on the Norman plan, and otherwise materially increased the fortifications. Lewis the Dauphin in 1216, having landed near Sandwich, and possessed himself of several strong places, besieged Dovor. The alleged object of the dauphin, was to assist the discontented barons. But Herbert de Burgh, the then governor, so strenuously defended the castle with only one hundred and forty soldiers, exclusive of his own servants, that the dauphin was compelled to retire. Many of the castles in the southern counties had submitted to him, but when Philip Augustus heard that his son had not obtained Dovor, he swore by St. James, that he had not gained a foot of land in England ; so great was the importance at that time attached to it. The siege was several times attempted, and as often raised between the reigns of John and that of Henry the Third, and the remains of a work may still be traced on the side of the hill next to the town, which was raised by the dauphin to cover the approaches of his men. On the last occasion of the dauphin's besieging the castle, he sent a message to Hubert, the governor, by upwards of forty barons, appointed to confer with him, promising to enrich him and confer upon him any amount of honours, if he would deliver up the fortress ; but the governor was not to be seduced from his duty, and he was afterwards handsomely rewarded by Henry for his gallant services.

According to the town records, Dovor, in the reign of Edward the Second, was divided into twenty-one wards, each of which was compelled to provide at its own charge, a ship for the king's service, and in return, the town had the exclusive privilege of a licence for a packet boat to convey passengers to and from France. In 1382, Anne, daughter of the Emperor Charles the Fourth, and afterwards consort of Richard the Second, arrived here. When the Emperor Sigismund disembarked at Dovor in 1416, on a visit to his cousin, Henry the Fifth ; he was formally met at the water's edge by the Duke of Gloucester and several of the nobility, with drawn swords, in order to oppose his landing, should the object of his visit prove to be of a hostile nature. In 1520, the Emperor Charles the Fifth, was met here by Henry the Eighth, whence both monarchs proceeded to Canterbury, and there kept the festival of Whitsuntide.*

* Henry, aware of the importance of Dovor, contributed eighty thousand pounds towards the erection of a pier, which was completed in the reign of Elizabeth, at which period the

The last time that the castle of Dovor was the subject of warlike contention, was in the reign of Charles the First, when it was taken by surprise, by a few men in the night. A merchant of the name of Drake, a zealous partizan of the Parliamentarians, with the aid of only ten or twelve men, was the hero of this notable feat. About midnight on the first of August, 1642, was the time fixed for the enterprise, and at the time appointed the men assembled, and by the aid of scaling ladders, ascended with their muskets undiscovered, to the top of the cliff from the sea-side, which having been considered inaccessible, had been left unguarded. Having reached the summit unmolested, Drake advanced, seized the centinel, and threw open the gates. The officer on duty believing that Drake was supported by a strong party, surrendered at discretion. Drake immediately sent messengers to Canterbury to the

harbour was likewise constantly undergoing improvements. The importance in which the place was held in the reign of Elizabeth, may be inferred from the following extracts taken from a memorial presented by Sir Walter Raleigh to his royal mistress.—"No promontory, town, or haven in Christendom, is so placed by nature and situation, both to gratify friends and annoy enemies, as this town of Dover. No place is so settled to receive and deliver intelligence, for all matters and actions in Europe, from time to time. No town is by nature so settled, either to allure intercourse by sea, or to train inhabitants by land, to make it great, fair, rich, and populous; nor is there in the whole circuit of this famous isle, any port, either in respect of security or defence, or of traffic or intercourse, more convenient, needful, or rather of necessity, to be regarded, than this of Dover. Situated on a promontory, next fronting a puissant nation, and in the very strait, passage, and intercourse of almost all the shipping in Christendom," &c. After some farther statements, the memorial thus concludes: "Seeing, then, it hath pleased God to give unto this realm such a situation for a port and town, as all Christendom hath not the like, and endowed the same with all commodities, both by sea and land, that can be wished to make the harbour allure intercourse, and maintain inhabitants, and that the same once performed, must be advantageous to the revenue, and augment the welfare and riches of the realm in general, and both needful and necessary, as well for the succour and protecting friends, as annoying and offending enemies, both in peace and war; methinks there remaineth no other declaration in this case, but how most sufficiently, and, with greatest perfection possible, most speedily, the same may be accomplished." The greatest improvements that have been made in Dovor harbour are to be ascribed to a charter of James the First, appointing eleven commissioners, the lord warden of the cinque ports, then lieutenant of the castle, and the mayor of Dovor, being always three, as conservators of the port, and incorporating them under the title of "Warden and Assistants of the port and harbour of the port of Dovor." Of all the attempts, however, to benefit the port of Dovor, the most strange, was an act of the Tenth of Edward the Third, which enacted, that "all merchants, travels, and pilgrims, going to the Continent, should not go from any other place than Dovor." In the time of Richard the Second, the conveyance to France, was in summer, for a single person, sixpence; for a horse, eighteen-pence; in winter, for a single person, one shilling, and for a horse, two shillings.

Earl of Warwick, with intelligence of his success, who sent him fifty men, and the city sent seventy men to assist him in retaining possession. The King, on receiving the news of this event, dispatched a general officer to retake it; but the Parliament knew its importance, and by means of a superior force, compelled the royalists to raise the siege.

The last events that can be mentioned as having any thing of an historical tendency, are, that in 1814, on the restoration of Louis the Eighteenth to the French throne, his late Majesty George the Fourth, then Prince Regent, accompanied him to Dovor, and in the same year, Alexander Emperor of Russia, and Frederic William King of Prussia, with the veteran Blucher, and other distinguished foreigners, embarked at Boulogne on board the "Impregnable," bearing the flag of his then Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, now our Most Gracious Sovereign, as Admiral of the Fleet, and landed at Dovor, on a visit to the Regent.

Near the edge of the cliff on which the castle is situated, is a piece of brass ordnance twenty-four feet long, which was cast at Utrecht in 1544, and presented to Queen Elizabeth by the States of Holland. It is called Queen Elizabeth's pocket pistol. It carries a twelve-pound shot, and it is said that if loaded well and kept clean, it will carry a shot to the French shore. This is too great a marvel to be true, and it is generally understood that it is altogether unfit for use. The gun is covered with many curious devices, and on the breach are the following lines in old Dutch:

"Breeck scvret al mure ende wal
Bin ic geheten
Doer Berch en dal boert minen bal
Van mi gesmeten."

The generally received translation is as follows:

"O'er hill and dale I throw my ball,
Breaker, my name, of mound and wall."

It would be foreign to our purpose to enter into a description of the fortifications, or a disquisition upon the different styles of architecture observable in the numerous buildings. To the antiquary it is a subject of great interest, and several books have been written on the subject. We must be content with stating, that during the late war with France, the western heights of the town were strongly fortified upon the modern system, and the works were so well arranged, that whilst a small garrison would have been sufficient for the defence, a large army could

have been disposed of within the walls. There are three entrances to the heights; one by a fort called Archcliff Fort, another by a new military road commanded by the batteries of the castle, and the third from the head of a tower by a staircase of very peculiar construction, called the grand military shaft. The immediate entrance to the harbour is protected by Archcliff Fort, at the extremity of the pier, and Amhurst battery at the north pier-head. A new military road has been constructed to the fortifications of the western heights, the lines which connect them extending from the eastern redoubt to the sally port, west of Archcliff Fort, making altogether, a complete line of defence round the town, from the castle to the cliff called Shakspeare's cliff. There are casemates, dug in the solid chalk rock, magazines, covered ways, and various subterraneous communications and apartments for soldiery, the latter being sufficiently capacious for the accommodation of two thousand men, and which form, with their inmates, a most curious spectacle. Light and air are conveyed by well-like apertures dug in the chalk, and by lateral openings carried through to the face of the cliffs.

The castle and the cliffs combined, give great interest to Dovor; and the broad beach, the semi-circular form of the town, the entrance of the port terminated by an extensive sea view, the French coast in the distance, with the numerous vessels passing to and fro in the Channel, give an imposing and beautiful appearance to the different views, which are, perhaps, not to be exceeded any where on the sea-coast of England. For our present illustration, Dovor Pier, we need not appeal to any who have visited Dovor for its fidelity, for it must at once be recognized. To those who have not been so fortunate, it will convey a correct impression, and bring to their mind, not only the Pier and the Castle, but the cliff from whence

> "The murmuring surge,
> That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
> Cannot be heard so high—"

and whence the "shrill-gorged lark,"—so great the height—"cannot be seen or heard!"—it will bring to mind Shakspeare's Cliff! and a name will be breathed that all good men reverence, and all great men in vain attempt to praise.

RAMSGATE.

Like most of the watering-places on the eastern coast of England, Ramsgate was a mere fishing hamlet, consisting only of a few mean and shabby-looking dwellings, and until the 21st of June 1827, was part of the parish of St. Lawrence, when it was made a distinct parish by an Act of 7 & 8 Geo. 4. In all judicial proceedings, it is called the *Ville* of Ramsgate, and is an ancient member of the Cinque port and town of Sandwich, to which it was finally annexed by a charter granted by Henry VII. According to a maritime survey made in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the whole place contained only twenty-five inhabited houses; yet the boats and vessels belonging to the port amounted to fourteen, of from three to sixteen tons burthen.

After the Revolution of 1688, the inhabitants of this place engaged very successfully in the trade with Russia and the Eastern countries, and the buildings were in consequence much enlarged, and greatly increased in number; but the improvements made in the harbour about the middle of the last century have been the cause of the principal increase and importance of Ramsgate. There was a pier for shipping as early as the time of Henry VIII. but quite inadequate to afford security to the numerous vessels that were driven on this coast in tempestuous weather; and a storm which happened in December 1748, that forced many ships from their anchorage in the Downs, exciting much public attention, parliament determined in the ensuing year (22 Geo. 2.) that "a sufficient harbour should be made for the reception of ships of and under three hundred tons burthen." The work was accordingly begun about the year 1750, from the designs of William Ockenden, Esq. and Captain Robert Brooke: the east pier, designed by the former, was to be of stone; and the west pier of wood. The work was carried on with much energy and spirit for several years; when disagreements arising among the superintendents, together with various difficulties with which they met as they proceeded, the undertaking was considerably delayed, and many years elapsed before it was completed; but the utility of the

C. Stanfield. R.A. Bentley sc

RAMSGATE

work is now perfectly established, as is shown by the improvement in the shipping trade, and by the number of ships and vessels that annually take shelter here in stormy weather since its completion. Between the years 1792 and 1802, several additional buildings were made; a new light-house, of stone, with Argand lamps and reflectors, was erected on the head of the West Pier; good convenience was afforded by the construction of a wharf, for the landing and shipping of goods; a low edifice was built as a watch-house, on the head of the advanced pier, in which hawsers were deposited for the assistance of ships in distress; a handsome structure cased with stone, was erected for the meetings of the trustees, committees, &c., on the top of which is a cupola, and when in a line with the light-house, forms the leading mark for vessels entering; so that no expense has been spared in rendering this harbour as extensively useful as the stormy nature of the Channel renders it requisite it should be. The sums expended in its construction are stated to amount to above a million. Its surpassing utility may be conceived from the mention of the fact that during the storms which occurred in December 1795,* upwards of three hundred sail of vessels were sheltered here at one time; some of them upwards of three hundred tons burthen. In 1780, the number of vessels seeking shelter only amounted to twenty-nine during the whole year, but the annual average is now one thousand one hundred. The area of the harbour is nearly circular, and comprehends about forty acres, and is two hundred feet wide at the mouth. The pier, which forms the harbour on the sea side, is built principally of Purbeck and Portland stone; in the latest improvements, of Cornish granite. For extent and beauty it is unrivalled in the kingdom. It projects eight hundred feet into the sea, before making an angle, and including the parapet, is twenty-six feet broad at the top; the front presents a polygon, each side of which is four hundred

* Among the facts stated before a Committee of the House of Commons, proving the great local advantage of Ramsgate as a harbour are the following:—"That in the said great storm of the December preceding, a number of ships were actually forced into and *saved* in Ramsgate harbour, although then so small as to be scarce capable of receiving vessels of two hundred tons at any state of the tide; the pier then having been only built and maintained by the fishermen of the place. That at Ramsgate, or near it, was not only the best, but, in reality, the *only place*, where any harbour could be built, that would be serviceable to ships in distress in the Downs, because Ramsgate was right in the lee of that road, with such winds as produced that distress; and at such a proper distance, that after driving, or breaking loose, they had time to get under sail, so that with a slender share of seamanship, they could *make* an harbour, if built there.

and fifty feet long. The eastern pier, including its flexures and angles, is about three thousand feet long, and the western about one thousand five hundred and fifty. The difficulties encountered in erecting these piers, and furnishing the harbour with its adjoining basins, have been enough to intimidate the enterprise and check the ingenuity of any man of science; but Mr. Smeaton, the architect of the Eddystone, and after his death the equally celebrated Mr. Rennie, and since then his son and successors, have by unremitting perseverance achieved a work which it is not exaggeration to call a national monument. In the year 1754, a massive frame-work of timber was erected near the north end of the West Pier, including a stair-case, called Jacob's Ladder, which forms a communication from the top to the bottom of the cliffs. The mouth of the harbour being far advanced into the sea, the entrance of a vessel in tempestuous weather is a spectacle of considerable interest, and generally attracts a crowd of spectators, among whom any thing but apathy prevails. The alternations of hope and fear are apparent in the dullest, although the known security of the haven leads them to expect at worst a "hair breadth scape" rather than a tale of shipwreck. The sea-views are very fine, particularly when the Downs are full of shipping. On a fine clear day, the cliffs of Calais, which are about thirty miles distant, may be seen, and a view of the towns of Sandwich and Deal, with some striking features of the uplands and fruitful vallies of Kent, altogether forming a series of pleasing and delightful views. The warm baths, lately constructed on the cliff, are contained in an elegant and commodious building; they are supplied with sea-water every tide, by means of a deep well communicating with a subterranean passage dug through the chalk to the sea side. The bathing-place is a fine sandy shore below the cliffs, to the south of the pier. Many vessels now belong to this port, which are constantly employed in the importation of coals from Newcastle and Sunderland. Boat-building, and the repairs of shipping, which are so frequently required after the heavy gales of wind, are carried on here to a considerable extent. The village of St. Lawrence is on the brow of the hill, immediately above Ramsgate, but in fact forming part of it; it is a long and winding street, extending westward. It was anciently a chapelry to Minster, but was made parochial in the year 1275. Its name is derived from the patron saint of the church,—which is a large edifice, built principally with field-stones, rough-casted over. A little eastward from this church, are the remains of a small chantry chapel that was dedicated to the Holy Trinity, and endowed with some contiguous lands,

for the maintenance of a priest; after the Reformation these endowments were converted into a lay fee, and the chapel became a cottager's dwelling; it is now a mere ruin. Nearly two miles westward from St. Lawrence, is the picturesque hamlet of Manston Green, adjacent to which was a curious cavern, excavated about sixty years ago, by some eccentric yeoman, for the purpose of obtaining chalk to mix with manure. It consisted of three long passages, with lateral communications; some parts of it have recently fallen in. A little further in the same direction is a large and ancient mansion erected here by the Manstons, which for many generations was the seat and inheritance o that family; it has since been converted into a farm-house, but still retains many vestiges of its ancient splendour. Near the north end of this building are the ruins of the family chapel, now reduced to its outer walls, which are finely mantled with ivy. About one mile southward from the church of St. Lawrence is Pegwell Bay, which every visitor to Ramsgate will remember as easily for the dinner he has enjoyed, as an Alderman remembers Blackwall—" with a difference" that mullet supplies the place of white-bait.

On the 25th of September 1821, His Majesty George IV. embarked from Ramsgate pier for Calais in his progress to Hanover, having been entertained the previous night at the residence of the late Sir William Curtis; and he also landed here on the following 8th of November on his return. To commemorate the event a granite obelisk with appropriate inscription was erected on the pier, at the entrance by the land side, at the expense of the trustees of the harbour and visitors. It is a pillar of graceful proportions, and a pleasing ornament to this great structure.

The pier, about which we have said so much, and about which we could say much more if our limits permitted, with the light-house, is represented in the accompanying engraving of Ramsgate. The extent of this bold invasion of the sea may be judged by the houses on the cliffs in the back ground. On the opposite side from the foreground, where the sailors and labourers are at work in the Summer and Autumn, may be seen the characters that form the motley promenade:—gentlemen with shooting caps and shooting jackets, who look as if they would faint at the report of a pop-gun; the half-shabby-dressed man of wealth from the city thinking of " his house, his money, and his bags;" the clerk with his " comfortable" income, strutting the perfect image of self-sufficiency, and discussing politics and stock for the benefit of all

who perambulate within speaking-trumpet distance; the voyageur who never went further than Margate, until he ventured to Ramsgate, and who for a week has been meditating a trip to Dovor, and has serious thoughts of going next year to Calais; those young ladies who expect "Pa" by the early boat on Saturday, marching with all the regularity of the "Invincibles," but making no conquests; a stately dame with handkerchief, lap-dog, and footman, among which 'twere difficult to say *what* most courts attention—the flapping of the cambric, the yelp of the cur, or the ostentatious livery of the lackey; and then perhaps the eye may be relieved by the sight of some kind mother with her "daughter dear"—some group of truth and nature that makes us bless the world we live in—or haply it may rest on one fair form that, evening after evening, has been seen on the beaten track inhaling a momentary freshness from the grateful breeze, and creating hope destined to die, in some attendant relative, who vainly fancies that the hectic glow is no transient visitor, and that health is again about to illuminate a countenance that will convey gladness to a family of rejoicing hearts too surely doomed to mourn.

Such are sea-side scenes; and in Ramsgate they are more abundant than in most places on the eastern coast,—not that fashion sends thither her votaries (though she does), nor that the place is cheap (for it is not), nor that the air is most salubrious (which it is,) but because the universal agent, steam, carries visitors in safety round the North Foreland, on the Margate side of which, before this agency came into operation, the sailing-packets used to land them.

Bentley, sc.

BROADSTAIRS.

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BROADSTAIRS.

Broadstairs* is a small seaport and hamlet in the parish of St. Peter, the same parish which forms part of Ramsgate—from which place it is but two miles distant. It was anciently called Bradston, and exhibits vestiges of once having been a place of importance. Subsequently it was reduced to a mere fishing village, but again has obtained some celebrity as a place of resort for sea-bathers, the influx of which class has caused a due proportion of buildings to be erected under the novel names of Hotels, Boarding Houses, and Warm Baths. With respect to the Boarding Houses, it is shrewdly recorded by some travellers who have explored the country in that direction, that there is nothing in the exteriors to please the lover of antiquities, although their interiors abound at particular periods with the choicest and strangest specimens.

For the accommodation of the fishermen a small wooden pier was built about the time of Henry VIII., and although an Act of Parliament was passed in the 32 Geo. 3. for the improvement of the harbour and the pier, the trade of the place had so much decreased that its provisions were never carried entirely into effect. Let us however be consoled : what the town has lost in utility we gain in the picturesque. Leading down to the shore is a stone arch or portal, with walls built of flint, in which were gates and a portcullis with a drawbridge attached; erected to protect the inhabitants from the incursions of privateers. Above the arch is this inscription : " York gate, built by George Culmer, A. D. 1540, re-

* Near here, a monstrous fish, shot himself on shore, on a little sand, now called *Fishness*, about six o'clock one evening, where for want of water he died : the next day " his roaring," says Kilburne in his ' Survey of Kent,' " was heard above a mile : his length was twenty-two yards, the nether jaw opening twelve feet ; one of his eyes was more than a cart and six horses could draw ; a man stood upright in the place from whence his eye was taken ; the thickness from his back to the top of his belly was fourteen feet ; his tail of the same breadth : the distance between his eyes was twelve feet : three men stood upright in his mouth : some of his ribs were sixteen feet long ; his tongue was fifteen feet long ; his liver was two cart loads ; and a man might creep into his nostrils."

paired by Sir John Henniker, Bart. 1795." At a short distance from the gate is a dwelling house, the remains of a small chapel dedicated to Our Lady of Broadstairs, and formerly held in so much veneration, that the ships used to lower their top-sails as they passed. The principal business carried on, except in the Summer season, is ship-building.

Some persons have supposed that the Romans may have had a station here, principally from the circumstance of many coins of Roman emperors having been found at different times, when rain and other causes have occasioned a fall of the cliff. The appearance of the land, however, does not bear out the probable correctness of this supposition.

At Kinsgate, in the vicinity, is the Bead House, built in the form of a chapel, now appropriated to the entertainment of parties of pleasure. Part of the house has been taken down, the sea having undermined the cliff. Near the cliff is a rude ancient building erected on the larger of two tumuli, named Hackendon, or Hackingdon Downs, where a sanguinary battle is said to have taken place in 853, between the Danes and Saxons, the latter commanded by the Earls of Kent and Surrey; and which, according to an ancient historian, was fought so near the sea, that many on both sides were pushed into it and drowned. In 1743, the largest of the tumuli was opened, and in 1763, the smaller one. They both contained graves cut out of the solid chalk, but not more than three feet long, so that the bodies must have been thrust in almost double. Three urns of coarse black earthenware, besides wood and coal ashes were found in the former. In both, however, were discovered the bones of men, women, and children, a fact which would appear to contradict that they were the bodies of those who fell in battle. Kinsgate, formerly called St. Bartholomew Gate, is an opening cut through the cliff to the sea shore about the time of the Restoration, for the convenience of fishermen, there being a small inlet or bay then suited for shelter. The original name was changed by command of Charles II., who with his brother the Duke of York, landing in June 1683, passed through in his passage from London to Dovor. In the vicinity are several curious buildings erected by the late Lord Holland as ornaments to the grounds of a villa he had built here on the model of Tully's Formian Villa at Baiæ. The remnants of this mansion and the adjoining buildings are now an incongruous, fantastic, yet amusing mass of ruins. The remaining part of the Bead House mentioned above, is one of them.

Between Broadstairs and Kinsgate is the North Foreland, the most

eastern part of England, and supposed to have been the Roman station *Cantium*, mentioned by Ptolemy. It projects into the sea nearly in the form of a bastion, and the land being rather more elevated here than on the contiguous coast, a light-house was erected for the safety of mariners, but more particularly to enable them to steer clear of the Goodwin Sands,* when weathering the Foreland. The first light-house built here was of timber and lath plastered, with a large glass lantern at the top. In 1683, this was burnt down, and for some years merely a common beacon used. This was superseded by a strong building of flint, with a large iron grating on the summit quite open to the air in which a blazing coal fire was kept during the night. Other alterations were made, when in the year 1793, the building was repaired and carried up to the height of sixty-three feet by two stories of brick work. Thus, instead of the coal fires, patent lamps were used, each having a patent lens, twenty inches in diameter, with a highly polished metal reflector behind. These are contained in the room or lantern glazed with plate glass, and being lit every evening at sun set, burn till day break. In clear weather they are visible at the Nore, a distance of ten leagues. In 1795, a signal house was erected near this spot, where a lieutenant and two midshipmen were stationed during the war; a telegraph was also constructed here in 1813, and one on the steeple of the church at St. Peter's, forming the commencement of a line of communication with the Nore, which was kept up until the proclamation of the peace with France in 1814.

* There is an ancient saying that "Tenterden Steeple was the cause of Goodwin Sands;" yet it would seem, from the Dialogues of Sir Thomas More, that the adage was first applied to the decay of Sandwich haven.—"At an assembly of old folke of the cuntre, they bygan fyrst to ensearche what thinge had ben the occasion that so good a haven was in so few yerys so soone decayed," &c. At length, as "dyvers men alledged dyvers causes, ther started up one good old father, and said, 'Ye maysters, say every man what he wyll, 'cha (I have) marked this matter as well as senn other, and by ——- I wote how it waxed noughte well ynoughe.' 'And what hath hurt it, good father?' quod those gentlemen. 'By my fayth, maysters,' quod he, 'yonder same *Tenterden Stepell*, and nothing ellys, by the masse; sho'lde 'twere a fayr yfshpole!' 'Why hath the stepell hurt the haven, good father?' quod they. 'Nay, by'r Lady, maysters,' quod he, 'yeh cannot tell you why, but 'chote well it hath; for by —— I knew that a good haven tylt the Stepell was bylded, and by the Marymasse, 'cha yt never throve sinnys.'" "The idea entertained," says Mr. Brayley—from whose Delineations of the Isle of Thanet this anecdote is copied, as well as much other useful information in the course of this work obtained,—"the idea entertained by the shrewd countryman was, that the funds which had been originally appropriated to the preservation of the harbour, had been expended by the monks in erecting the steeple of this church."

The view of Broadstairs given in this work, shows its elevated situation, and whether the picturesque wood-work in the foreground, or the views that the imagination will picture from the high cliffs on each side are likely to be most attractive, will depend upon individual taste. Those who go armed with telescopes, may mount the cliffs when the naked eye will perceive the shipping in the Downs, and the assistance of their long-sighted companion will introduce them to an intimate acquaintance with the opposite coast of France. The more idle and dreamy may seat themselves in listless speculation below, count the timbers in the pier, the waves that come murmuring to the shore—think they are thinking, and bless their stars they are at ease.

EDDYSTONE LIGHT HOUSE

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EDDYSTONE LIGHT-HOUSE.

In a note to the description of Plymouth, we have already stated that the Eddystone Light-House* is built on a rock in the Channel, about fifteen miles south-south-west from the citadel of Plymouth. The few particulars relating to this magnificent and scientific structure, not before noticed, need occupy but a very small compass. The congeries of irregular rocks upon which the light-house is erected, are exposed to the heavy swells from the Bay of Biscay and the Atlantic Ocean, which send the waves breaking over them with prodigious fury. The rocks are supposed to have obtained their appellation of Eddystone from the great variety of contrary *sets* of the tide, or current, flowing from the different points of the British Channel. In the year 1696, under the authority of Queen Elizabeth, a statute "for setting up marks and signs for the sea," Mr. Henry Winstanley,† of Littlebury in Essex, commenced the erection of a light-house, which he completed after the expiration of a little more than three years; the difficulty and danger of conveying materials to the rock, and getting backwards and forwards from the shore, having caused an expenditure of time not originally anticipated. "The fourth year," says Mr. Winstanley, "finding in the winter the effects the sea had upon the house, and *burying* the lantern at times, although more than sixty feet high; early in the spring, I encompassed the aforesaid building with a new work, four feet in thickness from the

* See page 60.

† "This gentleman," says Mr. Smeaton, in his narrative of the Construction of the Eddystone Light House, "was the Merlin of his day, and had distinguished himself in a certain branch of mechanics, the tendency of which is to excite wonder and surprise. He had in his house at Littlebury, a set of contrivances such as the following: — Being taken into one particular room of his house, and there observing an old slipper carelessly lying in the middle of the floor, if, as was natural, you gave it a kick with your foot, up started a ghost before you; if you sat down in a certain chair, a couple of arms would immediately clasp you in, so as to render it impossible for you to disentangle yourself, till your attendant set you at liberty; and if you sat down in a certain arbour by the side of a canal, you was forthwith sent out afloat into the middle, from whence it was impossible for you to escape till the manager returned you to your former place."

foundation, making all solid near twenty feet high; and taking down the upper part of the first building, and enlarging every part in its proportion, I raised it forty feet higher than it was at first, and made it as it now appears; and yet the sea, in time of storms, flies in appearance, *an hundred feet above the vane;* and at times, doth cover half the side of the house, and the lantern, as it were, under water." The light-house thus finished, had more the resemblance of a Chinese Pagoda, than of a structure intended to resist the violence of the sea. In hard weather it was commonly said, that such was the height of the waves, that a six-oared boat might be lifted upon a billow and driven through the open gallery of the light-house. The public predicted its destruction, but Mr. Winstanley felt so well assured of its stability, that he expressed a wish to be there "in the greatest storm that ever blew under the face of the heavens." His wish was fatally gratified. On the twenty-sixth of November, 1703, commenced a storm unparalleled for the devastation it committed about the coast, and during which, Mr. Winstanley, with his workmen and the light keepers, were in the building, all of whom with the building were swept into the sea. Mr. Winstanley had been entreated by experienced seamen, who urged the "brassy" appearance of the sky and other indications of foul weather, not to risk his life, but with great temerity he persisted, fully confident in the capability of the light-house to resist any attack of the waves. As a proof of their power, three days after the storm had abated, some people went off to see if any thing remained, when the only vestiges were a few large irons which had fastened the work to the rock, and part of an iron chain, so firmly jambed into a chink, that it could not be disengaged until 1756, when it was cut out. Shortly after this calamitous occurrence, a Virginia merchantman, laden with tobacco, was wrecked on the rocks at night, when every soul on board perished.

Three years afterwards, another light-house was commenced under the superintendence of Mr. John Rudyerd, a silk-mercer, of Ludgate Hill, and which being completed in three years, subsequently sustained for forty six years successively the attacks of the sea, but was destroyed by fire in August 1775. The fire broke out in the lantern, and burning downwards, drove the men, who in vain attempted to extingush it, from chamber to chamber, until at last, to avoid the falling of the timber and the red hot bolts, they took refuge in a cave on the east side of the rock, where they were found at low water in a state little short of stupefaction, and conveyed to Plymouth. One of them on his arrival made off, and

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was never afterwards heard of, which was at the time attributed to his having wilfully set the light-house on fire, a conjecture not at all supported by probability, there being much greater reason for supposing that he took to flight from a panic-stricken feeling of fear.

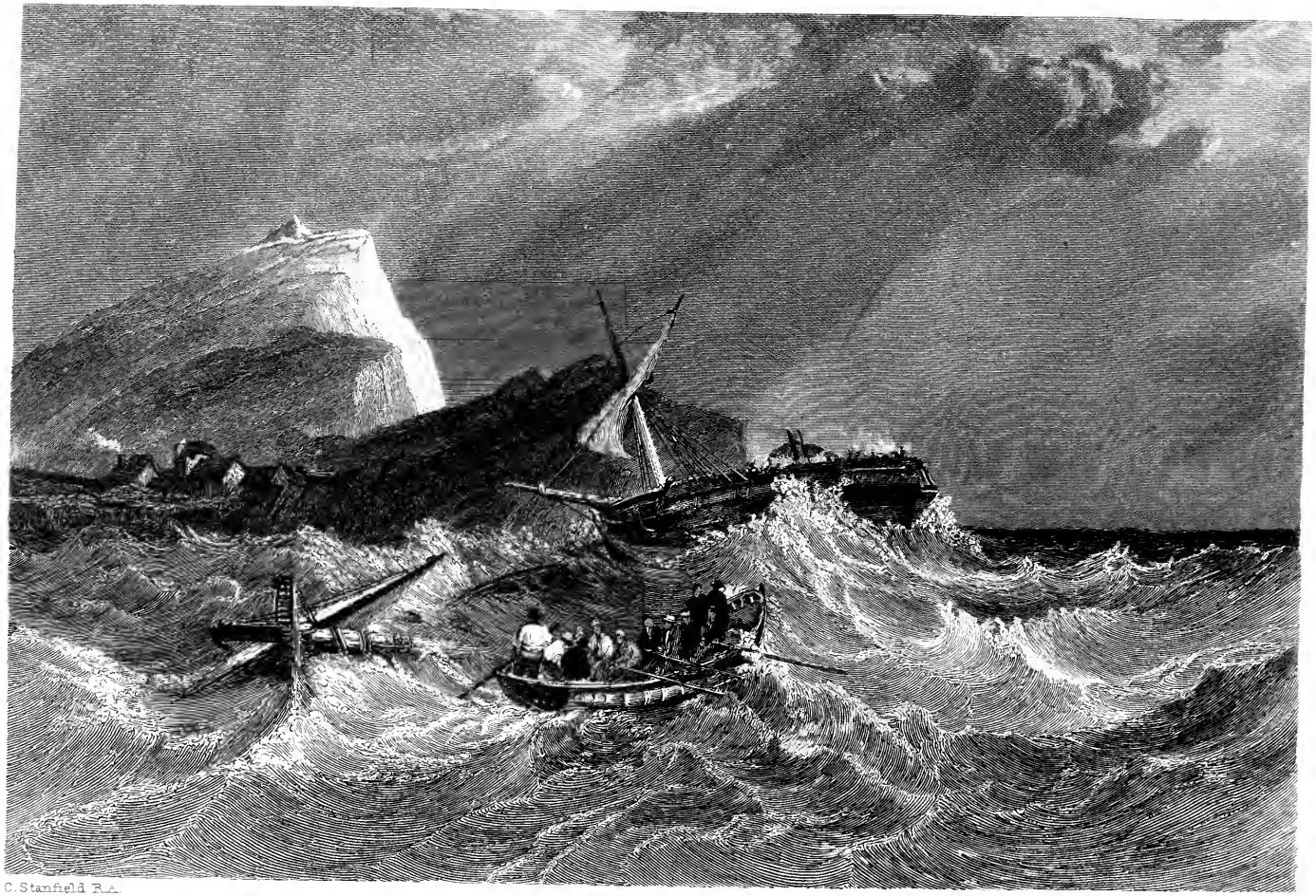
The present light-house was after this erected by Mr. Smeaton on an improved plan, the proprietors having determined to spare no expense in "advancing so noble, so beneficial, so humane a design, that this preservative of trade and navigation should be rendered as *durable as nature and art* could furnish means of doing." In the most ingenious and scientific way that skill could devise, Mr. Smeaton commenced and completed his undertaking, rearing a beautiful stone fabric, to which the last stone was placed on the twenty-fifth of August, 1759. Between the latter end of August and the middle of October, the lantern and cupola were erected, and the whole edifice surmounted by a gilt ball. The lantern is octagon, the frame work being composed of cast iron and copper. On the night of the sixteenth of October, when the light was exhibited in the new light-house, a very great storm happened, and the light keepers observed a very sensible motion in the building; but, from their experience of its strength, they were neither agitated by fear nor surprise. The outside and basement is built of granite, but the interior is chiefly of Portland stone.

To those who "go down into the sea in ships," or to those who admire the efforts of human enterprise, that occasionally in its daring, lords it over the most turbulent of the elements, even unto a more humble class who are content to be delighted with the representation of the natural and beautiful wherever they may find them, we appeal with pleasure, fully convinced that all will pay a just tribute of admiration to the engraving of the Eddystone Light House, and pronounce it a conspicuous ornament to a volume of Coast Scenery.

WORTHBARROW BAY, Dorsetshire.

Worthbarrow, or Worbarrow Bay, as it is sometimes called, is one of those numerous inlets that abound on the coast of Dorsetshire, and which contribute so much to the romantic beauty of that dangerous shore. It is situated off Tyneham, between East Lullworth and Corfe Castle, and near the eastern extremity of the county bordering upon Hampshire. Like much of the adjacent coast, it is full of bold and peculiar features. At no great distance from it, is Lullworth Cove, a sort of natural bason, into which the sea flows through a wide gap in the cliff sufficient for the entrance of vessels of seventy or eighty tons burthen. "The rocks around it," says Dr. Maton, in his Observations on the Western Counties, "rise to a great height, particularly those opposite the entrance, which are composed of a hard calcareous grit; those nearer to the main sea-coast, consist of a shelly lime-stone (similar to that of Peverel Point * and Saint Adhelm's Head) and chert: and it is observable that the strata of these substances on one side of the Cove correspond exactly to those of the other, both in direction and texture. It may be remarked too, that the whole range quite from Peverel Point makes the same angle, about forty-five degrees with the horizon, or nearly so, pitching, or dipping, in general, to the north. The rocks west of the Cove have been undermined in a singular manner by the sea; and there are large grotesque caverns, through which it pours with an awful roar. Immense masses seem just ready to drop in the deep, exhibiting marks of some wonderful convulsion: alterations in their aspect daily take place, and the depth and extent of the sea within the Cove have considerably increased even in the memory of several natives

* The most eastern point in the county, and about ten miles distant from Worthbarrow Bay.



C. Stanfield R.A.

J. Appleton sc.

WORTHBARROW BAY

DORSE [illegible]

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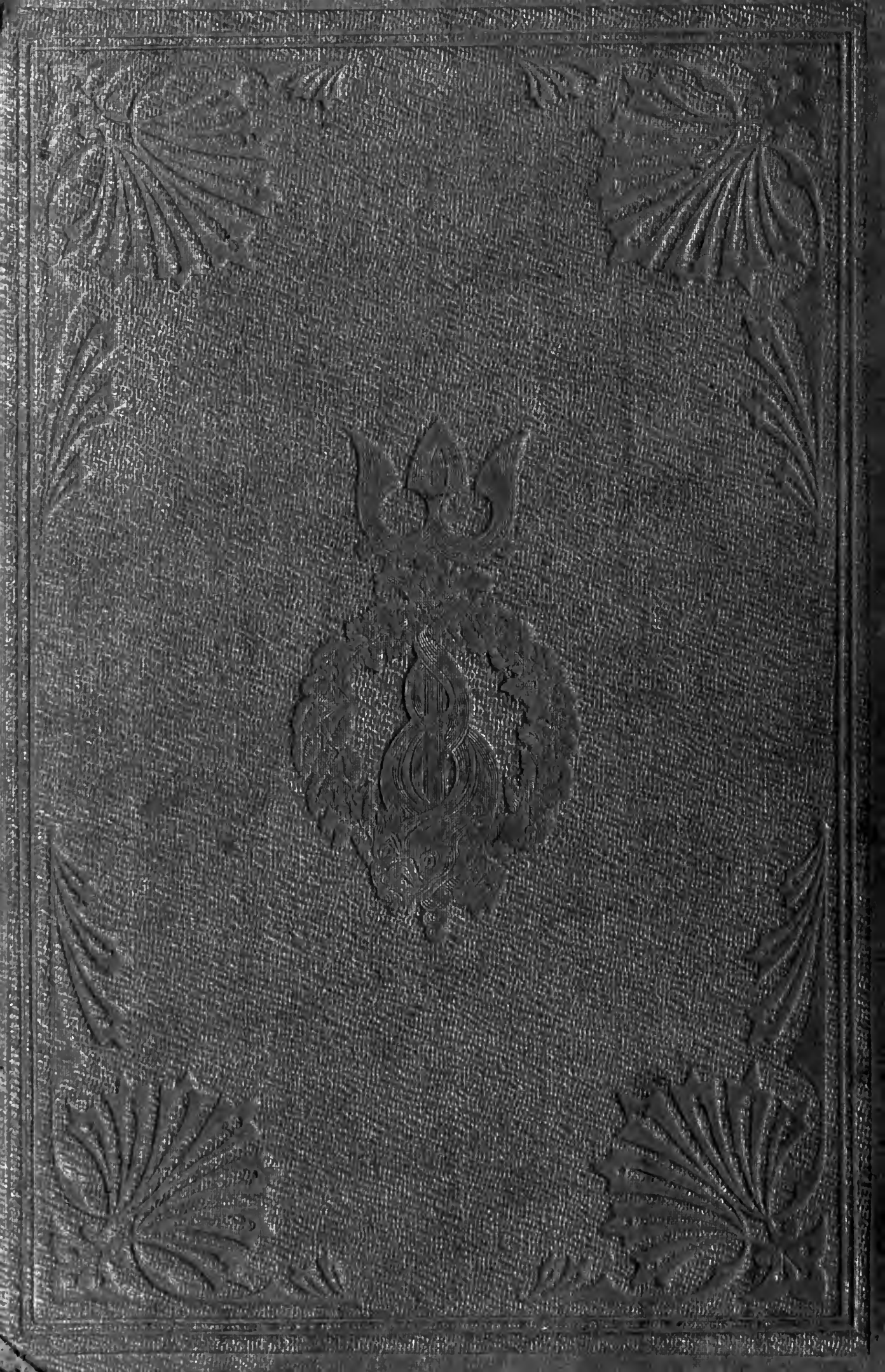
of the village. Above these rocks the razor bill and puffin lay their eggs. They generally make their appearance towards the middle of May, and emigrate before the end of August. The former deposits its eggs on the bare rocks; and even those belonging to different birds are placed contiguous to each other. These eggs are food for the country people, who often run most terrific risks, by trusting themselves at the end of a rope to the strength only of one person above, if whose footing should be insecure, they must both tumble down the precipice together." Near to the Cove is one of those wonderful marine curiosities, an arched rock; the opening is from fifteen to twenty feet high in the middle, the arch projecting into the sea from the shore, unlike the one in the Isle of Wight, which rises on two natural pillars, and is distinct from the shore.

The inhabitants of Dorsetshire were anciently called Durotriges, signifying maritime people, or dwellers on the sea-shore, and although it is at present a considerable agricultural county, yet along the whole line of coast, the numbers employed in the fisheries still justify its ancient title. The mackerel fishery is the most considerable, and so abundant at times has been the supply, and so skilful or fortunate the fishermen, that as many as thirty or forty thousand have been taken at a draught, and sold at a hundred for a penny. But the coast is dangerous, and the fishermen superstitious. If a season of scarcity arrives, they attribute the failure of their endeavours to the commission of some enormity among themselves, or among the people of the neighbouring villages. Shooting the seines * on a Sunday, manuring the land with superabundant fish in a plentiful season, or proceeding to sea on a Monday morning without having performed their usual devotions, are causes severally assigned for any calamity. Not one of these irregularities but is held in universal abhorrence, and should any presumptuous sailor violate the common belief in any of these respects, his comrades regard him as the Jonah who has provoked the fury of the tempest: that the fish will quit their coast; that their nets and boats will be destroyed; or that they themselves will become the victims of the elements, are among the misfortunes they surely forebode. Even in the best of seasons, however, their success is naturally precarious. "Whenever it blows," says the author from whom we have just quoted, "a capfull of wind from the south or west-points, there is a very large surf on the shore, so that it is

* For a description of seines, see St. Michael's Mount, Cornwall, p. 4.

not only dangerous to launch the boat, but the net could not be drawn with any probability of success, when tossed in every direction by the boisterous waves, which, instead of fish, would fill it with pebbles and floating sand." But the nature of the coast, with its mountain tops, that "midway leave the storm," and of the perilous disasters incident to it, may be better understood by the engraving of Worthbarrow Bay, than by any written description of its terrors.